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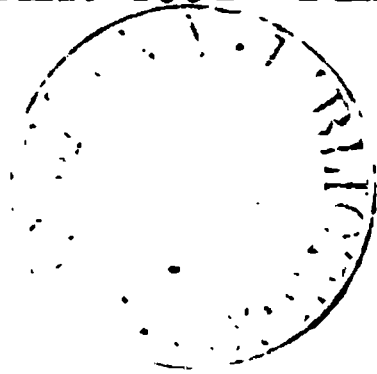
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**NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.**



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NOVEMBER, 1854.

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2. *A Popular History of British Sea-weeds, comprising their Structure, Fructification, Specific Characters, Arrangement, and General Distribution, with Notices of some of the Fresh-water Algæ.* By the Rev. D. LANDSBOROUGH, A.L.S., &c., &c. Lond 1851.
3. *Gosse's Rambles of a Naturalist on the Devonshire Coast.* (Van Voorst.) London, 1852.
4. *Gosse's Aquarium.* (Van Voorst.) London, 1854.
5. *The Sea-side Book.* By Professor HARVEY. (Van Voorst.) London, 1849.
6. *Things of the Sea Coast.* By ANN PRATT. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.) London, 1850.

THE study of Natural History has become now-a-days an honourable one; and the successful investigator of the minutest animals takes his place unquestioned among the men of genius, and, like the philosopher of old Greece, is considered, by virtue of his science, fit company for dukes and princes. Nay, the study is now more than honourable; it is even fashionable. Thanks to the works which head this Article, and to innumerable others on kindred branches of science which have appeared of late, every well-educated person is bound to know somewhat, at least, of the wondrous organic forms which surround him in every sunbeam and every pebble; and if Mr. Gosse's presages be correct, a few years more will see every clever young lady with her "aquarium," and live sea-anemones and algæ will supplant "crochet" and Berlin wool. Happy consummation—when women's imagination shall be content with admiring Nature's real beauties, instead of concealing their own idleness

to the injury of poor starving needlewomen, by creating ghastly and unartistic caricatures of them.

The books which head our Article have been chosen out of very many, not because they are the only good ones, but because they are the best with which we are acquainted. Of them, perhaps, the best for a beginner is Professor Harvey's "Seaside Book," of which we cannot speak too highly; and most pleasant is it to see a man of genius and learning thus gathering the bloom of all his varied knowledge, to put it into a form as well suited for a child as for a savant. We never, perhaps, met with a book in which so vast a quantity of facts had been compressed into so small a space, and yet told so gracefully, simply, without a taint of pedantry or cumbrousness. Miss Pratt's "Things of the Sea Coast" is very good also, especially for younger children. And what Mr. Gosse's works will be like, all may judge who know his "Beasts, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes," the best and cheapest manual of zoology which as yet exists; and his two delightful books, "The Canadian Naturalist," and the "Tour in Jamaica," in which he has done for the American forests, and the West India islands, what White did for his Selbourne, dear old Bartram the Quaker for Florida, and Darwin for the Pacific, namely, brought before us not merely the names of flowers and animals, but their living ways and works, and the scenery in which they dwell, so as to carry the reader away in imagination to the place itself, as if by some ever-shifting diorama, at once exciting and satisfying the thirst for foreign travel.

\* Dr. Landsborough's two little books are excellent manuals, with well-drawn and coloured plates, for the comfort of those to whom a scientific nomenclature (as liable itself to be faulty and obscure, as every other human thing) conveys but a vague conception of the objects, and may serve, for the beginner, as good and cheap preparations for Professor Harvey's greater work on the sea-weeds, and for the new edition of Professor Johnston's invaluable "British Zoophytes." And it is with great pleasure that we watch these books, and many other excellent ones on other branches of Natural History, finding their way more and more into drawing-rooms and school-rooms, and exciting daily greater thirst for a knowledge which, even twenty years ago, was considered superfluous for all but the professional student.

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\* Since these pages were written, we have had to deplore the death of this pious and learned man, from cholera, at Saltcoats, the scene of his ministry. He knows now, we doubt not, the true meaning of many a wonder which he once saw only "through a glass darkly," but now face to face, in the light of Him who created them.

What a change from the temper of two generations since, when the naturalist was looked on as a harmless enthusiast, who went "bug-hunting," simply because he had not spirit to follow a fox. There are those now alive who can recollect an amiable man being literally bullied out of the New Forest, because he dared to make a collection (now, we believe, in some unknown abyss of that great Avernus, the British Museum) of fossil shells from those very Hordle Cliffs, for exploring which there is now established a society of subscribers and correspondents. They can remember, too, when, on the first appearance of Bewick's "British Birds," the excellent sportsman who brought it down to the forest, was asked, Why on earth he had bought a book about "cock-sparrows?" and had to justify himself again and again, simply by lending the book to his brother sportsmen, to convince them that there were rather more than a dozen sorts of birds (as they then held) indigenous to Hampshire. But the book, perhaps, which turned the tide in favour of Natural History, among the higher classes at least, in the south of England, was White's "History of Selbourne." A Hampshire gentleman and sportsman, whom everybody knew, had taken the trouble to write a book about the birds and the weeds in his own parish, and the everyday-things which went on under his eyes, and everyone else's. And all gentlemen, from the Weald of Kent to the Vale of Blackmoor, shrugged their shoulders mysteriously, and said, "Poor fellow!" till they opened the book itself, and discovered to their surprise that it read like any novel. And then came a burst of confused, but honest admiration; from the young squire's "Bless me! who would have thought that there were so many wonderful things to be seen in one's own park!" to the old squire's more morally valuable "Bless me! why I have seen that and that a hundred times, and never thought till now how wonderful they were!"

There were great excuses, though, of old, for the contempt in which the naturalist was held; great excuses for the pitying tone of banter with which the Spectator talks of "the ingenious" Don Saltero, (as no doubt the Neapolitan gentlemen talked of Ferrante Imperato the apothecary, and his museum;) great excuses for Voltaire, when he classes the collection of butterflies among the other "bigarrures de l'esprit humain." For, in the last generation, the needs of the world were different. It had no time for butterflies and fossils. While Buonaparte was hovering on the Boulogne coast, the pursuits and the education which were needed were such as would raise up men to fight him; and the coarse, fierce, hardhanded training of our grandfathers came when it was wanted, and did the work which was

required of it, else we had not been here now. Let us be thankful that we have had leisure for science; and shew now in war that our science has at least not unmanned us.

Moreover, Natural History, if not fifty years ago, certainly a hundred years ago, was hardly worthy of men of practical common sense. After, indeed, Linné, by his invention of generic and specific names, had made classification possible, and by his own enormous labours had shewn how much could be done when once a method was established, the science has grown rapidly enough. But before him little or nothing had been put into form definite enough to allure those who (as the many always will) prefer to profit by others' discoveries, than to discover for themselves; and Natural History was attractive only to a few earnest seekers, who found too much trouble in disencumbering their own minds of the dreams of bygone generations, whether facts, like cockatrices, basilisks, and krakens, the breeding of bees out of a dead ox, and of geese from barnacles, or theories, like those of the four elements, the *vis plastica* in Nature, animal spirits, and the other musty heirlooms of Aristotelism and Neo-platonism, to try to make a science popular, which as yet was not even a science at all. Honour to them, nevertheless. Honour to Ray and his illustrious contemporaries in Holland and France. Honour to Seba and Aldrovandus; to Pomet, with his "Historie of Drugges;" even to the ingenious Don Saltero, and his tavern-museum in Cheyne Walk. Where all was chaos, every man was useful who could contribute a single spot of organized standing ground in the shape of a fact or a specimen. But it is a question whether Natural History would have ever attained its present honours, had not Geology arisen, to connect every other branch of Natural History with problems as vast and awful as they are captivating to the imagination. Nay, the very opposition with which Geology met was of as great benefit to the sister sciences as to itself. For, when questions belonging to the most sacred hereditary beliefs of Christendom were supposed to be affected by the verification of a fossil shell, or the proving that the Maestricht "*homo diluvii testis*" was, after all, a monstrous eft, it became necessary to work upon Conchology, Botany, and Comparative Anatomy, with a care and a reverence, a caution and a severe induction, which had been never before applied to them; and thus gradually, in the last half century, the whole quire of cosmical sciences have acquired a soundness, severity, and fulness, which render them, as mere intellectual exercises, as valuable to a manly mind as Mathematics and Metaphysics.

And how very lately have they attained that firm and honourable standing ground! It is a question, whether, even twenty

years ago, Geology, as it then stood, was worth troubling one's head about, so little had been really proved. And heavy and uphill was the work, even within the last fifteen years, of those who steadfastly set themselves to the task of proving, and of asserting at all risks, that the Maker of the coal seam and the diluvial cave could not be a "Deus quidam deceptor," and that the facts which the rock and the silt revealed were sacred, not to be warped or trifled with, for the sake of any cowardly and hasty notion that they contradicted His other messages. When a few more years are past, Buckland and Sedgwick, Lyell and Jameson, and the group of brave men who accompanied and followed them, will be looked back to as moral benefactors to their race, and almost as martyrs, also, when it is remembered how much misunderstanding, obloquy, and plausible folly they had to endure from well-meaning fanatics like Fairholme or Granville Penn, and the respectable mob at their heels, who tried (as is the fashion in such cases) to make a hollow compromise between fact and the Bible, by twisting facts just enough to make them fit the fancied meaning of the Bible, and the Bible just enough to make them fit the fancied meaning of the facts. But there were a few who would have no compromise; who laboured on with a noble recklessness, determined to speak the thing which they had seen, and neither more nor less, sure that God could take better care than they of His own everlasting truth; and now they have conquered; and the facts which were twenty years ago denounced as contrary to Revelation, are now accepted not merely as consonant with, but as corroborative thereof; and sound practical geologists, like Hugh Miller, in his "Footprints of the Creator," and Professor Sedgwick, in the invaluable notes to his "Discourse on the Studies of Cambridge," are wielding in defence of Christianity the very science which was faithlessly and cowardly expected to subvert it.

But of all the branches of cosmic science which owe a debt to geology, marine zoology and botany owe most; and the tiny zoophytes and microscopic animalcules which people every shore and every drop of water, have been now raised to a rank in the human mind, more important, perhaps, than even those gigantic monsters, whose models fill the lake at the New Crystal Palace. The research which has been bestowed, for the last century, upon these once unnoticed atomies, has well repaid itself; for from no branch of physical science has more been learnt of the *scientia scientiarum*, the priceless art of learning; no branch of science has more utterly confounded the wisdom of the wise, shattered to pieces systems and theories, and the idolatry of arbitrary names, and taught man to be silent while his Maker speaks, than this apparent pedantry of zoophytology, in which our old distinctions of "animal," "vegetable," and



“mineral” are trembling in the balance, seemingly ready to vanish like their fellows, “the four elements,” of fire, air, earth, and water. No branch of science has helped so much to sweep away that sensuous idolatry of mere size, which tempts man to admire and respect objects in proportion to the number of feet or inches which they occupy in space. And no branch, moreover, has been more humbling to the boasted rapidity and omnipotence of the human reason, and taught those who have eyes to see, and hearts to understand, how weak and wayward, staggering and slow, are the steps of our fallen race (rapid and triumphant enough in that broad road of theories which leads to intellectual destruction) whensoever they tread the narrow path of true science, which leads (if we may be allowed to transfer our Lord’s great parable from moral to intellectual matters) to life; to the living and permanent knowledge of living things, and the laws of their existence. Humbling, truly, to one who, in this summer of 1854, the centenary year of British zoophytology, looks back to the summer of 1754, when good Mr. Ellis, the wise and benevolent West Indian merchant, read before the Royal Society his famous paper proving the animal nature of corals, and followed it up the year after by that famous “Essay toward a Natural History of the Corallines, and other like marine productions of the British coasts,” which forms the groundwork of all our knowledge on the subject to this day. The chapter in Dr. G. Johnston’s *British Zoophytes*, p. 407, or the excellent little résumé thereof in Dr. Landsborough’s book on the same subject, is really a saddening one, as one sees how loth were not merely dreamers like Marsigli or Bonnet, but sound-headed men like Pallas and Linné, to give up the old sense-bound fancy, that these corals were vegetables, and their polypes some sort of living flowers. Yet after all there are excuses for them. Without our improved microscopes, and while the sciences of comparative anatomy and chemistry were yet infantile, it was difficult to believe what was the truth; and for this simple reason that, as usual, the truth, when discovered, turned out far more startling and prodigious than the dreams which men had hastily substituted for it; more strange than Ovid’s old story that the cora was soft under the sea, and hardened by exposure to air; than Marsigli’s notion, that the coral-polypes were its flowers; than Dr. Parsons’ contemptuous denial, that these complicated forms could be “the operations of little, poor, helpless, jelly-like animals, and not the work of more sure vegetation;” than Baker the microscopist’s detailed theory of their being produced by the crystallization of the mineral salts in the sea-water, just as he had seen “the particles of mercury and copper in aquafortis assume tree-like forms, or curious delineations of mosses and

minute shrubs on slates and stones, owing to the shooting of salts intermixed with mineral particles :”—one smiles at it now, yet these men were no less sensible than we of the year 1854, and if we know better, it is only because other men, and those few and far between, have laboured amid disbelief, ridicule, and error, having again and again to retrace their steps, and to unlearn more than they learnt, seeming to go backwards when they were really progressing most ; and we have entered into their labours, and find them, as we have just said, more wondrous than all the poetic dreams of a Bonnet or a Darwin. For who, after all, to take a few broad instances, (not to enlarge on the great root-wonder of a number of distinct individuals connected by a common life, and forming a seeming plant invariable in each species,) would have dreamed of the “bizzarries” which these very zoophytes present in their classification ? You go down to Leith shore after a gale of wind, and pick up a few of those delicate little sea-ferns. You have two in your hand, which probably look to you, even under a good pocket magnifier, identical, or nearly so.\* You are told to your surprise, that however like the dead horny polypidoms which you hold may be, the two species of animal which have formed them are at least as far apart in the scale of creation as a quadruped is from a fish. You see in some Musselburgh dredger’s boat the phosphorescent sea-pen, (unknown in England,) a living feather, of the look and consistency of a cock’s comb ; or the still stranger sea-rush, (*Virgularia mirabilis*), a spine two feet long, with hundreds of rosy flowerets arranged in half-rings round it from end to end ; and you are told that these are the congeners of the great stony Venus’s fan which hangs in seamen’s cottages, brought home from the West Indies. And ere you have done wondering, you hear that all three are congeners of the ugly shapeless white “dead man’s hand,” which you may pick up after a storm on any shore. You have a beautiful madrepora or brainstone on your mantelpiece, brought home from some Pacific coral-reef. You are to believe that it has no more to do with the beautiful tubular corals among which it was growing, than a bird has with a worm, and that its first cousins are the soft slimy sea-anemones, which you see expanding their living flowers in every pool at the back of Musselburgh pier, bags of sea-water, without a trace of bone or stone. You must believe it ; for in science, as in higher matters, he who will walk surely, must “walk by faith and not by sight.”

These are but a few of the wonders which the classification of marine animals afford ; and only drawn from one class of them,

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\* *Sertularia operculata*, and *Gemellaria loriculata* ; or any of the small *Sertularia*, compared with *Crisia* and *Cellularia*, are very good examples.

though almost as common among every other family of that submarine world whereof Spenser sang—

“ Oh, what an endless work have I in hand  
To count the sea's abundant progeny !  
Whose fruitful seed far passeth those in land,  
And also those which won in th' azure sky.  
For much more eath to tell the stars on high,  
Albe they endless seem in estimation,  
Than to recount the sea's posterity ;  
So fertile be the flouds in generation,  
So huge their numbers, and so numberless their nation.”

But these few examples will be sufficient to account both for the slow pace at which the knowledge of sea-animals has progressed, and for the allurements which men of the highest attainments have found, and still find in it. And when to this we add the marvels which meet us at every step in the anatomy and the reproduction of these creatures, and in the chemical and mechanical functions which they fulfil in the great economy of our planet, we cannot wonder at finding that the books at the head of our article carry with them a certain charm of romance, and feed the play of fancy, and that love of the marvellous which is inherent in man, at the same time that they lead the reader to more solemn and lofty trains of thought, which can find their full satisfaction only in self-forgetful worship, and that hymn of praise which goes up ever from land and sea, as well as from saints and martyrs and the heavenly host, “ Oh, all ye works of the Lord, and ye, too, spirits and souls of the righteous, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever !”

We have said, that there were excuses for the old contempt for the study of Natural History. We have said too, it may be hoped, enough to shew that contempt to have been ill-founded, at least as far as regards its effect on the feelings and the intellect. But still, there are those who regard it as a mere amusement, and that at best as an effeminate one, and think that it can at best help to while away a leisure hour harmlessly, and perhaps usefully, as a substitute for coarser sports, or the reading of novels. Those, however, who have followed it out, especially on the sea-shore, know better, and can tell from experience, that over and above its accessory charms of pure sea-breezes, and wild rambles by cliff and loch, the study itself has had a weighty moral effect upon their hearts and spirits. There are those who can well understand how the good and wise John Ellis, amid all his philanthropic labours for the good of the West Indies, while he was spending his intellect and fortune in introducing into our tropic settlements the bread fruit and mangosteen, and every plant and seed which he hoped might be useful for medicine, agriculture, and commerce, could

yet feel himself justified in devoting large portions of his ever well-spent time to the fighting the battle of the corallines against Parsons and the rest, and even measuring pens with Linné, the prince of naturalists. There are those who can sympathize with the gallant old Scotch officer mentioned by some writer on sea-weeds, who, desperately wounded in the breach at Badajos, and a sharer in all the toils and triumphs of the Peninsular war, could in his old age shew a rare sea-weed with as much triumph as his well-earned medals, and talk over a tiny spore-capsule with as much zest as the records of sieges and battles. Why not? That temper which made him a good soldier may very well have made him a good naturalist also. And certainly, the best naturalist, as far as logical acumen, as well as earnest research, is concerned, whom England has ever seen, was the Devonshire squire, Colonel George Montagu, of whom Mr. E. Forbes well says, that "had he been educated a physiologist," (and not, as he was, a soldier and a sportsman,) "and made the study of nature his aim and not his amusement, his would have been one of the greatest names in the whole range of British science." We question, nevertheless, whether he would have not lost more than he would have gained by a different training. It might have made him a more learned systematizer; but would it have quickened in him that "seeing eye" of the true soldier and sportsman, which makes Montagu's descriptions indelible word-pictures, instinct with life and truth? "There is no question," says Professor E. Forbes, after bewailing the vagueness of most naturalists, "about the identity of any animal Montagu described. . . . He was a forward-looking philosopher; he spoke of every creature as if one exceeding like it, yet different from it, would be washed up by the waves next tide. Consequently his descriptions are permanent." Scientific men will recognise in this the highest praise which can be bestowed, because it attributes to him that highest faculty—the *Art of Seeing*: but the study and the book would not have given that. It is God's gift, wheresoever educated: but its true schoolroom is the camp and the ocean, the prairie and the forest; active self-helping life, which can grapple with nature herself: not merely with printed books about her. Let no one think that this same natural history is a pursuit fitted only for effeminate or pedantic men. We should say rather, that the qualifications required for a perfect naturalist are as many and as lofty as were required, by old chivalrous writers, for the perfect knight-errant of the middle ages; for (to sketch an ideal, of which we are happy to say our race now affords many a fair realization) our perfect naturalist should be strong in body, able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day, uncertain where he shall eat or

rest; able to face sun and rain, wind and frost, and to eat and drink thankfully anything, however coarse or meagre; he should know how to swim for his life, to pull an oar, sail a boat, and ride the first horse which comes to hand; and, finally, he should be a thoroughly good shot, and a skilful fisherman; and if he go far abroad, be able on occasion to fight for his life.

For his moral character, he must, like a knight of old, be first of all gentle and courteous, ready and able to ingratiate himself with the poor, the ignorant, and the savage; not only because foreign travel will be often otherwise impossible, but because he knows how much invaluable local information can be only obtained from fishermen, miners, and tillers of the soil. Next, he should be brave and enterprising, and withal patient and undaunted, not merely in travel, but in investigation, knowing (as Lord Bacon might have put it) that the kingdom of nature, like the kingdom of heaven, must be taken by violence, and that only to those who knock long and earnestly, does the great mother open the doors of her sanctuary. He must be of a reverent turn of mind also, not rashly discrediting any reports, however vague and fragmentary; giving man credit always for some germ of truth, and giving nature credit for an inexhaustible fertility and variety, which will keep him his life long always reverent, yet never superstitious; wondering at the commonest, but not surprised by the most strange; free from the idols of size and sensuous loveliness; able to see grandeur in the minutest objects, beauty in the most ungainly; estimating each thing not carnally, as the vulgar do, by its size or its pleasantness to the senses, but spiritually, by the amount of Divine thought revealed to him therein; holding every phenomenon worth the noting down; believing that every pebble holds a treasure, every bud a revelation; making it a point of conscience to pass over nothing through laziness or hastiness, lest the vision once offered and despised should be withdrawn, and looking at every object as if he were never to behold it again.

Moreover, he must keep himself free from all those perturbations of mind which not only weaken energy, but darken and confuse the inductive faculty; from haste and laziness, from melancholy, testiness, and pride, and all the passions which make men see only what they wish to see. Of solemn and scrupulous reverence for truth, of the habit of mind which regards each fact and discovery not as our own possession, but as the possession of its Creator, independent of us, our tastes, our needs, or our vain-glory, we hardly need to speak; for it is the very essence of a naturalist's faculty, the very tenure of his existence; and without truthfulness, science would be as impossible now as chivalry would have been of old.

And last, but not least, the perfect naturalist should have in him the very essence of true chivalry, namely, self-devotion; the desire to advance, not himself and his own fame or wealth, but knowledge and mankind. He should have this great virtue; and in spite of many shortcomings, (for what man is there who liveth and sinneth not?) naturalists as a class have it, to a degree which makes them stand out most honourably in the midst of a self-seeking and mammonite generation, inclined to value everything by its money price, its private utility. The spirit which gives freely, because it knows that it has received freely; which communicates knowledge without hope of reward, without jealousy and mean rivalry, to fellow-students and to the world; which is content to delve and toil comparatively unknown, that from its obscure and seemingly worthless results others may derive pleasure, and even build up great fortunes, and change the very face of cities and lands, by the practical use of some stray talisman which the poor student has invented in his laboratory;—this is the spirit which is abroad among our scientific men, to a greater degree than it ever has been among any body of men, for many a century past; and might well be copied by those who profess deeper purposes and a more exalted calling, than the discovery of a new zoophyte, or the classification of a moorland crag.

And it is these qualities, however imperfectly they may be realized in any individual instance, which make our scientific men, as a class, the wholesomest and pleasantest of companions abroad, and at home the most blameless, simple, and cheerful, in all domestic relations; men for the most part, of manful heads, and yet of child-like hearts, turning to quiet study, in these late piping times of peace, an intellectual health and courage, which might have made them, in more fierce and troublous times, capable of doing good service with very different instruments than the scalpel and the microscope.

We have been sketching an ideal: but one which we seriously recommend to the consideration of all parents; for, though it be impossible, and absurd to wish, that every young man should grow up a naturalist by profession, yet this age offers no more wholesome training, both moral and intellectual, than that which is given by instilling into the young an early taste for out-door physical science. The education of our children is now more than ever a puzzling problem, if by education we mean the development of the whole humanity, not merely of some arbitrarily chosen part of it. How to feed the imagination with wholesome food, and teach it to despise French novels, and that sugared slough of sentimental poetry, in comparison with which the old fairy-tales and ballads were manful and rational; how to counteract the tendency to shallow and con-



ceited sciolism, engendered by hearing popular lectures on all manner of subjects, which can only be really learnt by stern methodic study; how to give habits of enterprise, patience, accurate observation, which the counting-house or the library will never bestow; above all, how to develop the physical powers, without engendering brutality and coarseness, are questions becoming daily more and more puzzling, while they need daily more and more to be solved, in an age of enterprise, travel, and emigration, like the present. For the truth must be told, that the great majority of men who are now distinguished by commercial success, have had a training the directly opposite to that which they are giving their sons. They are for the most part men who have migrated from the country to the town, and had in their youth all the advantages of a sturdy and manful hill-side or sea-side training, whose bodies were developed, and their lungs fed on pure breezes, long before they brought to work in the city the bodily and mental strength which they had gained by loch and moor. But it is not so with their sons. Their business habits are learnt in the counting-house; a good school, doubtless, as far as it goes: but one which will expand none but the lowest intellectual faculties; which will make them accurate accountants, shrewd computers, but never the originators of daring schemes, men able and willing to go forth to replenish the earth and subdue it. And in the hours of relaxation, how much of their time is thrown away for want of anything better, on frivolity, not to say secret profligacy, parents know too well; and often shut their eyes in very despair to evils which they know not how to cure. A frightful majority of our middle class young men are growing up effeminate, empty of all knowledge but what tends directly to the making of a fortune; or rather, to speak correctly, to the keeping up the fortunes which their fathers made for them; while of the minority, who are indeed thinking and reading men, how many women as well as men have we seen wearying their souls with study undirected, often misdirected study; craving to learn, yet not knowing how or what to learn; cultivating, with unwholesome energy, the head at the expense of body and of heart, catching up with the most capricious self-will one mania after another, and tossing it away again for some new phantom; gorging the memory with facts which no one has taught them to arrange, and the reason with problems which they have no method for solving, till they fret themselves into a chronic fever of the brain, which too often urges them on to plunge, as it were to cool the inward fire, into the ever restless sea of doubt and disbelief. It is a sad picture. There are many who may read these pages whose hearts will tell them that it is a true one. What is wanted in these cases is a methodic and scientific



habit of mind ; and a class of objects on which to exercise that habit, which will fever neither the speculative intellect nor the moral sense ; and that physical science will give, as nothing else can give it.

Moreover, to revert to another point which we touched just now, man has a body as well as a mind, and with the vast majority there will be no *mens sana* unless there be a *corpus sanum* for it to inhabit. And what outdoor training to give our youths, is, as we have already said, more than ever puzzling. This difficulty is felt, perhaps, less in Scotland than in England. The Scotch climate compels hardiness ; the Scotch bodily strength makes it easy ; and Scotland, with her mountain-tours in summer, and her frozen lochs in winter, her labyrinth of sea-shore, and, above all, that priceless boon which Providence has bestowed on her, in the contiguity of her great cities to the loveliest scenery, and hills where every breeze is health, affords facilities for healthy physical life unknown to the Englishman, who has no Arthur's Seat towering above his London, no Western Islands spotting the ocean firths beside his Manchester. Field sports, with the invaluable training which they give, if not

“ The reason firm,”

Yet still

“ The temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,”

have become impossible for the greater number ; and athletic exercises are now, in England at least, so artificialized, so expensive, so mixed up with drinking, gambling, and other evils of which we need say nothing here, that one cannot wonder at any parents' shrinking from allowing their sons to meddle much with them. And yet the young man who has had no substitute for such amusements, will cut but a sorry figure in Australia, Canada, or India, and if he stays at home, spend many a pound in doctors' bills, which could have been better employed elsewhere. “ Taking a walk,”—as one would take a pill or a draught—seems likely soon to become the only form of outdoor existence possible for us of the British Isles. But a walk without an object, unless in the most lovely and novel of scenery, is a poor exercise, and as a recreation, utterly nil. We never knew two young lads go out for a “ constitutional,” who did not, if they were commonplace youths, gossip the whole way about things better left unspoken ; if they were clever ones, fall an arguing and brainsbeating on politics or metaphysics, from the moment they left the door, and return with their wits even more heated and tired than they were when they set out. We cannot help fancying that Milton made a mistake in a certain celebrated passage, and that it was not “ sitting on a hill apart,” but

tramping four miles out and four miles in along a turnpike road, that his hapless spirits discoursed

“ Of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

Seriously, if we wish rural walks to do our children any good, we must give them a love for rural sights, an object in every walk; we must teach them—and we can teach them—to find wonder in every insect, sublimity in every hedge-row, the records of past worlds in every pebble, and boundless fertility upon the barren shore; and so, by teaching them to make full use of that limited sphere in which they now are, make them faithful in a few things, that they may be fit hereafter to be rulers over much.

We may seem to exaggerate the advantages of such studies; but the question after all is one of experience; and we have had experience enough and to spare that what we say is true. We have seen the young man of fierce passions, and uncontrollable daring, expend healthily that energy which threatened daily to plunge him into recklessness, if not into sin, upon hunting out and collecting, through rock and bog, snow and tempest, every bird and egg of the neighbouring forest. We have seen the cultivated man, craving for travel and for success in life, pent up in the drudgery of London work, and yet keeping his spirit calm, and perhaps his morals all the more righteous, by spending over his microscope evenings which would too probably have gradually been wasted at the theatre. We have seen the young London beauty, amid all the excitement and temptation of luxury and flattery, with her heart pure and her mind occupied in a boudoir full of shells and fossils, flowers and sea-weeds, and keeping herself unspotted from the world, by considering the lilies of the field, how they grow. And therefore it is that we hail with thankfulness every fresh book of the kind, which we have mentioned at the head of this article, as a fresh boon to the young, a fresh help to those who have to educate them; and seldom pass those hapless loungers, who haunt every watering-place along our coasts, without thinking sadly how much more earnest, happier, and better, men and women they might be, if the veil were but lifted from their eyes, and they could learn to behold that glory of God, which is all around them like an atmosphere, while they, unconscious of what and where they are, wrapt up each in his little selfish world of vanity or interest, gaze lazily around them at earth, and sea, and sky,

“ And have no speculation in those eyes,  
Which they do glare withal.”

What such people do at watering-places is a matter of peren-wonder, or rather what they think of—for they do nothing;

and every wharf to them is but a "wharf of Lethe," by which they "rot dull as the oozy weed." A great deal of dressing, a lounge in the club-room, a stare out of the window with the telescope at some passing ship, an attempt to take a bad sketch, a saunter on the parade and piers, interminable reading of the silliest of novels, a purposeless fine weather sail in a yacht, probably accompanied by ineffectual attempts to catch a mackerel, and the consumption of many cigars, and at night a soulless *rechauffé* of second-rate town frivolity—this is the life-in-death in which thousands waste their summers.

But matters are mending, slowly, though surely, under the spread of popular scientific books; and we doubt not, that even at most aristocratic and select Torquay, a party of young people might be gathered, at a day's notice, who, by dint of Mr. Pengelly's "Lectures," and Harvey's "Sea-side Book," and Miss Pratt's "Things of the Sea Coast," are enough aware of what is to be seen, to leave the quay and the library, to follow, through wet and dry, on a day's excursion, a naturalist who will show it to them.

As we live on the spot, we can choose our season and our day, and start forth, on some glorious morning of one of our Italian winters, to see what last night's easterly gale has swept from the populous shallows of Torbay, and cast up, high and dry, on Paignton sands.

Torbay is a place which should be as much endeared to the naturalist as to the patriot and to the artist. We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water, and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south, without a glow passing through our hearts, as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which past by in the bright July days of 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains (for the London fleet had not yet joined) following fast in its wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; and the stone on the pier-head, which marks his first footsteps on British ground, is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death. And as for scenery, though it can boast of neither mountain peak or dark fiord, and would seem tame enough in the eyes of a western Scot or Irishman, yet Torbay surely has a soft beauty of its own, in the rounded hills which slope into the sea, spotted with parks full of

stately timber trees, with squares of emerald grass and rich red fallow field, each parted from the other by the long line of tall elms, just flushing green in the spring hedges, which run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unwarped by any blast, and here and there apple orchards, just bursting into flower in the spring sunshine, and narrow strips of water meadow, where the red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in richest grass, within ten yards of the rocky pebble beach, which six hours hence will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers, and cattle, and trim gardens, which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new.

No wonder that such a spot as Torquay, with its delicious Italian climate, and endless variety of rich woodland, flowery lawn, fantastic rock-cavern, and broad bright tide-sand, sheltered from every wind of heaven except the soft south-east, should have become a favourite haunt, not only for invalids, but for naturalists. Indeed, it may well claim the honour of being the original home of marine zoology and botany in England, as the Frith of Forth, under the auspices of Sir John Dalzell, has been for Scotland. For here worked Montagu, Turton, and Mrs. Griffith, to whose masculine powers of research English marine botany almost owes its existence, and who still survives, at an age long beyond the natural term of man, to see, in her cheerful and honoured old age, that knowledge become popular and general, which she pursued for many a year unassisted and alone. And here too, now, Dr. Battersby possesses a collection of shells, inferior, perhaps, to hardly any in England. Torbay, moreover, from the variety of its rocks, aspects, and sea-floors, where limestones alternate with traps, and traps with slates, while at the valley-mouths the soft sandstones and hard conglomerates of the new red series slope down into the tepid and shallow waves, affords an abundance and variety of animal and vegetable life, unequalled, perhaps, in any other part of Great Britain. It cannot boast, certainly, of those strange deep-sea forms which Messrs. Alder, Goodsir Laskey, and Forbes, dredge among the lochs of the western Highlands, and the submarine mountain glens of the Zetland sea; but it has its own varieties, and its own ever fresh novelties, and in spite of all the search which has been lavished on its shores, a naturalist cannot now work there for a winter without discovering forms new to science, or meeting with curiosities which have escaped all observers, since the lynx eye of Montagu espied them full fifty years ago.

Follow us, then, reader, in imagination, out of the gay watering place, with its London shops and London equipages, along the broad road beneath the sunny limestone cliff, tufted with

golden furze, and past the huge oaks and green slopes of Tor Abbey, and the fantastic rocks of Livermead, scooped by the waves into a labyrinth of double and triple caves, like Hindoo temples, upborne on pillars banded with yellow and white and red, a week's study, in form and colour and chiaro-oscuro, for any artist; and a mile or so further along a pleasant road, with land-locked glimpses of the bay, to the broad sheet of sand which lies between the village of Paignton and the sea—sands trodden a hundred times by Montagu and Turton, perhaps by Dillwyn and Gaertner, and many another pioneer of science. And once there, before we look at anything else, come down strait to the sea marge; for yonder lies, just left by the retiring tide, a mass of life such as you will seldom see again. It is somewhat ugly, perhaps, at first sight; for ankle-deep are spread, for some ten yards long, by five broad, huge dirty shells, as large as the hand, each with its loathly grey and black tongue hanging out, a confused mass of slimy death. Let us walk on to some cleaner heap, and leave these, the great *Lutraria Elliptica*, which have been lying buried by thousands in the sandy mud, each with the point of its long siphon above the surface, sucking in and driving out again the salt water on which it feeds, till last night's ground-swell shifted the sea bottom, and drove them up hither to perish helpless, but not useless, on the beach.

See, close by is another shell bed, quite as large, but comely enough to please any eye. What a variety of forms and colours are there, amid the purple and olive wreaths of wrack, and bladder-weed, and tangle, (oar-weed, as they call it in the south,) and the delicate green ribbons of the *Zostera*, (the only English flowering plant which grows beneath the sea,) contradicting (as do a hundred other forms) that hasty assertion of hasty Mr. Ruskin, that nature makes no ribbons, unless with a midrib, and I know not what other limitations, which exist only in Mr. Ruskin's most fastidious fancy. What are they all? What are the long white razors? What are the delicate green-grey scimitars? What are the tapering brown spires? What the tufts of delicate yellow plants, like squirrels' tails and lobsters' horns, and tamarisks and fir-trees, and all other finely cut animal and vegetable forms? What are the groups of grey bladders, with something like a little bud at the tip? What are the hundreds of little pink-striped pears? What those tiny babies' heads, covered with grey prickles instead of hair? The great red star-fish which Ulster children call "the bad man's hands;" and the great whelks, which the youth of Musselburgh know as roaring buckies, these we have seen; but what, oh what, are the red capsicums?—

Yes, what are the red capsicums? and why are they poking, snapping, starting, crawling, tumbling, wildly over each other,

rattling about the huge mahogany cockles, as big as a man's two fists, out of which they are protruded? Mark them well, for you will perhaps never see them again. They are a Mediterranean species, or rather three species, left behind upon these extreme south-western coasts, probably at the vanishing of the same warmer ancient epoch, which clothed the Lizard point with the Cornish heath, and the Killarney mountains with Spanish saxifrages, and other relics of a flora whose home is now the Iberian peninsula, and the sunny cliffs of the Riviera. Rare in every other shore, even in the west, it abounds in Torbay to so prodigious an amount, that the dredge, after five minutes' scrape, will often come up choke full of this great cockle only. You will see tens of thousands of them in every cove for miles this day, and every heavy winter's tide brings up an equal multitude,—a seeming waste of life, which would be awful in our eyes, were not the Divine Ruler, as His custom is, making this destruction the means of fresh creation, by burying them in the sands, as soon as washed on shore, to fertilize the strata of some future world. It is but a shell-fish truly; but the great Cuvier thought it remarkable enough to devote to its anatomy elaborate descriptions and drawings, which have done more perhaps than any others to illustrate the curious economy of the whole class of bivalve, or double-shelled, mollusca. If you wish to know more about it than we can tell you, open Mr. Gosse's last book, the *Aquarium*, at p. 222.

“Many persons are aware that the common cockle can perform gymnastic feats of no mean celebrity, but the evolutions of Signor Tuberculato are worth seeing. Some of the troupe I had put into a pan of sea-water; others I had turned out into a dish dry, as knowing that an occasional exposure to the air is a contingency that they are not unused to. By and by, as we were quietly reading, our attention was attracted to the table, where the dish was placed, by a rattling uproar, as if flint stones were rolling one over the other about the dish. ‘Oh, look at the cockles!’ was the exclamation; and they were indeed displaying their agility, and their beauty too, in fine style. The valves of the largest were gaping to the extent of three quarters of an inch; but the intermediate space was filled up by the spongy looking, fleshy mantle, of a semi-pellucid orange hue. At one end protruded the siphons, two thick short tubes, soldered, as it were, into one, and enveloped on all sides in a shaggy fringe of *cirri*, or tentacles. The circular orifices of these tubes—small holes, perfectly round, with a white border—had a curious appearance, as we looked at the heart-shaped end of the valves. The discharging orifices, however, were but rarely visible, being usually closed, while the other remained constantly open. But these things were what we afterwards saw. For some time we could look at nothing but the magnificent foot, and the curious manner in which it was used.



“ The two lips of the mantle suddenly separate, and gaping widely all along the front, recede nearly to the valves; while at the same moment a huge organ is thrust out, somewhat like a tongue, nearly cylindrical, but a little flattened, and tapering to a point. Its surface is smooth, and brilliantly glossy, and its colour a fine rich scarlet, approaching to orange; but a better idea of it than can be conveyed by any description, will be obtained by supposing it to be made of polished cornelian.”

Hardly that, most amiable and amusing of naturalists; it is too opaque for cornelian, and the true symbol is, as we said before, in form, size, and colour, one of those great red capsicums which hang drying in every Covent-garden seedsman's window. Yet is your simile better than the guess of a certain Countess, who, entering a room wherein a couple of *Cardium Tuberculatum* were waltzing about a plate, exclaimed, “ Oh dear! I always heard that my pretty red coral came out of a fish, and here it is all alive!”

“ This beautiful and versatile foot,” continues Mr. Gosse, “ is suddenly thrust out sideways, to the distance of four inches from the shell; then its point being curved backwards, the animal pushes it strongly against any opposing object, by the resistance of which the whole animal, shell and all, makes a considerable step forwards. If the cockle were on its native sands, the leaps thus made would doubtless be more precise in their direction, and much more effective; but cooped up with its fellows, in a deep dish, all these Herculean efforts availed only to knock the massive shells against the sides, or roll them irregularly over each other.

“ It was curious to notice the extent to which the interior of the cockle was revealed, when the mouth gaped, and the foot was thrust out. By the aid of a candle we could see the interior surfaces of both valves, as it seemed, almost to the very backs. I say *as it seemed*, for so thin is the mantle where it lines the shell, and so closely does it adhere to it; yet every character of the valves, whether as regards colour or irregularity of surface, was distinctly visible; and thus we were able to distinguish the species, not only by their external marks, but by one character drawn from the interior—the ribs in *tuberculatum* extending only half way across the valves, while in *aculeatum* they reach back to the beaks. . . . The former is much the finer species; the valves are more globose, and of a warmer colour; those that I have seen are even more spinous. The mantle is of a rich deep orange, with elevated ribs, corresponding to those of the valves, of a yellow hue. These ribs of the mantle are visible in *aculeatum* also, but in *tuberculatum* they are much more strongly marked, both in form and colour. The siphons display the same orange hue as the mantle-lips, and have a finer appearance than in the other species; the interior of the orifices in both is covered with a layer of white pearly substance, almost luminous. In the foot of *tuberculatum*, which agrees, in the particulars already mentioned, with

that of its congener, I observed a beautiful opalescent gleam when under water."

"*C. tuberculatum*," continues Mr. Gosse, "is far the finest species. The valves are more globose and of a warmer colour; those that I have are even more spinous." Such may have been the case in his specimens; but it has occurred to us now and then to dredge specimens of *C. aculeatum*, which had escaped that rolling on the sand fatal in old age to his delicate spines, and equalled in colour, size, and perfectness, the noble one figured in poor dear old Dr. Turton's "British Bivalves." Besides, *aculeatum* is a far thinner and more delicate shell. And a third species, *C. echinatum*, with curves more graceful and continuous, is to be found now and then with the two former, in which each point, instead of degenerating into a knot, as in *tuberculatum*, or developing from delicate, flat, briar-prickles, into long, straight thorns, as in *aculeatum*, is close-set to its fellow, and curved at the point transversely to the shell, the whole being thus horrid with hundreds of strong tenterhooks, making his castle impregnable to the raveners of the deep. For we can hardly doubt that these prickles are meant as weapons of defence, without which so savoury a morsel as the mollusc within (cooked and eaten largely on some parts of our south coast) would be a staple article of food for sea-beasts of prey. And it is noteworthy, first, that the defensive thorns which are permanent on the two thinner species, *aculeatum* and *echinatum*, disappear altogether on the thicker one, *tuberculatum*, as old age gives him a solid and heavy globose shell, and next, that he too, while young and tender, and liable therefore to be bored through by "buckies" and such murderous univalves, does actually possess the same briar-prickles, which his thinner cousins keep throughout life. Nevertheless, (and here is a curious fact, which makes, like most other facts, pretty strongly against the transmutation of species, and the production of organs by circumstances demanding them,) prickles, in all three species, are as far as we can see, useless in Torbay, where no seal or sea-wolf, (*Anarhicas lupus*), or other shell-crushing pairs of jaws wander, terrible to lobster and to cockle. Originally intended, as we suppose, to face the strong-toothed monsters of the Mediterranean, these foreigners have settled in shores where their armour is not needed; and yet centuries of idleness and security have not been able to persuade them to lay it by, as it is written, "They continue this day as at the beginning; Thou hast given them a law which shall never be broken."

Enough of *Cardium tuberculatum*. What are the names of the other shells which you have gathered, any Introduction to



Conchology will tell you; and the Sea-side Book will give you many a curious fact as to their habits. If you wish to know more, you must consult that new collection of true fairy tales, Dr. Johnston's "Lectures on Conchology." But the little pink pears are rare, hundreds of them as there happen to be here to-day. They are a delicate sea-anemone,\* whose beautiful disc you may see well engraved in Gosse's "Naturalist in Devon." They adhere by thousands to the under-side of loose stones among the sand, and some colony of them has been uprooted by the pitiless roll of the ground-swell, and drifted in here, sick and sad, but not so far gone but that each, in a jar of salt-water, will expand again into a delicate compound flower, whose "snake-locked" arms are all marbled with pellucid greys and browns, till they look like a living mist, hovering above the pink-striped cylinder of the body.

There are a hundred more things to be talked of here: but we must defer the examination of them till our return; for it wants an hour yet of the dead low spring-tide; and ere we go home, we will spend a few minutes at least on the rocks at Livermead, where awaits us a strong-backed quarryman, with a strong-backed crowbar, as we hope, (for we and he snapped one right across there yesterday, falling miserably on our backs into a pool thereby,) and we will verify Mr. Gosse's observation, that—

"When once we have begun to look with curiosity on the strange things that ordinary people pass over without notice, our wonder is continually excited by the variety of phase, and often by the uncouthness of form under which some of the meaner creatures are presented to us. And this is very specially the case with the inhabitants of the sea. We can scarcely poke or pry for an hour among the rocks, at low-water mark, or walk, with an observant downcast eye, along the beach after a gale, without finding some oddly fashioned, suspicious-looking being, unlike any form of life that we have seen before. The dark concealed interior of the sea becomes thus invested with a fresh mystery; its vast recesses appear to be stored with all imaginable forms, and we are tempted to think there must be multitudes of living creatures whose very figure and structure have never yet been suspected.

"O sea! old sea! who yet knows half  
Of thy wonders or thy pride!"

*Gosse's Aquarium*, pp. 226, 227.

But, first, as after descending the gap in the sea-wall, we walk along the ribbed floor of hard yellow sand, be so kind as to keep a sharp look-out for a round grey disc, about as big as a penny-piece, peeping out at the surface of the sand. No;

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\* *Actinia anguicomma*.

that is not it, that little lump: open it, and you will find within one of the common little *Venus gallina*.—(They have given it some new name now, and no thanks to them: they are always changing the names, those closet collectors, instead of studying the live animals where Nature has put them, in which case they would have no time for word-inventing. And we verily believe that the names grow, like other things; at least, they get longer and longer and more jaw-breaking every year.) The little bivalve, however, finding itself left by the tide, has wisely shut up its siphons, and, with its foot and its edges, buried itself in a comfortable bath of cool wet sand, till the sea shall come back, and make it safe to crawl and lounge about on the surface, smoking the sea-water instead of tobacco. Neither is that lump what we seek. Touch it, and out poke a pair of astonished and inquiring horns and a little sharp muzzle: it is a long-armed crab, who saw us coming, and wisely shovelled himself into the sand by means of his nether-end. Neither is that; though it might be the hole down which what we seek has vanished: but that burrow contains one of the long white razors which you saw cast on shore at Paignton. The boys close by are boring for them with iron rods, armed with a screw, and taking them in to sell in Torquay market, as excellent food. But there is one, at last! A grey disc pointing up through the sand. Touch it, and it is gone down, quick as light. We must dig it out, and carefully, for it is a delicate monster. At last, after ten minutes' careful work, we have brought up, from a foot depth or more—what? A thick, dirty, slimy worm, without head or tail, form or colour. A slug has more artistic beauty about him. Be it so. At home in the aquarium, (where, alas! he will live but for a day or two,) he will make a very different figure. That is one of the rarest of British sea-animals, *Actinia chrysanthellum*, though really he is no *Actinia*, and his value consists, not merely in his beauty, (though that is not small,) but in his belonging to what the long-word-makers call an "interosculant" group,—a party of genera and species which connect families scientifically far apart, filling up a fresh link in the great chain, or rather the great network of zoological classification. And here we have a simple, and, as it were, crude form, of which, if we dared to indulge in reveries, we might say, that the Divine Word realized before either sea-anemones or holothurians, and then went on to perfect the idea contained in it in two different directions, dividing it into two different families, and making on its model, by adding new organs, and taking away old ones, in one direction, the whole family of *Actiniae*, (sea-anemones,) and in a quite opposite one, the *Holothuriae*, those strange sea-cucumbers, with their mouth-fringe of feathery

gills, of which you shall see some anon. Not (understand well) that there has been any "transmutation or development of species," (of individuals, as it ought honestly to be called, if the notion is intended to represent a supposed fact,)—a theory as unsupported by experiment and induction, as it is by *a priori* reason: but that there has been, in the Creative Mind, as it gave life to new species, a development of the idea on which older species were created, in order that every mesh of the great net might gradually be supplied, and there should be no gaps in the perfect variety of Nature's forms. This development is the only one of which we can conceive, if we allow that a Mind presides over the universe, and not a mere brute necessity, a Law (absurd misnomer) without a Lawgiver; and to it (strangely enough coinciding here and there with the Platonic doctrine of Eternal Ideas existing in the Divine Mind,) all fresh inductive discovery seems to point more and more; and especially Professor Owen's invaluable tracts on the Homology of the Vertebrate Skeleton.

Let us speak freely a few words on this important matter. Geology has disproved the old popular belief that the universe was brought into being, as it now exists, by a single fiat. We know that the work has been gradual: that the earth

"In tracts of fluent heat began,  
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,  
The home of seeming random forms,  
Till, at the last, arose the man."

And we know, also, that these forms, seeming random as they are, have appeared according to a law, which, as far as we can judge, has been only the whole one of progress,—lower animals (though we cannot say, the lowest) appearing first, and man, the highest mammal, "the roof and crown of things," one of the latest in the series. We have no more right, let it be observed, to say that man, the highest, appeared last, than that the lowest appeared first. Both may have been the case; but there is utterly no proof of either; and as we know that species of animals lower than those which already existed appeared again and again during the various eras, so it is quite possible that they may be appearing now, and may appear hereafter: and that for every extinct dodo or moa, a new species may be created, to keep up the equilibrium of the whole. This is but a surmise: but it may be wise, perhaps, just now, to confess boldly, even to insist on, its possibility, lest the advocates of the Vestiges' theory should claim the notion as making for them, and fancy, from our unwillingness to allow it, that there would be aught in it, if proved, contrary to Christianity.

Let us, therefore, say boldly, that there has been a "progress of species," and there may be again, in the true sense of that term: but say, as boldly, that the Transmutation theory is not one of a progress of *species* at all, which would be a change in the idea of the species, taking place in the Divine Mind,—in plain words, the creation of a new species. What the Transmutationists really mean, if they would express themselves clearly, or carefully analyze their own notions, is, a physical and actual change, not of species, but of *individuals*, of already existing living beings, created according to one idea, into other living beings, created according to another idea. And of this, in spite of the apparent change of species, in the marvellous metamorphoses of lower animals, Nature has as yet given us no instance among all the facts which have been observed; and there is, therefore, an almost infinite inductive probability against it. As far as we know yet, though all the dreams of the Transmutationists are outdone by the transformations of many a polype, yet the species remain as permanent and strongly marked as in the highest mammal. Such progress as experimental science actually shews us, is quite awful and beautiful enough to keep us our lives long in wonder; but it is one which perfectly agrees with, and may be perfectly explained by, the simple old belief which the Bible sets before us, of a *Living God*, not a mere past will, such as the Koran sets forth, creating once and for all, and then leaving the universe, to use Goethe's simile, "to spin round his finger;" nor again, an "all-pervading spirit," words which are a mere contradictory jargon, concealing, from those who utter them, blank Materialism: but One who works in all things which have obeyed Him to will and to do of His good pleasure, keeping His abysmal and self-perfect purpose, yet altering the methods by which that purpose is attained, from æon to æon, ay, from moment to moment, for ever various, yet for ever the same. This great and yet most blessed paradox of the Changeless God, who yet can say, "It repenteth me," and "Behold, I work a new thing on the earth," is revealed no less by nature than by Scripture; the changeableness, not of caprice or imperfection, but of an Infinite Maker and "Poietes," drawing ever fresh forms out of the inexhaustible treasury of the primeval mind; and yet never throwing away a conception to which He has once given actual birth in time and space, but (to compare reverently small things and great) lovingly repeating it, reapplying it; producing the same effects by endlessly different methods; or so delicately modifying the method that, as by the turn of a hair, it shall produce endlessly diverse effects; looking back, as it were, ever and anon over the great work of all the ages, to retouch it, and fill up each chasm

in the scheme, which for some good purpose had been left open in earlier worlds, or leaving some open (the forms, for instance, necessary to connect the bimana and the quadrumana) to be filled up perhaps hereafter when the world needs them; the handiwork, in short, of a living and loving *Mind*, perfect in its own eternity, but stooping to work in time and space, and there rejoicing Himself in the work of His own hands, and in His æonian Sabbaths ceasing in rest ineffable, that He may look on that which He hath made, and behold it is very good.

We speak, of course, under correction; for this conclusion is emphatically matter of induction, and must be verified or modified by ever-fresh facts: but we meet with many a Christian passage in scientific books, which seems to us to go, not too far, but rather, not far enough, in asserting the God of the Bible, as Saint Paul says, "not to have left Himself without witness," in nature itself, that He is the God of grace. We shrink from speaking of the God of nature and the God of grace as two antithetical terms: the Bible never, in a single instance, makes the distinction; and, surely, if God be (as He is) the Eternal and Unchangeable One, and (as we all confess) the universe bears the impress of His signet, we have no right, in the present infantile state of science, to put arbitrary limits of our own to the revelation which He may have thought good to make of Himself in nature. Nay rather, let us believe that, if our eyes were opened, we should see His whole likeness, His whole glory, is reflected, as in a mirror, even in the meanest flower; and that nothing but the dulness of our own sinful souls prevents them from seeing day and night in all things, however small or trivial to human eclecticism, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself fulfilling His own saying, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

And therefore, when we meet with such an excellent passage as this:—\*

"Thus it is that Nature advances step by step; gradually bringing out, through successive stages of being, new organs and new faculties, and leaving, as she moves along, at every step, some animals which rise no higher, as if to serve for landmarks of her progress through all succeeding time. And this it is which makes the study of comparative anatomy so fascinating. Not that I mean to favour a theory of '*development*,' which would obliterate all idea of species, by supposing that the more compound animal forms were developments of their simple ancestors. For such an hypothesis, Nature gives us no evidence: but she gives us, through all her domains, the most beautiful and diversified proofs of an adherence to a settled order, by which new combinations are continually brought out. In this order, the

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\* Harvey's Sea-side Book, p. 166.

lowest grades of being have certain characters, above which they do not rise, but propagate beings as simple as themselves. Above them are others which, passing through stages in their infancy equal to the adult condition of those below them, acquire, when at maturity, a perfection of organs peculiarly their own. Others again rise above these, and their structures become more gradually compound; till, at last, it may be said that the simpler animals represent, as in a glass, the scattered organs of the higher races."

—When we read such a passage as this, and confess, as we must, its truth, we cannot help sighing over certain expressions in it, which do unintentionally coincide with the very theory which Professor Harvey denies. Is this progress supposed to take place in time and space, or in the mind of a Being above time and space, who afterwards reduces to act and fact, in time and space, just so much and no more of that progress as shall seem good to Him, some here, some there, not binding Himself to begin at the lowest, and end with the highest, but compensating and balancing the lower with the higher in each successive stage of our planet? This last is what the Professor really means, we doubt not; but then, would that he had said boldly, that "God," and not "Nature," is the agent, so raising the whole matter from the ground of destiny to that of will, from the material and logical ground to the moral and spiritual, from time and space into ever-present eternity. To us it seems to sum up, in a few words, what we have tried to say, that such development and progress as have, as yet, been actually discovered in nature have been proved, especially by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Hugh Miller, to bear every trace of having been produced by successive acts of thought and will in some personal mind, which, however boundlessly rich and powerful, is still *the Archetype of the human mind*; and therefore, (for to this we boldly confess we have been all along tending,) probably capable, without violence to its properties, of becoming, like the human mind, INCARNATE.

This progress, then, in the divine works, though tending ever to perfection in the very highest sense, need not be always forward and upward, according to the laws of comparative anatomy; and on these grounds it matters little whether the idea of the *Chrysanthellum*, and its congeners *Scolanthus* and *Chirodota*, has been developed downwards into the far lower *Actinia*, as well as upwards into the higher *Holothurians*, (just as the idea of a fish was first realized in the highest type of that class, and not, as has been too hastily supposed, in the lowest; for it is now discovered that the sharks, the earliest of fish, are really higher, not lower, in the scale of creation, than those salmonidæ and perches, which we from habit consider the archetypes and



lords of the finny tribes;) or whether, in this case, all our dream (though right in many another case, as in that of the shark just quoted) is here altogether wrong, and these *Chrysanthella* are merely meant to fill up, for the sake of logical perfection, the space between the ancient rooted polypes and the free echinoderms: yet there is another, and more human, source of interest about this quaint animal who is wriggling himself clean in the glass jar of salt water; for he is one of the many curiosities which has been added to our fauna by that humble hero Mr. Charles Peach, the self-taught naturalist of Cornwall, of whom, as we walk on toward the rocks, something should be said, or rather read; for Mr. Chambers, in an often quoted passage from his *Edinburgh Journal*, which we must have the pleasure of quoting once again, has told the story better than we can tell it:—

“ But who is that little intelligent looking man in a faded naval uniform, who is so invariably to be seen in a particular central seat in this section? That, gentle reader, is perhaps one of the most interesting men who attend the Association. He is only a private in the mounted guard (preventive service) at an obscure part of the Cornwall coast, with four shillings a-day, and a wife and nine children, most of whose education he has himself to conduct. He never tastes the luxuries which are so common in the middle ranks of life, and even amongst a large portion of the working-classes. He has to mend with his own hands every sort of thing that can break or wear in his house. Yet Mr. Peach is a votary of Natural History—not a student of the science in books, for he cannot afford books, but an investigator by sea and shore, a collector of zoophytes and echinodermata, strange creatures, many of which are as yet hardly known to man. These he collects, preserves, and describes; and every year does he come up to the British Association with a few novelties of this kind, accompanied by illustrative papers and drawings: thus, under circumstances the very opposite of those of such men as Lord Enniskillen, adding, in like manner, to the general stock of knowledge. On the present occasion he is unusually elated, for he has made the discovery of a holuthuria with twenty tentacula, a species of the echinodermata, which Professor Forbes, in his *Book on Star-Fishes*, has said was never yet observed in the British seas. It may be of small moment to you who, mayhap, know nothing of Holuthurias, but it is a considerable thing to the Fauna of Britain, and a vast matter to a poor private of the Cornwall mounted guard. And accordingly he will go home in a few days, full of the glory of his exhibition, and strung anew by the kind notice taken of him by the masters of the science, to similar

inquiries, difficult as it may be to prosecute them under such a complication of duties, professional and domestic. But he has still another subject of congratulation, for Dr. Carpenter has kindly given him a microscope, wherewith to observe the structure of his favourite animals, an instrument for which he has sighed for many years in vain. Honest Peach, humble as is thy home, and simple thy bearing, thou art an honour even to this assemblage of nobles and doctors: nay, more, when we consider everything, thou art an honour to human nature itself; for where is the heroism like that of virtuous, intelligent, independent poverty? And such heroism is thine!"—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, November 23, 1844.

Mr. Peach is now, we are glad to say, rewarded in part for his long labours in the cause of science, by having been removed to a more lucrative post on the north coast of England; the earnest, it is to be hoped, of still further promotion.

But here we are at the old bank of boulders, the ruins of an antique pier which the monks of Tor Abbey built for their convenience, while Torquay was but a knot of fishing huts within a lonely limestone cove. To get to it, though, we have passed many a hidden treasure; for every ledge of these flat New-red-sandstone-rocks, if torn up with the crowbar, discloses in its cracks and crannies nests of strange form, which shun the light of day; beautiful Actiniæ fill the tiny caverns with living flowers; great Pholades bore by hundreds in the softer strata; and wherever a thin layer of muddy sand intervenes between two slabs, long Annelid worms, of quaintest forms and colours, have their horizontal burrows, among those of that curious and rare radiate animal, the spoonworm,\* a bag about an inch long, half bluish gray, half pink, with a strange scalloped and wrinkled proboscis of saffron colour, which serves, in some mysterious way, soft as it is, to collect food, and clear its dark passage through the rock.

See, at the extreme low-water mark, where the broad olive fronds of the Laminariæ, like fan-palms, droop and wave gracefully in the retiring ripples, a great boulder which will serve our purpose. Its upper side is a whole forest of sea-weeds, large and small; and that forest, if you examined it closely, as full of inhabitants as those of the Amazon or the Gambia. To "beat" that dense cover would be an endless task; but on the under side, where no sea-weeds grow, we shall find full in view enough to occupy us till the tide returns. For the slab, see, is such a one as sea-beasts love to haunt. Its weed-covered surface shews that the surge has not shifted it for years

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\* *Thalassema neptuni*, (Forbes' *British Star-Fishes*, p. 259.)



past. It lies on other boulders clear of sand and mud, so that there is no fear of dead sea-weed having lodged and decayed under it, destructive to animal life. We can see dark crannies and caves beneath; yet too narrow to allow the surge to wash in, and keep the surface clean. It will be a fine menagerie of Nereus, if we can but turn it.

Now, the crowbar is well under it; heave, and with a will; and so, after five minutes' tugging, propping, slipping, and splashing, the boulder gradually tips over, and we rush greedily upon the spoil.

A muddy dripping surface it is, truly, full of cracks and hollows, uninviting enough at first sight: let us look it round leisurely, to see if there are not materials enough there for an hour's lecture.

The first object which strikes the eye is probably a group of milk-white slugs, from two to six inches long, cuddling snugly together. You try to pull them off, and find that they give you some trouble, such a firm hold have the delicate white sucking arms, which fringe each of their fine edges. You see at the head nothing but a yellow dimple; for eating and breathing are suspended till the return of tide: but once settled in a jar of salt-water, each will protrude a large primrose-coloured head, tipped with a ring of ten feathery gills, looking very much like a head of "curled kale," but of the loveliest white and dark chocolate; in the centre whereof lies *perdu* a mouth with sturdy teeth—if indeed they, as well as the whole inside of the worthy fellow, have not been lately got rid of, and what you see be not a mere bag, without intestine or other organ—but only for the time being. For hear it, worn-out epicures, and old Indians who bemoan your livers, this little Holothuria knows a secret which, if he could tell it, you would be glad to buy of him for thousands sterling. For to him blue-pill and muriatic acid are superfluous, and travels to German Brunnen a waste of time. Happy Holothuria! who possesses really that secret of everlasting youth, which ancient fable bestowed on the serpent and the eagle. For when his teeth aches, or his digestive organs trouble him, all he has to do is just to cast up forthwith his entire inside, and *faisant maigre* for a month or so, grow a fresh set, and eat away as merrily as ever. His name, if you wish to consult so triumphant a hygieist, is *Cucumaria Hyndmanni*, named after Mr. Hyndman of Belfast, his first discoverer; but he has many a stout cousin round the Scotch coast, who knows the antibilious panacea as well as he, and submits, among the northern fishermen, to the rather rude and undeserved name of sea-puddings, one of which grows in Shetland, to the enormous length of three feet, rivalling there his huge con-

genera, who display their exquisite plumes on every tropic coral reef.

Next, what are those bright little buds, like salmon-coloured *Banksia* roses half expanded, sitting closely on the stone? Touch them, and the soft fleshy part is retracted, and the orange flower of flesh is transformed into a pale pink flower of stone. That is the Madrepore, *Caryophyllia smithii*, one of our south coast rarities; and see, on the lip of the last one, which we have carefully scooped off with the chisel, two little pink towers, delicately striated; drop them into this small bottle of sea-water, and from the top of each tower issues every half second—what shall we call it?—a hand or a net of finest hairs, clutching at something invisible to our grosser sense. That is the *Pyrgoma*, parasitic only (as far as we know) on the lip of this same rare Madrepore; a little “cirrhipod,” the cousin of those tiny barnacles which roughen every rock, and of those larger ones also, who burrow in the thick hide of the whale, and, borne about upon his mighty sides, throw out their tiny casting nets, as this *Pyrgoma* does, to catch every passing animalcule, and sweep them into the jaws concealed within its shell. And this creature, rooted to one spot through life and death, was in its infancy a free swimming animal, hovering from place to place upon delicate ciliæ, till, having sown its wild oats, it settled down in life, and became a landowner, and a *glebæ adscriptus*, for ever and a day. Mysterious destiny—yet not so mysterious as that of the free *medusoids* of every polype and coral, which ends as a rooted tree of horn or stone, and seems to the eye of sensuous fancy to have literally degenerated into a vegetable. Of them you must read for yourselves in Mr. Gosse’s book; in the meanwhile he shall tell you something of the beautiful Madrepores themselves. His description,\* by far the best yet published, should be read in full: we must content ourselves with extracts.

“Doubtless you are familiar with the stony skeleton of our Madrepore, as it appears in museums. It consists of a number of thin calcareous plates standing up edgewise, and arranged in a radiating manner round a low centre. A little below the margin, their individuality is lost in the deposition of rough calcareous matter. . . . The general form, more or less cylindrical, commonly wider at the top than just above the bottom. . . . This is but the skeleton; and though it is a very pretty object, those who are acquainted with it alone, can form but a very poor idea of the beauty of the living animal. . . . Let it, after being torn from the rock, recover its equanimity; then you will see a pellucid gelatinous

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\* A Naturalist’s Rambles in the Devonshire Coast, p. 110.

flesh emerging from between the plates, and little exquisitely formed and coloured tentacula, with white clabbed tips fringing the sides of the cup-shaped cavity in the centre, across which stretches the oval disc marked with a star of some rich and brilliant colour, surrounding the central mouth, a slit with white crenated lips, like the orifice of one of those elegant cowry shells which we put upon our mantel-pieces. The mouth is always more or less prominent, and can be protruded and expanded to an astonishing extent. The space surrounding the lips is commonly fawn colour, or rich chestnut-brown; the star or vandyked circle rich red, pale vermilion, and sometimes the most brilliant emerald green, as brilliant as the gorget of a humming-bird." . . .

And what does this exquisitely delicate creature do with its pretty mouth? Alas for fact! It sips no honey dew, or fruits from paradise.—

"I put a minute spider, as large as a pin's head, into the water, pushing it down to the coral. The instant it touched the tip of a tentacle it adhered, and was drawn in with the surrounding tentacles between the plates. With a lens I saw the small mouth slowly open, and move over to that side, the lips gaping unsymmetrically, while with a movement as imperceptible as that of the hour hand of a watch, the tiny prey was carried along between the plates to the corner of the mouth. The mouth, however, moved most, and at length reached the edges of the plates, and gradually closed upon the insect, and then returned to its usual place in the centre."

Mr. Gosse next tried the fairy of the walking mouth with a house-fly, who escaped only by hard fighting; after which the gentle creature, after swallowing and disgorging various large pieces of shell-fish, found viands to its taste in "the lean of cooked meat, and portions of earth-worms," filling up the intervals by a perpetual dessert of microscopic animalcules, whirled into that lovely avernus, its mouth, by the currents of the delicate ciliæ which clothe every tentacle. The fact is, that the Madrepora, like those glorious sea-anemones whose living flowers stud every pool, is by profession a scavenger, and a feeder on carrion; and being as useful as he is beautiful, really comes under the rule which he seems at first to break, that handsome is who handsome does.

Another species of Madrepora\* was discovered on our Devon coast by Mr. Gosse, more gaudy, though not so delicate in hue, as our Caryophyllia; three of which are at this moment pouting out their conical orange mouths and pointed golden tentacles in a vase on our table, at once grumbling and entreating for something to eat. Mr. Gosse's locality, for this and numberless

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\* *Balanophyllia regia*, Coast of Devon, p. 399.

other curiosities, is Ilfracombe, on the north coast of Devon. Our specimens came from Lundy Island, in the mouth of the Bristol Channel, or more properly that curious "Rat Island" to the south of it, where still lingers the black long-tailed English rat, exterminated everywhere else by his sturdier brown cousin of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Look, now, at these tiny saucers of the thinnest ivory, the largest not bigger than a silver threepence, which contain in their centres a milk-white crust of stone, pierced, under the magnifier, into a thousand cells, each with its living architect within. You see two sorts; in one the tubular cells radiate from the centre, giving it the appearance of a tiny compound flower, daisy or groundsel; in the other they are crossed with waving grooves, giving the whole a peculiar fretted look, even more beautiful than that of the former species. They are *Tubulipora patina* and *Tubulipora hispida*;—and stay—break off that tiny rough red wart, and look at its cells also under the magnifier: it is *Cellepora pumicosa*; and now, with the Madrepore you hold in your hand the principal, at least the commonest, British types of those famed coral insects, which in the tropics are the architects of continents, and the conquerors of the ocean surge. All the world, since the publication of Darwin's delightful "Voyage of the Beagle," and of Williams's "Missionary Enterprises," knows, or ought to know, enough about them: for those who do not, there are a few pages in the beginning of Dr. Landsborough's "British Zoophytes," well worth perusal.

There are a few other true cellepore corals round the coast. The largest of all, *Cervicornis*, may be dredged a few miles outside on the Exmouth bank, and a few more *Tubulipores*; but all tiny things, the lingering, and, as it were, expiring remnants of that great coral-world, which, through the abysmal depths of past ages, formed here in Britain our limestone hills, storing up for generations yet unborn the materials of agriculture and architecture. Inexpressibly interesting, even solemn, to those who will think, is the sight of these puny parasites, which as it were connect the ages and the zones: yet not so solemn and full of meaning as that tiny relic of an older world, the little pear-shaped *Turbinolia*, (cousin of the Madreporas and Sea-anemones,) found fossil in the Suffolk Crag, and yet still lingering here and there alive in the deep water off Scilly and the west coast of Ireland, possessor of a pedigree which dates, perhaps, from ages before the day in which it was said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." To think that the whole human race, its joys and its sorrows, its virtues and its sins, its aspirations and its failures, has been rushing out of eternity and into eternity again, as Arjoon in

the Bhagavad Gita beheld the race of men, issuing from Kreeshna's flaming mouth, and swallowed up in it again, "as the crowds of insects swarm into the flame, as the homeless streams leap down into the ocean bed," in an everlasting heart-pulse whose blood is living souls. And all that while, and ages before that mystery began, that humble coral, unnoticed on the dark sea-floor, has been "continuing as it was at the beginning," and fulfilling "the law which cannot be broken," while races and dynasties and generations have been

"Playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep."

Yes; it is this vision, of the awful permanence and perfection of the natural world, beside the wild flux and confusion, the mad struggles, the despairing cries of that world of spirits which man has defiled by sin, which would at moments crush the naturalist's heart, and make his brain swim with terror, were it not that he can see by faith, through all the abysses and the ages, not merely

"Hands,  
From out the darkness, shaping man;"

but above them a living loving countenance, human and yet divine; and can hear a voice which said at first, "Let us make man in our image;" and hath said since then, and says for ever and for ever, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

But now, friend, who listenest, perhaps instructed, and at least amused—if, as Professor Harvey well says, the simpler animals represent, as in a glass, the scattered organs of the higher races, which of your organs is represented by that "sca'd man's head," which the Devon children more gracefully, yet with less adherence to plain likeness, call "mermaid's head,"\* which we picked up just now on Paignton Sands? Or which, again, by its more beautiful little congener,† five or six of which are adhering tightly to the slab before us, a ball covered with delicate spines of lilac and green, and stuck over (cunning fellow!) with strips of dead sea-weed to serve as improvised parasols? One cannot say (though Oken and the Okenists might) that in him we have the first type of the human skull; for the resemblance, quaint as it is, is only sensuous and accidental, (in the logical use of that term,) and not homological, i.e., a lower manifestation of the same idea. Yet how is one tempted to say, that it was still Nature's first and lowest attempt at that use of hollow globes of mineral for protecting soft fleshy parts,

\* *Amphidotus cordatus*.

† *Echinus miliaris*.

which she afterwards developed to such perfection in the skulls of vertebrate animals. Yet no; even that conceit, pretty as it sounds, will not hold good; for though Radiates similar to these were among the earliest tenants of the abyss, yet as early as their time, perhaps even before them, had been conceived and actualized, in the sharks, and Mr. Hugh Miller's pets the old red sandstone fishes, that very true vertebrate skull and brain, of which this is a mere mockery.\* Here the whole animal, with his extraordinary feeding mill, (for neither teeth nor jaws are fit words for it,) is enclosed within an ever-growing limestone castle, to the architecture of which the Eddystone and the Crystal Palace are bungling heaps; without arms or legs, eyes or ears, and yet capable, in spite of his perpetual imprisonment, of walking, feeding, and living, doubt it not, merrily enough. But this result has been attained at the expense of a complication of structure, which has baffled all human analysis and research into final causes. As much concerning this most miraculous of families as is needful to be known, and ten times more than is comprehended, may be read in Professor Harvey's Sea-Side Book, pp. 142-148,—pages from which you will probably arise with a dizzy sense of the infinity of nature, and a conviction that The Creative Word, so far from having commenced, as some fancy, with the simplest, and, as it were, easiest forms of life, took delight, as it were, in solving the most difficult and complicated problems first of all, with a certain divine prodigality of wisdom and of power; and that before the mountains were brought forth, or even the earth and the world was made, He was God from everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Conceive a Crystal Palace, (for mere difference in size, as both the naturalist and the metaphysician know, has nothing to do with the wonder,) whereof each separate joist, girder, and pane grows continually without altering the shape of the whole; and you have conceived only one of the miracles embodied in that little sea-egg, which The Divine Word has, as it were to justify to man His own immutability, furnished with a shell capable of enduring fossil for countless ages, that we may confess Him to have been as great when first His spirit brooded on the deep, as He is now, and will be through all worlds to come.

But we must make haste; for the tide is rising fast, and our stone will be restored to its eleven hours' bath, long before we have talked over half the wonders which it holds. Look though, ere you retreat, at one or two more.

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\* See Professor Sedgwick's last edition of the *Discourses on the Studies of Cambridge*.



What is that little brown fellow whom you have just taken off the rock to which he adhered so stoutly by his sucking-foot? A limpet? Not at all: he is of quite a different family and structure; but, on the whole, a limpet-like shell would suit him well enough, so he had one given him: nevertheless, owing to certain anatomical peculiarities, he needed one aperture more than a limpet; so one, if you will examine, has been given him at the top of his shell.\* This is one instance among a thousand of the way in which a scientific knowledge of objects must not obey, but run counter to, the impressions of sense; and of that custom in nature which makes this caution so necessary, namely, the repetition of the same form, slightly modified, in totally different animals, sometimes as if to avoid waste, (for why should not the same conception be used in two different cases, if it will suit in both?) and sometimes, (more marvellous by far,) when an organ fully developed and useful in one species, appears in a cognate species, but feeble, useless, and, as it were, abortive, and gradually, in species still farther removed, dies out altogether; placed there, it would seem, at first sight, merely to keep up the family likeness. We are half jesting, that cannot be the only reason, perhaps not the reason at all; but the fact is one of the most curious, and notorious also, in comparative anatomy.

Look, again, at those sea-slugs. One, some three inches long, of a bright lemon-yellow, clouded with purple, another a dingy grey,† another (exquisite little creature) of a pearly French white,‡ furred all over the back with what seem arms, but are really gills, of ringed white, and grey, and black. Put that yellow one into water, and from his head, above the eyes, arise two serrated horns, while, from the after part of his back spring a circular Prince-of-Wales'-feather of gills,—they are almost exactly like those which we saw just now in the white *Cucumaria*. Yes; here is another instance of that same custom of repetition. The *Cucumaria* is a low radiate animal—the sea-slug a far higher mollusc; and every organ within him is formed on a different type; as indeed are those seemingly identical gills, if you come to examine them under the microscope, having to oxygenate fluids of a very different and more complicated kind; and, moreover, the *Cucumaria*'s gills were put round his mouth; the *Doris*'s feathers round the other extremity; that grey *Eolis*'s, again, are simple clubs, scattered over his whole back, and in each of his nudibranch congeners these same gills take some new and fantastic form; in *Melibœa* those clubs are covered

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\* *Fissurella græca*.  
 ‡ *Eolis papillosa*.

† *Doris tuberculata* and *bilineata*.

with warts; in *Scyllæa*, with tufted bouquets; in the beautiful *Antiopa*\* they are transparent bags; and in many other English species they take every conceivable form of leaf, tree, flower, and branch, bedecked with every colour of the rainbow, as you may see them depicted in Messrs. Alder and Hancock's unrivalled Monograph on the Nudibranch Mollusca.

And now, worshipper of final causes and the mere useful in Nature, answer but one question,—Why this prodigal variety? All these Nudibranchs live in much the same way, why would not the same mould have done for them all? And why, again, (for we must push the argument a little further,) why have not all the butterflies, at least all who feed on the same plant, the same markings? Of all-unfathomable triumphs of design, (we can only express ourselves thus, for honest induction, as Paley so well teaches, allows us to ascribe such results only to the design of some personal will and mind,) what surpasses that by which the scales on a butterfly's wing are arranged to produce a certain pattern of artistic beauty beyond all painter's skill? What a waste of power, on any utilitarian theory of nature! And once more, why are those strange microscopic atomies, the *Diatomaceæ* and *Infusoria*, which fill every stagnant pool, fringe every branch of sea-weed, which form banks hundreds of miles long on the Arctic sea-floor, and the strata of whole moorlands, which pervade in millions the mass of every iceberg, and float aloft in countless swarms amid the clouds of the volcanic dust,—why are their tiny shells of flint as fantastically various in their quaint mathematical symmetry, as they are countless beyond the wildest dreams of the Pantheist? Mystery inexplicable on all theories of evolution by necessary laws, as well as on the conceited notion which, making man forsooth the centre of the universe, dares to believe that variety of forms has existed for countless ages in abysmal sea-depths and untrodden forests, only that some few individuals of the western races might, in these latter days, at last discover and admire a corner here and there of the boundless realms of beauty. Inexplicable, truly, if man be the centre and the object of their existence; explicable enough to him who believes that God has created all things for Himself, and rejoices in His own handiwork, and that the material universe is, as the wise man says, "A platform whereon His eternal Spirit sports and maketh melody." Of all the blessings which the study of nature brings to the patient observer, let none, perhaps, be classed higher than this, that the further he enters into those fairy gardens of life and birth, which Spenser saw and described in his great poem, the

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\* Gosse's "Naturalist in Devon," p. 325.



more he learns the awful and yet most comfortable truth, that they do not belong to him, but to one greater, wiser, lovelier than he ; and as he stands, silent with awe, amid the pomp of nature's ever-busy rest, hears, as of old, "The Word of the Lord God walking among the trees of the garden in the cool of the day."

One sight more, and we have done. We had something to say, had time permitted, on the ludicrous element which appears here and there in nature. There are animals, like monkeys and crabs, which seem made to be laughed at ; by those at least who possess that most indefinable of faculties, the sense of the ridiculous. As long as man possesses muscles especially formed to enable him to laugh, we have no right to suppose (with some) that laughter is an accident of our fallen nature, or to find (with others) the primary cause of the ridiculous in the perception of unfitness or disharmony. And yet we shrink (whether rightly or wrongly, we can hardly tell) from attributing a sense of the ludicrous to the Creator of these forms. It may be a weakness on our part, at least we will hope it is a reverent one : but till we can find something corresponding to what we conceive of the Divine Mind in any class of phenomena, we had rather not talk about them at all, but observe a stoic "epoché," waiting for more light, and yet confessing that our own laughter is uncontrollable, and therefore we hope not unworthy of us, at many a strange creature and strange doing which we meet, from the highest ape to the lowest polype.

But, in the meanwhile, there are animals in which results so strange, fantastic, even seemingly horrible, are produced, that fallen man may be pardoned, if he shrinks from them in disgust. That, at least, must be a consequence of our own wrong state ; for everything is beautiful and perfect in its place. It may be answered, "Yes, in its place ; but its place is not yours. You had no business to look at it, and must pay the penalty for intermeddling." We doubt that answer ; for surely, if man have liberty to do anything, he has liberty to search out freely his heavenly Father's works ; and yet every one seems to have his antipathic animal ; and we know one bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting, and honest in feeling, that all, without exception, is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling and petting and admiring all day long every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider. At all events, whether we were intruding or not, in turning this stone, we must pay a fine for having done so ; for there lies an animal as foul and monstrous to the eye as "hydra, gorgon, or chimæra dire," and yet so wondrously fitted to its work, that we must needs endure, for our own instruction, to handle and to look at it. Its name we

know not, (though it lurks here under every stone,) and should be glad to know. It seems some very "low" Ascarid or Planarian worm. You see it? That black, shiny, knotted lump among the gravel, small enough to be taken up in a dessert-spoon. Look now, as it is raised, and its coils drawn out. Three feet—six—nine, at least: with a capability of seemingly endless expansion; a slimy tape of living caoutchouc, some eighth of an inch in diameter, a dark chocolate-black, with paler longitudinal lines. Is it alive? It hangs helpless and motionless, a mere velvet string across the hand. Ask the neighbouring Annelids and the fry of the rock fishes, or put it into a vase at home, and see. It lies motionless, trailing itself among the gravel; you cannot tell where it begins or ends; it may be a dead strip of sea-weed, *Himanthalia lovea* perhaps, or *Chorda filum*; or even a tarred string. So thinks the little fish who plays over and over it, till he touches at last what is too surely a head. In an instant a bell-shaped sucker mouth has fastened to his side. In another instant, from one lip, a concave double proboscis, just like a tapir's, (another instance of the repetition of forms,) has clasped him like a finger; and now begins the struggle: but in vain. He is being "played" with such a fishing-line as the skill of a Wilson or a Stoddart never could invent; a living line, with elasticity beyond that of the most delicate fly rod, which follows every lunge, shortening and lengthening, slipping and twining round every piece of gravel and stem of sea-weed, with a tiring drag such as no Highland wrist or step could ever bring to bear on salmon or on trout. The victim is tired now; and slowly, and yet dexterously, his blind assailant is feeling and shifting along his side, till he reaches one end of him; and then the black lips expand, and slowly and surely the curved finger begins packing him end-foremost down into the gullet, where he sinks, inch by inch, till the swelling which marks his place is lost among the coils, and he is probably macerated to a pulp long before he has reached the opposite extremity of his cave of doom. Once safe down, the black murderer slowly contracts again into a knotted heap, and lies, like a boa with a stag inside him, motionless and blest.

There; we must come away now, for the tide is over our ankles: but touch, before you go, one of those little red mouths which peep out of the stone. A tiny jet of water shoots up almost into your face. The bivalve\* who has burrowed into the limestone knot (the softest part of the stone to his jaws, though the hardest to your chisel) is scandalized at having the soft mouths of his siphons so rudely touched, and taking your

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\* *Saxicava rugosa*.

finger for some bothering Annelid, who wants to nibble him, is defending himself; shooting you, as naturalists do humming-birds, with water. Let him rest in peace; it will cost you ten minutes' hard work, and much dirt, to extract him: but if you are fond of shells, secure one or two of those beautiful pink and straw-coloured scallops,\* who have gradually incorporated the layers of their lower valve with the roughnesses of the stone, destroying thereby the beautiful form which belongs to their race, but not their delicate colour. There are a few more bivalves too, adhering to the stone, and those rare ones, and two or three delicate *Mangelia* and *Nasæ* are trailing their graceful spires up and down in search of food. That little bright red and yellow pea, too, touch it—the brilliant coloured cloak is withdrawn, and, instead, you have a beautifully ribbed pink cowry,† our only European representative of that grand tropical family. Cast one wondering glance, too, at the forest of zoophytes and corals, *Lepraliæ* and *Flustræ*, and those quaint blue stars, set in brown jelly, which are no zoophytes, but respectable molluscs, each with his well-formed mouth and intestines,‡ but combined in a peculiar form of Communism, of which all one can say is, that one hopes they like it; and that, at all events, they agree better than the heroes and heroines of Mr. Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance.

Now away, and as a specimen of the fertility of the water-world, look at this rough list of species,§ the greater part of

* <i>Pecten pusio.</i>	† <i>Cypræa Europæa.</i>	‡ <i>Botrylli.</i>
§ <i>Molluscs.</i>	<i>Molluscs—continued.</i>	<i>Polypes—continued.</i>
<i>Doris tuberculata.</i>	<i>Cynthia</i> ,—2 species.	<i>Sertularia rugosa.</i>
— <i>Bilineata.</i>	<i>Botryllus</i> , do.	— <i>fallax.</i>
<i>Eolis papillosa.</i>	<i>Sydinum</i> †	— <i>filicula.</i>
<i>Pleurobranchus plumula.</i>		<i>Plumularia falcata.</i>
<i>Neritina.</i>	<i>Annelids.</i>	— <i>setacea.</i>
<i>Cypræa.</i>	<i>Phyllodoce</i> , and other Ne-	<i>Laomedea geniculata.</i>
<i>Trochus</i> ,—2 species.	reid worms.	<i>Campanularia volubilis.</i>
<i>Mangelia.</i>	<i>Polynoe squamata.</i>	<i>Actinia mesembryanthemum.</i>
<i>Triton.</i>		— <i>clavata.</i>
<i>Trophon.</i>	<i>Crustacea.</i>	— <i>anguicoma.</i>
<i>Nasa</i> ,—2 species.	4 or 5 species.	— <i>crassicornis.</i>
<i>Cerithium.</i>	<i>Echinoderma.</i>	<i>Tubulipora patina.</i>
<i>Sigaretus.</i>		— <i>hispida.</i>
<i>Fissurella.</i>	<i>Echini</i> <i>miliaris.</i>	— <i>serpens.</i>
<i>Arca lactea.</i>	<i>Asterias gibbosa.</i>	<i>Crisia eburnea.</i>
<i>Pecten pusio.</i>	<i>Ophiocoma neglecta.</i>	<i>Cellepora pumicosa.</i>
<i>Tapes pallastra.</i>	<i>Cucumaria Hyndmanni.</i>	<i>Lepraliæ</i> ,—many species.
<i>Kellia suborbicularis.</i>	— <i>communis.</i>	<i>Membranipora pilosa.</i>
<i>Sphænia Binghami.</i>		<i>Cellularia ciliata.</i>
<i>Saxicava rugosa.</i>	<i>Polypes.</i>	— <i>scruposa.</i>
<i>Gastrochœna pholadia.</i>		— <i>reptans.</i>
<i>Pholas parva.</i>	<i>Sertularia pumila.</i>	<i>Flustra membranacea</i> , &c.
<i>Anomise</i> ,—2 or 3 species.		

which are on this very stone, and all of which you might obtain in an hour, would the rude tide wait for zoologists; and remember, that the number of individuals of each species of polype must be counted by tens of thousands, and also, that, by searching the forest of sea-weeds which covers the upper surface, we should probably obtain some twenty minute species more.

A goodly catalogue this, surely, of the inhabitants of three or four large stones; and yet how small a specimen of the multitudinous nations of the sea. From the bare rocks above high-water mark, down to abysses deeper than ever plummet sounded, is life, everywhere life; fauna after fauna, and flora after flora, arranged in zones, according to the amount of light and warmth which each species requires, and to the amount of pressure which they are able to endure. The crevices of the highest rocks, only sprinkled with salt spray in spring-tides and high gales, have their peculiar little univalves, their crisp lichen-like sea-weeds, in myriads; lower down, the region of the *Fuci* (bladder-weeds) has its own tribes of periwinkles and limpets; below again, about the neap-tide mark, the region of the corallines and *Algæ* furnishes food for yet other species who graze on its watery meadows; and beneath all, only uncovered at low spring-tide, the zone of the *Laminariæ* (the great tangles and oar-weeds) is most full of all of every imaginable form of life. So that as we descend the rocks, we may compare ourselves (likening small things to great) to those who, descending the Andes, pass in a single day from the vegetation of the Arctic zone to that of the Tropics. And here and there, even at half-tide level, deep rock-basins, shaded from the sun, and always full of water, keep up, in a higher zone, the vegetation of a lower one, and afford, in miniature, an analogy to those deep "barrancos" which split the high table-land of Mexico, down whose awful cliffs, swept by cool sea-breezes, the traveller looks from among the plants and animals of the temperate zone, and sees far below, dim through their everlasting vapour-bath of rank hot steam, the mighty forms and gorgeous colours of a tropic forest.

"I do not wonder," says Mr. Gosse, in his charming "Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast,"\* "that when Southey had an opportunity of seeing some of those beautiful quiet basins hollowed in the living rock, and stocked with elegant plants and animals, having all the charm of novelty to his eye, they should have moved his poetic fancy, and found more than one place in the gorgeous imagery of his oriental romances. Just listen to him:

“ ‘ It was a garden still beyond all price,  
Even yet it was a place of paradise ;

• • • • •

And here were coral bowers,  
And grotts of madrepores,  
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye  
As e'er was mossy bed  
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie  
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.  
Here, too, were living flowers,  
Which, like a bud compacted,  
Their purple cups contracted ;  
And now in open blossom spread,  
Stretch'd, like green anthers, many a seeking head.  
And arborets of jointed stone were there,  
And plants of fibres fine as silkworm's thread ;  
Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair  
Upon the waves dispread.  
Others that, like the broad banana growing,  
Rais'd their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,  
Like streamers wide outflowing.'

(*Kehama*, xvi. 5.)

“ A hundred times you might fancy you saw the type, the very original of this description, tracing, line by line, and image by image, the details of the picture ; and acknowledging, as you proceed, the minute truthfulness with which it has been drawn. For such is the loveliness of nature in these secluded reservoirs, that the accomplished poet, when depicting the gorgeous scenes of eastern mythology, scenes the wildest and most extravagant that imagination could paint, drew not upon the resources of his prolific fancy for imagery here, but was well content to jot down the simple lineaments of nature as he saw her in plain, homely England.

“ It is a beautiful and fascinating sight for those who have never seen it before, to see the little shrubberies of pink coralline—‘ the arborets of jointed stone’—that fringe those pretty pools. It is a charming sight to see the crimson banana-like leaves of the *Delesseria* waving in their darkest corners ; and the purple fibrous tufts of *Polysiphoniæ* and *Ceramia*, ‘ fine as silkworm's thread.’ But there are many others which give variety and impart beauty to these tide-pools. The broad leaves of the *Ulva*, finer than the finest cambric, and of the brightest emerald-green, adorn the hollows at the highest level, while, at the lowest, wave tiny forests of the feathery *Ptilota* and *Dasya*, and large leaves, cut into fringes and furbelows, of rosy *Rhodymeniæ*. All these are lovely to behold ; but I think I admire as much as any of them, one of the commonest of our marine plants, *Chondrus crispus*. It occurs in the greatest profusion on this coast, in every pool between tide-marks ; and everywhere—except in those of the highest level, where constant exposure to light dwarfs the plant, and turns it of a dull umber-brown tint—it is elegant in form

and brilliant in colour. The expanding fan-shaped fronds, cut into segments, cut, and cut again, make fine bushy tufts in a deep pool, and every segment of every frond reflects a flush of the most lustrous azure, like that of a tempered sword-blade."—*Gosse's Devonshire Coast*, pp. 187-189.

And the sea bottom, also, has its zones, at different depths, and its peculiar forms in peculiar spots, affected by the currents and the nature of the ground, the riches of which have to be seen, alas! rather by the imagination than the eye; for such spoonfuls of the treasure as the dredge brings up to us, come too often rolled and battered, torn from their sites and contracted by fear, mere hints to us of what the populous reality below is like. And often, standing on the shore at low tide, has one longed to walk on and in under the waves, as the water-ousel does in the pools of the mountain-burn, and see it all but for a moment; and a solemn beauty and meaning has invested the old Greek fable of Glaucus the fisherman, how he ate of the herb which gave his fish strength to leap back into their native element, and seized on the spot with a strange longing to follow them under the waves, and became for ever a companion of the fair semi-human forms with which the Hellenic poets peopled their sunny bays and firths, feeding his "silent flocks" far below on the green *Zostera* beds, or basking with them on the sunny ledges in the summer noon, or wandering in the still bays or sultry nights amid the choir of Amphitrite and her sea-nymphs,

"Joining the bliss of the gods, as they waken the coves with their laughter,"

In nightly revels, whereof one has sung,—

"So they came up in their joy; and before them the roll of the  
surges  
Sank, as the breezes sank dead, into smooth green foam-flecked  
marble  
Awed; and the crags of the cliffs, and the pines of the mountains  
were silent.  
So they came up in their joy, and around them the lamps of the  
sea-nymphs  
Myriad fiery globes, swam heaving and panting, and rainbows,  
Crimson and azure and emerald, were broken in star-showers,  
lighting  
Far in the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,  
Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the  
ocean.  
So they went on in their joy, more white than the foam which  
they scattered,  
Laughing and singing and tossing and twining, while eager, the  
Tritons

Blinded with kisses their eyes, unproved, and above them in  
worship  
Fluttered the terns, and the sea-gulls swept past them on silvery  
pinions,  
Echoing softly their laughter; around them the wantoning dol-  
phins  
Sighed as they plunged, full of love; and the great sea-horses  
which bore them  
Curved up their crests in their pride to the delicate arms which  
embraced them;  
Pawing the spray into gems, till a fiery rainfall, unharmed,  
Sparkled and gleamed on the limbs of the maids, and the coils of  
the mermen.  
So they went on in their joy, bathed round with the fiery coolness,  
Needing nor sun nor moon, self-lighted, immortal: but others  
Pitiful, floated in silence apart; on their knees lay the sea-boys  
Whelmed by the roll of the surge, swept down by the anger of  
Nereus;  
Hapless, whom never again upon quay or on strand shall their  
mothers  
Welcome with garlands and vows to the temples; but wearily  
pining,  
Gaze over island and main for the sails which return not; they  
heedless  
Sleep in soft bosoms for ever, and dream of the surge and the  
sea-maids.  
So they pass by in their joy, like a dream, down the murmuring  
ripples."

Such a rhapsody may be somewhat out of order, even in a popular scientific article; and yet one cannot help at moments envying the old Greek imagination, which could inform the soulless sea-world with a human life and beauty. For after all, star-fishes and sea-anemones are dull substitutes for Sirens and Tritons; the lamps of the sea-nymphs, those glorious phosphorescent medusæ whose beauty Mr. Gosse sets forth so well with pen and pencil, are not as attractive as the sea-nymphs themselves would be; and who would not, like Ulysses, take the gray old man of the sea himself asleep upon the rocks, rather than one of his seal-herd, probably too with the same result as the world-famous combat in the Antiquary between Hector and Phœbe? And yet—is there no human interest in these pursuits, more human, ay, and more divine, than there would be even in those Triton and Nereid dreams, if realized to sight and sense? Heaven forbid that those should say so, whose wanderings among rock and pool have been mixed up with holiest passages of friendship and of love, and the intercommunion of equal minds and sympathetic hearts, and of the laugh of



children drinking in health from every breeze, and instruction at every step, running ever and anon with proud delight to add their little treasure to their father's stock, and of happy friendly evenings spent over the microscope and the vase, in examining, arranging, preserving, noting down in the diary the wonders and the labours of the happy, busy day. No; such short glimpses of the water world as our present appliances afford us, are full enough of pleasure; and we will not envy Glaucus; we will not even be over-anxious for the success of his only modern imitator, the French naturalist who is reported to have just fitted himself with a waterproof dress and breathing apparatus, in order to walk the bottom of the Mediterranean, and see for himself how the world goes on at the fifty-fathom line. We will be content with dredging next year as we dredged this, and in the meanwhile let Mr. Gosse tell us some of the pleasures of that little-known amusement :—

“ The dredge is a strong bag with an iron frame around the mouth, which is drawn over the sea-bottom by a rope. The rudest form of the instrument is that used for procuring oysters. The bag is generally made of iron rings linked together, and one of the longer sides of the frame is turned up to make a scraping-lip.

“ But the naturalists' dredge is an improvement upon this form; the oyster-dredge, with all the care employed in heaving, will frequently turn over in sinking, so that the unlippped side of the frame which will not scrape is on the ground. Hence we have each of the two long sides of the mouth made into a scraping-lip, so that the instrument cannot fall wrong. Instead of rings our body is made of spun-yarn (a sort of small rope,) or fishing-line, netted with a small mesh; or which is still better, of a raw hide, (such as those which the tobaccoists receive from South America inclosing tobacco, the hides of the wild cattle of the Pampas,) cut into thongs, and netted in like manner. Sometimes the bag is made of coarse sackcloth, or of canvass, but the former soon wears out, and the latter is not sufficiently pervious to water; an important point, for if there be not a free current through the bag, while on the bottom, it embraces nothing, merely driving everything before it, and coming up empty. The hide-net is almost indestructible.

“ To the two ends, or short sides of the frame, which forms an oblong square, are attached by a hinge two long triangles, which, meeting in front at some distance from the mouth, are connected by a swivel-joint. To this the dragging rope is bent, which must be long enough to allow thrice as much at least to be overboard as the perpendicular depth would require; if you are dredging in ten fathoms, you must use at least thirty fathoms of line, or your dredge will make long jumps over the ground instead of steadily raking it. The inward end of the rope having been made fast to one of the thwarts, the dredge is hove to windward, and the boat is put before the wind, or at least allowed a flowing sheet.



\* \* \* \* \*

“ But before we ran down to our dredging ground, my master of the ceremonies proposed that we should haul up a point or two, and have a scrape on the *Zostera* beds that cover many acres of shallow water in the bight of Preston Valley. But let me introduce my man to you. A clever fellow is Jone, and though only bred as a fisherman, he is quite an amateur naturalist. There is nobody else in Weymouth harbour that knows anything about dredging; (I have it from his own lips, so you may rely upon it;) but *he* is familiar with the feel of almost every yard of bottom from Whitenose to Church-Hope, and from St. Aldham's Head to the Bill. He follows dredging with the zest of a *savant*; and it is amusing really to hear how he pours forth the crackjaw, the sesquipedalian nomenclature. ‘ Now, Sir, if you do want a *Gastrochaena*, I can just put down your dredge upon a lot of ‘em; we’ll bring up three and four in a stone.’ ‘ I’m in hopes we shall have a good *Cribella* or two off this bank, if we don’t get choked up with them ‘ere *Ophicomus*.’ He tells me in confidence that he has been sore puzzled to find a name for his boat, but has at length determined to appellate her ‘ The Turritella, just to astonish the fishermen, you know, Sir,’—with an accompanying wink and chuckle, and a patronizing nudge in my ribs. Jone is a proud man when he gets a real *savant* alone in a boat; and he talks with delight of the feats which he has achieved in the dredging line for Mr. Bowerbank, Mr. Hanley, and Professor Forbes.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Well, here we are in the bight, just off the mouth of Preston Valley, the only bit of pretty scenery anywhere near. This, however, is a little gem; a verdant dell opening to the sea, through which a streamlet runs, with the sides and bottom covered with woods, a rare feature in this neighbourhood. We are over the *Zostera*: the beds of dark green grass are waving in the heave of the swell, and we can make out the long and narrow blades by closely looking down beneath the shadow of the boat. Here then is the place for the keel-drag. Down it goes and sinks into the long grass, while we slowly drag it for a couple of hundred yards or so.

“ When disposed to try our luck, we hauled on the rope till we got the mouth of the drag to the top of the water; a turn or hitch was then taken round a belaying pin, with the two side lines of the bridle, and the point of the net only was then hauled on board, put into a pan of water and untied. Here was congregated the chief part of the prey taken, and hence the need of having the meshes so small in this part. Out swam in a moment a good many little fishes that haunt the grass-bed; as Pipe-fishes (*Syngnathus*) of several species, Gobies (*Gobius unipunctatus*, &c. &c.), and bright blue Conners, (*Labrus* and *Crenilabrus*.) With these were two or three active and charming Cuttles, (*Sepioida*); and clinging to the meshes of the net in various parts, were several species of Nudibranch Mollusca, creatures of remarkable elegance and beauty.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Meanwhile we put the boat before the wind, and run along the inhospitable coast on our left. We leave the pleasant vale behind, and skim swiftly by the black rocks of Ratcliff Head, and the distorted and confused strata of Goggin’s Berrow. We pass Osmington Mills, where a rather ample sheet of water is poured in a foaming cascade over the low cliffs, and where those curious circular blocks of grit-stone, flat on one side and conical on the other, are imbedded with regularity on the sandy face of the precipice : and leave on our quarter the rocks, where the abundance of iron pyrites and sulphur has more than once presented the strange phenomenon of spontaneous fire ; a phenomenon distinctly remembered still by the inhabitants of Weymouth, who night after night used to gaze out with wonder on the burning cliffs.

“ At length we are under Whitenose, that bold chalk cliff that is so prominent an object as the eye roves along the coast line from Weymouth. Here we turn the boat’s edge to the southward, and throw the dredge overboard in fourteen fathoms. And while I am enjoying with the line in my hand, what a dredger particularly likes to feel, the vibration produced by the instrument as it rumbles and scrapes over a moderately rough bottom, telling that it is doing its work well,—we will gaze with admiration on this magnificent precipice of dazzling white that rears its noble head behind us. It is the termination of that range of chalk hills which, with some few interruptions, intersect the kingdom from the Yorkshire coast to Dorset : and stands in simple majesty, the snowy whiteness of its vast face unvaried, except by the slanting lines which mark the dipping strata running across it, and which look so fine and so regular, as if they had been drawn by the pen of a geometrician.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ But up with the dredge ; let us see our success. It feels pretty heavy as it mounts, and here, as it breaks the surface, we can already see some bright-hued and active creatures in its capacious bag. A wide board, resting on two thwarts, serves for a table, and on this—a few of the more delicate things, that appear at a glance, having been first taken out—the whole contents are poured. The empty dredge is returned to the deep for another haul, while we set eagerly to work with fingers and eyes on the heap before us.

“ What a pleasure it is to examine a tolerably prolific dredge-haul ! I am not going to enumerate all the things that we found ; it would make a pretty long list. Numbers of rough stones, and of old worm-eaten shells, half a broken bottle, and other strange matters, were there—every one, however rude, worthy of close examination, because studded with elegant zoophytes, the tubes of *serpulæ* and other *annelidæ*, bright coloured pellucid *ascidians*, graceful nudibranch *molluscæ*, the spawn of fishes, and endless other things. Brittle stars, by scores, were twining their long spiny arms, like wizard’s tails, among the tangled mass, arrayed in the most varied and most gorgeous hues of all varieties of kaleidoscope patterns, (see plate IV.,) and sand-stars not a few. The latter are much more delicate in constitution than

the former, being very difficult to keep alive, and also much more brittle; the former, notwithstanding their English name, I have not found so particularly fragile. Among other members of this wonderful class of animals, we obtained, in the course of our day's work, several of that fine but common one, the twelve-rayed sun-star, (*Solaster papposa*), a showy creature, dressed in rich scarlet livery, some eight inches in diameter. Two or three of a species usually counted rare also occurred, the bird's foot (*Palmipes membranaceus*), more curious, and equally beautiful. (See plate III.) It resembles a pentagonal piece of thin leather, with the angles a little produced, and regularly pointed. The central part of this disc is scarlet, and a double line of scarlet proceeds from this to each angle, while the whole is margined by a narrow band of the same gorgeous hue. The remainder of the surface is of a pale yellow or cream colour, and covered, in the most elegant manner, with tufts of minute spines, arranged in lines which cross each other, lozenge-fashioned, near the middle of the disc, and run parallel to each other, at right angles to the margin, between the points.

"Not less attractive was another star-fish, the Eyed Cribella. (*Cribella oculata*.) It consists of five finger-like rays, tapering to a blunt point, and cleft nearly to the centre, the consistence stiffly fleshy, or almost cartilaginous. The hue of both disc and rays, or the superior surface, is a fine rosy purple. (See plate III.)

"All these are very attractive occupants of an aquarium. They are active and restless, though slow in movement, continually crawling about the rocks, and round the sides of the tank, by a gliding motion produced by the attachment and shifting of hundreds of sucker feet, which are protruded at will, through minute pores in calcareous integument. Their showy colours are exhibited to advantage on the dark rocks, around the projections and angles of which they wind their flexible bodies, now and then turning back a ray, from which the pellucid suckers are seen stretching and sprawling; and as they mount the glass, not only can their hues be admired, but the exquisite structure of their spines, and the mechanism of their suckers, can be studied at leisure.

"Every haul of the dredge brought up several univalve shells, tenanted, not by their original constructors and proprietors, but by their busy intruder, the soldier crab. (*Pagurus*.) Several species of this curious creature occurred. . . . I shall only just allude to the beautiful cloak anemone, (*Adamsia palliata*), and several other species of this charming family. Long legged spider crabs, of the genera *Stenorynchus*, *Inachus*, &c., were abundant, sprawling their slender limbs like bristles, to an unconscionable distance, tempting us to think that, if we had legs like these, we might cover the ground in a style that would put to shame the old giant slayer's seven league boots.

"But as I have said, time and space would fail me if I were to attempt an enumeration of all the objects of interest that were brought to view in the course of a good day's dredging. Mollusca, both naked and shelled, both univalve and bivalve, and crabs, prawns

and shrimps, worms, sponges, sea-weeds, all presented claims to notice, and all contributed representatives to my stock, in the successive emptyings of the dredge; for we worked pretty nearly all the way home. And when we came to bring on shore the bottles, jars, pans, pails and tubs, we found them all well tenanted with strange creatures, the greater part of which were despatched on their way to London by the same evening mail train."—*Gosse's Aquarium*, pp. 55, 58, 59, 63.

But if you cannot afford the expense of your own dredge and boat, and the time and trouble necessary to follow the occupation scientifically, yet every trawler and oyster boat will afford you a tolerable satisfaction. Go on board one of these; and while the trawl is down, spend a pleasant hour or two in talking with the simple, honest, sturdy fellows who work it, from whom (if you are as fortunate as we have been for many a year past) you may get many a moving story of danger and sorrow, as well as many a shrewd practical maxim, and often, too, a living recognition of God, and the providence of God, which will send you home, perhaps, a wiser and more genial man. And when the trawl is hauled, wait till the fish are counted out, and packed away, and then kneel down and inspect (in a pair of Mackintosh leggings, and your oldest coat) the crawling heap of shells and zoophytes which remains behind about the decks, and you will find, if a landsman, enough to occupy you for a week to come. Nay, even if it be too calm for trawling, condescend to go out in a coble, and help to haul some honest fellow's deep-sea lines and lobster-pots, and you will find more and stranger things about them than even fish or lobsters: though they, to him who has eyes to see, are strange enough.

We speak from experience; for it was but the other day that, in the north of Devon, we found sermons, not indeed in stones, but in a creature reputed among the most worthless of sea vermin. We had been lounging about all the morning on the little pier, waiting, with the rest of the village, for a trawling breeze which would not come. Two o'clock was past, and still the red mainsails of the skiffs hung motionless, and their images quivered, head downwards, in the glassy swell,

"As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean."

It was neap-tide, too, and therefore nothing could be done among the rocks. So, in despair, finding an old coast-guard friend starting for his pots, we determined to save the old man's arms, by rowing him up the shore. And as we paddled homeward, under the high green northern wall, five hundred feet of cliff furred to the water's edge with rich oak woods, against

whose base the smooth Atlantic swell died whispering, as if curling itself up to sleep at last within that sheltered nook, tired with its weary wanderings, while the sun sank lower and lower behind the deer-park point, and the white stair of houses up the glen was wrapt every moment deeper and deeper in hazy smoke and shade, as the light faded, and the evening fires were lighted one by one, and the soft murmur of the water-fall, and the pleasant laugh of children, and the splash of homeward oars, came clearer and clearer to the ear at every stroke, the recollection arose of many a brave and wise friend, whose lot was cast in no such western paradise, but rather in the infernos of this sinful earth, toiling even then amid the festering alleys of Bermondsey and Bethnal Green, to palliate death and misery which they had vainly laboured to prevent, watching the strides of that very cholera which they had been striving for years to ward off, now re-admitted, in spite of all their warnings, by the carelessness, and laziness, and greed, of sinful man. And as we thought over the whole hapless question of sanatory reform, proved long since a moral duty to God and man, possible, easy, even pecuniarily profitable, and yet left undone; there seemed to us a sublime irony, most humbling to man, in some of Nature's processes, and in the silent and unobtrusive perfection with which she has been taught to anticipate, since the foundation of the world, some of the loftiest discoveries of modern science, and which we are too apt to boast, as if we had created the method by discovering its possibility. Created it? Alas for the pride of human genius, and the autotheism which would make man the measure of all things, and the centre of the universe! All the invaluable laws and methods of sanatory reform at best are but clumsy imitations of the unseen wonders which every animalcule and leaf have been working since the world's foundation, with this slight difference between them and us, that they fulfil their appointed task, and we do not. The sickly geranium which spreads its blanched leaves against the cellar panes, and peers up, as if imploringly, to the narrow slip of sunlight at the top of the narrow wynd, had it a voice, could tell more truly than ever a doctor in the town, why little Maggie sickened of the scarlatina, and little Jocky of the hooping-cough, till the toddling wee things who used to pet and water it were carried off each and all of them one by one to the kirk-yard sleep, while the father and mother sat at home, trying to supply by whisky the very vital energy which fresh air and pure water, and the balmy breath of woods and heaths, were made by God to give; and how the little geranium did its best, like a heaven-sent angel, to right the wrong which man's ignorance had begotten, and drank in, day by day, the poisoned atmos-

phere, and formed it into fair green leaves, and breathed into the children's faces, from every pore, whenever they bent over it, the life-giving oxygen for which their dulled blood and festered lungs were craving, but in vain; fulfilling God's will itself, though man would not, and was too careless or too covetous to see, after six thousand years of boasted progress, why God had covered the earth with grass, herb, and tree, a living and life-giving garment of perpetual health and youth.

It is too sad to think long about, lest we become very Heraclituses. Let us take the other side of the matter with Democritus, try to laugh man out of a little of his boastful ignorance and self-satisfied clumsiness, and tell him, that if the House of Commons would but summon one of the little *Paramecia* from any Thames' sewer-mouth, to give his evidence before their next Cholera Committee, sanatory blue-books, invaluable as they are, would be superseded for ever and a day, and Sir William Molesworth would no longer have to confess, as he did the other day, that he knew of no means of stopping the smells which were driving the members out of the House, and the judges out of Westminster Hall.

Nay, in the boat at that minute, silent and neglected, sat a fellow-passenger, who was a greater adept at removing nuisances than the whole Board of Health put together, and who had done his work, too, with a cheapness unparalleled; for all his good deeds had not as yet cost the State one penny. True, he lived by his business: so do other inspectors of nuisances: but nature, instead of paying Maia Squinado, Esquire, some five hundred pounds sterling per annum for his labour, has continued, with a sublime simplicity of economy which Mr. Hume may envy and admire afar off, to make him do his work gratis, by giving him the nuisances as his perquisites, and teaching how to eat them. Certainly, (without going the length of the Caribs, who uphold Cannibalism because, they say, it makes war cheap, and precludes entirely the need of a commissariat,) this cardinal virtue of cheapness ought to make Squinado an interesting object in the eyes of the present generation, especially as he is at this moment a true sanatory martyr, having, like many of his human fellow-workers, got into a fearful scrape by meddling with those existing interests, and "vested rights which are but vested wrongs," which have proved fatal already to more than one Board of Health. For last night, as he was sitting quietly under a stone in four fathoms water, he became aware (whether by sight, smell, or that mysterious sixth sense, to us unknown, which seems to reside in his delicate feelers) of a palpable nuisance somewhere in the neighbourhood; and, like a trusty servant of the public, turned out of his bed instantly,



and went in search, till he discovered hanging among what he judged to be the stems of tangle, (*Laminaria*,) three or four large pieces of stale thornback, of most evil savour, and highly prejudicial to the purity of the sea, and the health of the neighbouring herrings. Happy Squinado! He needed not to discover the limits of his authority, to consult any lengthy Nuisances Removal Act, with its clauses and counter-clauses, and exceptions, and explanations of interpretations, and interpretations of explanations. Nature, who can afford to be arbitrary, because she is perfect, and to give her servants irresponsible powers, because she has trained them to their work, had bestowed on him and on his forefathers, as general health inspectors, those very summary powers of entrance and removal in the watery realms, for which common sense, public opinion, and private philanthropy, are still entreating vainly in the terrestrial realms; and finding a hole, in he went, and began to remove the nuisance, without "waiting twenty-four hours," "laying an information," "serving a notice," or any other vain delay. The evil was there,—and there it should not stay; so having neither cart nor barrow, he just began putting it into his stomach, and in the meanwhile, set his assistants to work likewise. For suppose not, gentle reader, that Squinado went alone; in his train were more than a hundred thousand as good as he, each in his office, and as cheaply paid; who needed no cumbrous baggage train of force-pumps, hose, chloride of lime packets, whitewash pails or brushes, but were every man his own instrument; and to save expense of transit, just grew on Squinado's back. Do you doubt the assertion? Then lift him up hither, and putting him gently into that shallow jar of salt-water, look at him through the hand-magnifier, and see how nature is *maxima in minimis*.

There he sits, twiddling his feelers, (a substitute with crustacea for biting their nails when they are puzzled,) and by no means lovely to look on in vulgar eyes. About the bigness of a man's fist, a round-bodied, spindle-shanked, crusty, prickly, dirty fellow, with a villanous squint, too, in those little bony eyes which never look for a moment both the same way. Never mind: many a man of genius is ungainly enough; and nature, if you will observe, as if to make up to him for his uncomeliness, has arrayed him as Solomon in all his glory never was arrayed, and so fulfilled one of the few rational proposals of old Fourier, that scavengers, chimney-sweeps, and other workers in disgusting employments, should be rewarded for their self-sacrifice in behalf of the public weal by some peculiar badge of honour, or laurel crown. Not that his crown, like those of the old Greek games, is a mere useless badge; on the contrary, his robe of state is composed of his fellow-servants. His whole back is

covered with a little grey forest of branching hairs, fine as the spider's web, each branchlet carrying its little pearly ringed club, each club its rose-crowned polype, like (to quote Mr. Gosse's comparison) the unexpanded buds of the acacia.\*

On that leg grows, amid another copse of the grey polypes, a delicate straw-coloured *Sertularia*, branch on branch of tiny double combs, each tooth of the comb being a tube containing a living flower; on another leg another *Sertularia*, coarser, but still beautiful; and round it again has trained itself, parasitic on the parasite, plant upon plant of glass ivy, bearing crystal bells,† each of which, too, protrudes its living flower; on another leg is a fresh species, like a little heather-bush of whitest ivory,‡ and every needle leaf a polype cell—let us stop before the imagination grows dizzy with the contemplation of those myriads of beautiful atomies. And what is their use? Each living flower, each polype mouth is feeding fast, sweeping into itself, by the perpetual currents caused by the delicate fringes upon its rays, (so minute these last, that their motion only betrays their presence,) each tiniest atom of decaying matter in the surrounding water, to convert it, by some wondrous alchemy, into fresh cells and buds, and either build up a fresh branch in the thousand-tenanted tree, or form an egg-cell, from whence when ripe may issue, not a fixed zoophyte, but a free swimming animal.

And in the meanwhile, among this animal forest, grows a vegetable one of delicatest sea-weeds, green and brown and crimson, whose office is, by their everlasting breath, to reoxygenate the impure water, and render it fit once more to be breathed by the higher animals who swim or creep around.

Mystery of mysteries! We can jest no more—Heaven forgive us if we have jested too much on so simple a matter as that poor spider-crab, taken out of the lobster-pots, and left to die at the bottom of the boat, because his more aristocratic cousins of the blue and purple armour will not enter the trap while he is within.

We are not aware whether the surmise, that these tiny zoophytes help to purify the water by exhaling oxygen gas, has yet been verified. The infusorial animalcules do so, reversing the functions of animal life, and instead of evolving carbonic acid gas, as other animals do, evolve pure oxygen. So, at least, says Liebig, who states that he found a small piece of match-wood, just extinguished, burst out again into a flame on being immersed in the bubbles given out by these living atomies.

We ourselves should be inclined to doubt that this is the case with zoophytes, having found water in which they were growing

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\* *Coryne Ramosa.*

† *Campanularia Integra.*

‡ *Crisidia Eburnea.*



(unless, of course, sea-weeds were present) to be peculiarly ready to become foul: but it is difficult to say whether this is owing to their deoxygenating the water while alive, like other animals, or to the fact that it is very rare to get a specimen of zoophyte in which a large number of the polypes have not been killed in the transit home, or at least so far knocked about, that (in the Anthozoa, which are far the most abundant) the polype—or rather living mouth, for it is little more—is thrown off to decay, pending the growth of a fresh one in the same cell.

But all the sea-weeds, in common with other vegetables, perform this function continually, and thus maintain the water in which they grew in a state fit to support animal life.

This fact, first advanced by Priestley and Ingenhousz, and though doubted by the great Ellis, satisfactorily ascertained by Professor Daubeny, Mr. Ward, Dr. Johnston, and Mr. Warrington, enables us to answer the question, which we hope has ere now arisen in the minds of some of our readers.—

How is it possible to see these wonders at home? Beautiful and instructive as they may be, they can be meant for none but dwellers by the sea-side; and even to them, the glories of the water-world must always be more momentary than those of the rainbow, a mere *Fata Morgana*, which breaks up and vanishes before our eyes. If there were but some method of making a miniature sea-world for a few days; much more of keeping one with us when far inland!

This desideratum has at last been filled up; and science has shewn, as usual, that by simply obeying nature we may conquer her, even so far as to have our miniature sea, of artificial salt-water, filled with living plants and sea-weeds, maintaining each other in perfect health, and each following, as far as is possible in a confined space, its natural habits.

To Dr. Johnston is due, as far as is known, the honour of the first accomplishment of this, as of a hundred other zoological triumphs. As early as 1842, he proved to himself the vegetable nature of the common pink coralline, which fringes every rock-pool, by keeping it for eight weeks in unchanged salt-water, without any putrefaction ensuing. The ground, of course, on which the proof rested in this case was, that if the coralline were, as had often been thought, a zoophyte, the water would become corrupt, and poisonous to the life of the small animals in the same jar; and that its remaining fresh argued that the coralline had reoxygenated it from time to time, and was therefore a vegetable.

In 1850, Mr. Robert Warrington communicated to the Chemical Society the results of a year's experiments, "On the Adjustment of the Relations between the Animal and Vegetable

Kingdoms, by which the vital functions of both are permanently maintained." The law which his experiments verified was the same as that on which Mr. Ward, in 1842, founded his invaluable proposal for increasing the purity of the air in large towns, by planting trees, and cultivating flowers in rooms, *that the animal and vegetable respirations might counterbalance each other*, the animal's blood being purified by the oxygen given off by the plants, the plants fed by the carbonic acid breathed out by the animals.

On the same principle, Mr. Warrington first kept, for many months, in a vase of unchanged water, two small gold fish and a plant of *Vallisneria spiralis*; and two years afterwards began a similar experiment with sea-water, weeds, and anemones, which were, at last, as successful as the former ones. Mr. Gosse had, in the meanwhile, with tolerable success, begun a similar method, unaware of what Mr. Warrington had done; and now the beautiful and curious exhibition of fresh and salt-water tanks, opened last year in the Zoological Gardens in London, bids fair to be copied in every similar institution, and we hope in many private houses, throughout the kingdoms.

To this subject Mr. Gosse's last book, "The Aquarium," is principally devoted, though it contains, besides, sketches of coast scenery, in his usual charming style, and descriptions of rare sea-animals, with wise and godly reflections thereon. One great object of interest in the book is the last chapter, which treats full of the making and stocking these salt-water "Aquaria," and the various beautifully coloured plates, which are, as it were, sketches from the interior of tanks, well-fitted to excite the ambition of all readers, to possess such gorgeous living pictures, if as nothing else, still as drawing-room ornaments, flower-gardens which never wither, fairy lakes of perpetual calm, which no storm blackens,—

οὐτ' ἐν θέρει, οὐτ' ἐν ὁπώρα.

Those who have never seen one of them can never imagine (and neither Mr. Gosse's pencil nor our clumsy words can ever describe to them) the gorgeous colouring and the grace and delicacy of form which these subaqueous landscapes exhibit.

As for colouring,—the only bit of colour which we can remember even faintly resembling them, (for though Corregio's Magdalene may rival them in greens and blues, yet even he has no such crimsons and purples,) is the Adoration of the Shepherds, by that "prince of chlorists," Palma Vecchio, which hangs on the left-hand side of Lord Ellesmere's great gallery. But as for the forms,—where shall we see their like? Where, amid miniature forests as fantastic as those of the tropics, animals

whose shapes outvie the wildest dreams of the old German ghost painters, which cover the walls of the galleries of Brussels or Antwerp? And yet the uncouthest has some quaint beauty of its own, while most—the star-fishes and anemones, for example—are nothing but beauty. The well coloured plates in Mr. Gosse's "Aquarium" give, after all, but a meagre picture of the reality, as it may be seen either in his study, or in the tank-house at the Zoological Gardens; and as it may be seen also, by any one who will follow carefully the directions given at the end of his book, stock a glass vase with such common things as they may find in an hour's search at low-tide, behind Musselburgh pier, and so have an opportunity of seeing how truly Mr. Gosse says, in his valuable preface, that—

"The habits" (and he might well have added, the marvellous beauty) "of animals, will never be thoroughly known till they are observed in detail. Nor is it sufficient to mark them with attention now and then; they must be closely watched, their various actions carefully noted, their behaviour under different circumstances, and especially those movements which seem to us mere vagaries, undirected by any suggestible motive or cause, well examined. A rich fruit of result, often new and curious and unexpected, will, I am sure, reward any one who studies living animals in this way. The most interesting parts, by far, of published Natural History, are those minute, but graphic particulars, which have been gathered up by an attentive watching of individual animals."

Mr. Gosse's own books, certainly, give proof enough of this. We need only direct the reader to his exquisitely humorous account of the ways and works of a captive soldier-crab,\* to shew them how much there is to be seen, and how full nature is also of that ludicrous element of which we spoke above. And, indeed, it is this form of Natural History, not mere classification and the finding out of names, and quarrellings as to the first discovery of that beetle or this butter-cup,—too common, alas! among mere closet-collectors,—“endless genealogies,” to apply St. Paul's words by no means irreverently or fancifully, “which do but gender strife;” not in these pedantries is that normal training to be found, for which we have been lauding the study of Natural History: but in healthful walks and voyages out of door, and in careful and patient watching of the living animals and plants at home, with an observation sharpened by practice, and a temper calmed by the continual practice of the naturalist's first virtues—patience and perseverance.

It is hardly fair to close this article, devoted as it has been almost entirely to the “Wonders of the Sea-Shore,” without

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\* *Aquarium*, p. 163.

giving a list of books which may help young people to teach themselves somewhat at least, of other branches of natural history.

For Geology, we need hardly say that we know no better books than Mr. Hugh Miller's; for though his "Old Red Sandstone" is devoted to one set of strata only, yet it is better to teach the young how to observe thoroughly one set of phenomena, than how to know a little about a thousand. By making himself perfect master of one subject, has Mr. Miller attained his eminence. And by trying to do the same, and so to behold the universal, where alone it can be rightly seen, in the particular, will the young student fit himself for wider spheres of observation. But for a book of general conclusions in Geology, we know none at all equal to the little one by Professor Anstey, of King's College, London.

For Botany, we should recommend the Rev. C. A. John's "Week at the Lizard," on the very same grounds that we do Mr. Miller's "Old Red Sandstone;" and for a book of reference for names and classes, his "Flowers of the Field," published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, as the best and cheapest hand-book which we have.

For Microscopic wonders, Miss Agnes Catlow's little works will give the young abundance; and for Physical Geography, Guyot's "Earth and Man," and Miss Rosina Zornlin's little introductory work, will tell them all they need know, and far more than they will recollect.

For Ornithology, there is no book, after all, like dear old Bewick, passé as he may be, in a strictly scientific point of view; and Mr. St. John's "Wild Sports of the North," and "Tour in Sutherlandshire," are the monographs of a sportsman, a gentleman, and a naturalist, which remind us at every page (and what higher praise can we give?) of White's "History of Selbourne;" as do also Mr. Knox's "Birds of Sussex."

These three little books, with Mr. Gosse's "Canadian Naturalist," ought to be in the hands of every lad who has the least chance (as thousands have) of passing his manhood in Canada or South Africa, India or Australia.

And so we end our article, heartily wishing that it may send out a few fresh labourers into a field, which we know from experience to be as full of health and happiness, as it is inexhaustible in fertility, and beauty, and the glory of Him whose name is Love.

ART. II.—*Report of Twenty-one Years' Experience of the Dick Bequest, for Elevating the Character and Position of the Parochial Schools and Schoolmasters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray.* Presented to the Trustees, by ALLAN MENZIES, Writer to the Signet, Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh, Clerk to the Trustees. Edinburgh, 1854.

WE were taught, in our younger days, that Scotland was the model country of the world in matters of popular education. In this, as in a thousand other good old-fashioned opinions, our prejudices have received of late a severe shock. And yet we are much disposed, in spite of all recent disclosures, to adhere in the main to the old opinion, that the Scotch are, upon the whole, better educated than any other people of Europe. Certainly, if you meet a Scottish lowland peasant in the centre of England, and enter into conversation with him, you very soon discover, as a general rule, that you have a vastly more intelligent man to deal with than you can expect to find in the worthy but dull smock-frocked race around you. The lower orders of Scotland have their faults—very obvious and great faults—but, speaking of the nation generally, want of intelligence and mental cultivation is not as yet to be reckoned in the list. It may, however, be quite consistent with this, that the country is in a transition state—the old national character may be undergoing a rapid change—and it may be quite true that, unless evils which now exist are effectually checked, Scotland will have lost her high position before another generation has grown to manhood.

The ideal character of the Scottish lower orders is taken from the Lowland rural population; but these are very far, indeed, from being the whole of the Scottish people. It was too long the custom to look at the wild districts of Scotland, inhabited by the Gael, as an unknown savage region, which might well be left out of the account: and late years have peopled all the large Scottish, like the English, towns, with another barbarous race of Celts, who bring all their squalid habits with them across the sea, and make the Gorbals or the Cowgate merely a second edition of Skibbareen. These last poor creatures have also, it must be remembered, a wretched power of dragging down the indigenous poor of every town in which they settle to the level of their own degradation. And, besides the two fertile causes of degeneracy thus furnished from the Highlands and from Ireland, Scotland, like every other

country where manufactures are flourishing, must gather around its centres of industry a teeming population, which it is far beyond the power of the old established religious and educational machinery to teach. Thus Scotland may be in a very critical position at home, though the present race of Scotchmen still maintain their high character abroad; and we fully believe it is necessary to take immediate steps to meet the growing evil before it becomes so great as to be past remedy. We trust it is not national vanity which makes us feel that, not Scotland only, or the United Kingdom, but the whole world would suffer, if, before another fifty years have passed, the old Scottish character were to become extinct.

Now we have heard a great deal of late as to Scottish education. The Coalition Ministry, anxious to establish some general system of education, selected Scotland, not we hope as the *corpus vile* on which to experiment, but rather as the healthy subject in which they might, without danger, see how their treatment acted, before they adopted it in their general practice. Perhaps Lord John Russell thought that, as differences of religious belief present the great difficulty in the way of the adoption of any national system of education—and as there appears to Englishmen to be really no serious difference of belief on any point of importance amongst the Protestant poor of Scotland—that therefore he would find it comparatively an easy task to bring their teachers to accord: he forgot, perhaps, that often the less people have to differ about the more inveterate is their disagreement. Whatever was the cause of failure, the well-intended Ministerial Bill failed; but no one will say the attempt has not done good, if it has awakened the attention of Parliament, and of the United Kingdom, to the fact, that in Scotland, as well as in England, in matters of education, there is pressing necessity for an immediate vigorous move.

Sir J. K. Shuttleworth\* has brought forward, in a condensed form, statistics which, whether his calculations based on them be accurate or no, must be taken to prove that it will never do to leave matters as they are. He tells us, on the authority of the evidence† of 1845, that in the Highlands, out of a population of 500,000, there were then about 80,000 above the age of six years who could not read. The Highland parishes are of vast extent; and in them the parish school system must have little power. The parish, for example, of Small Isles, it is stated in the same evidence, consists of four large islands, detached and separated by arms of the sea, and though there is a

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\* Public Education, 1853, pp. 342, 348.

† Cf. Evidence of Dr. Norman Macleod, as quoted by Sir J. K. Shuttleworth.



considerable population in each of these islands, they have but one parish school. Again, in the extensive parish of Jura, we are told is included the island of Colonsay, distant from it forty miles. The parish church and school are in the island of Jura—there is also included in the parish a slate island, with a very considerable population, and the island of Shuna as well as the island of Scarba; all of which are, of course, completely separated from the parish church and school. To meet the evil of such separations, the salaries of the parish schoolmasters have been allowed by Act of Parliament to be divided, that means may be supplied for maintaining in a parish more than one school: the result has been miserable; *e.g.*, at Colonsay, it is stated in the same evidence, the master has £11 a-year, and at Jura £11, while the remainder of the united salary is frittered away in sums of £2, £3, and £4, amongst other teachers. The school fees amongst the impoverished population of these districts are of no account. In some of the islands the teachers dismiss their boys when they please, and go to the herring-fishery; and they make more money by a few nights' fishing than by six months' school-keeping. Some of the school-houses in such situations are described as wretched hovels—the water trickling down from the imperfectly thatched roof, the children taking refuge in a corner as shelter from the rain, or gathering round the peat-fire in the middle of the room, while the smoke finds its way through the crannies in the wall, which is often built of wet rough stones, put together without mortar, as they are tumbled from the quarry, and freely admitting the weather, except where the holes are stuffed up with moss. Both the religious communions of Scotland and individuals have, no doubt, made great exertions since 1845, to meet the evils incident to this rude state of society; but the disease must baffle their power. In such wild districts we might expect a bad state of things; but Sir James Shuttleworth tells us, on the authority of evidence which he adduces,\* that Lowland schools have been often found quite as bad. In the most populous, and the least populous districts, where the endowed school cannot suffice for the growing population, or where the distance to be traversed before it can be reached is too great to allow children to frequent it, we find the chief field of what are called the *adventure* schools. A description is given to enable us to judge of what some of these were found to be in the presbyteries of Chirnside, Dunse, and Lauder, and we have such particulars as the following:—In one school the dwelling-house of the master consisted of one apartment 15 feet by 12. The apartment in which another of

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\* *Vide* p. 354, where Mr. Gordon and Mr. Gibson are quoted.

these schools was taught was originally a hayloft: the lower story, when the school was visited, was used as a stable. The apartment in which another school was taught was 11 feet by 6, the height  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet. Another was an old stable. In another the master, who had on an average 45 pupils, had not realized, during the year preceding the inspector's visit, more than £3, 10s. from fees—having no other salary to depend on—and between October and April, only 1s. of fees had been paid; so that he had been compelled, in order to obtain a maintenance, to open a small grocery shop.

In the parish schools it has only been by a great struggle that the education given has kept pace with the improved standard of the age. The stipends of the masters have been hitherto far below what the nature of the duties demands. The masters of the parochial schools are generally superior to any other class of teachers of schools for the poor in Scotland; but still, the parochial schools have, in many places, languished under the many discouraging difficulties to which they have been exposed; and what is worse still, the national legal endowment for the education of the poor, as is well known, does not extend to the burgh towns. The parish schools are for rural districts only. In the towns, therefore, the hotbeds of crime, a mass of ignorance and wickedness is growing up, which threatens to overflow the land.

From the accounts of juvenile depravity in the large towns, and of the dark and ignorant state of parts of the Highlands, no doubt can exist that there is a vast multitude of children in Scotland, as in England, who are not in attendance on any school.\* We must not quote Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's calculations of the number of children left uneducated in Scotland, for very trustworthy authorities look upon his statements in this matter as by no means doing justice to the efficiency of the existing system. Indeed there seems little doubt, from the census returns, agreeing as they do in this respect, with other sources of information, that the calculation he has made of the deficiency of education throughout Scotland, *taken as a whole*, gives an exaggerated picture. The Report of the Education Committee of the General Assembly of the Established Church, published this year,† while it urges that, so far as the Committee's inquiries have extended, the proportion of children

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\* Calculations of general averages as to the number of children receiving education throughout a whole county, are not of much use for our present purpose. If there be thousands growing up in our large towns, *e. g.*, without any instruction, this evil is not met by the fact that more than the usual proportion are being well educated in other districts.

† The Report of the Educational Committee for 1853, p. 20, calculates the number of scholars enrolled, at all schools in Scotland, as about 1 in 7.5 of the population.



receiving instruction is much more satisfactory than had been commonly asserted, still admits a serious deficiency of attendance. It is of little use to dispute as to statistics which must be more or less conjectural; neither is it worth while wrangling whether Scotland be in this respect in a more prosperous state than other countries. All are agreed that the deficiency in many parts of Scotland is very great and alarming; and the Lord Advocate's measure of last session will not have been introduced in vain, if it rivets attention on this fact.

We take it for granted, then, that energetic measures to remedy this evil are but postponed; and we trust they will not be postponed long. Meanwhile, perhaps we may do some good service, if we take advantage of the delay, to remind all concerned, that, though much improvement cannot be looked for without aid from Government, Government measures, even though sanctioned by an unanimous Parliament, must be powerless of themselves. All that a Government can do is to construct the machinery of education. Whether education is to be good or no must depend, not on lifeless machinery, but on a living power.\*

In illustration of this truth we would call attention to the state of the fairly remunerated manufacturing population of Scotland. A Scotchman may be an intelligent man, and yet be one of the most offensive specimens of humanity. Setting the wild districts of the Highlands out of consideration, and the still more savage districts of the neglected Wynds, we are bold to assert, that a great deal of the most precious part of education is wanting in the shrewd, well informed, and well paid class of the Scottish manufacturing poor.† It is not enough to congratulate ourselves that all these persons can read, and most of them show their reading by using, in their ordinary conversation, as many long words as if they wished to impress their hearers with the idea that they had taken an University Degree—that they are well informed enough in matters of science, connected with their trade, know something of general history, and are particularly alive to the politics of the day,—a man may be all this, and have made very little progress in real education. If education is really good, it must refine, and it must make a man

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\* We refrain from entering on the difficult question, how a degraded population are to be induced to avail themselves of the means of education, when adequately provided. It seems more important to insist now on the duty of striving to make such education as we have really good. It is possible to have a great deal of educational machinery, and little real education.

† We may remark, by the way, that the attention paid to schooling in the lowland parts of Scotland surely might have been expected, before now, to have introduced greater attention to cleanliness and neatness in the dwellings of the Scottish poor.

humble, in the best sense of the word, that is, conscious that, though he strives to learn daily, he knows, after all, very little. Now in these two qualities, refinement and true humility, the Scottish manufacturing poor are certainly not pre-eminent. Sometimes, when we have been thrown in their way, and have witnessed their innate vulgarity and rudeness, while we heard their sententious prating, we have even sighed for the dull, simple, well mannered labourers of many a remote English village, whose weekly instruction from the pulpit had to be meted out in the simplest Saxon words and the shortest sentences, before there could be any hope of its finding its way to their comprehension. We have the same evil, of a hard unlovely intelligence springing up amongst the manufacturing population in England and elsewhere—what Tories would characterize as a sort of American civilisation—such as hard-headed working men may hew out for themselves, apart from all those humanizing influences which may descend upon them through a good system of comprehensive education, from intercourse with men of more religious and more cultivated minds. But nowhere are the faults of such persons exhibited in so intolerable a form as in Scotland. An intelligent Scotchman, who has had no softening influences brought to bear on him, is a very hard and vulgar specimen. Douce David Deans, without his religious feelings, would be found to be made of very stubborn stuff. Self-conceit, quite as much as caution, is a strongly developed organ in the Scottish head, and, if we may speak of such a matter in the language of comparison, we should say, that the Scotch, more than any other nation, require to have their natural faults chastened by religion, before they can produce a fine character. The same thing is true of them morally as intellectually. They have latent within them veins of the noblest feeling, which, if developed, will counteract all their natural faults. But it is only when united with the product of these feelings that those other natural qualities can be purified and perfected, which otherwise are not loveable, however they may denote power. A Scottish intellect is very harsh, unless it be mellowed by something drawn from those depths of poetical and enthusiastic sentiment, which the noblest periods of the national history have shewn to lie in Scottish hearts. Looking at the matter merely intellectually, there is no people that more needs to have its poetical and religious training cared for. Looking at the matter religiously, even the best moral qualities of the Scot—his proper self-reliance, and his persevering boldness—very much require to be softened by a reverential regard to the things of God.

Now, perhaps, the most valuable parts of the book which lies before us—the Report of the Dick Bequest—are those chapters

which contain general suggestions for the guidance of the schoolmaster as to the improvement of education in those matters which he only can improve. It is only through the teacher that life can be breathed into the machinery of teaching. Government may establish its system, and may help us to find the men to work it; but it cannot make the men at first, nor keep them alive, energetic, and large-hearted, in spite of all the depressing drudgery of their work. The community is much indebted to the Trustees of the Dick Bequest, and especially to their able secretary, Professor Menzies, for the boon they have conferred on Scottish schoolmasters, by the suggestions contained in this volume. The Report before us is divided into two parts,—the first containing an account of the Dick Bequest, and its management,—the second setting forth, as it were, the ideal of the Scottish Parish School. And Professor Menzies tells us, in a prefatory note, that —

“In preparing the second part, he was influenced by the desire to place before the schoolmasters, and especially before those recently appointed, or who shall be elected in future, correct views of the great and responsible duties of their office; and that, in furtherance of this design, and in order to render the statement more authoritative and impressive, he had been induced to refer to the opinions and practice of Dr. Arnold, and of other eminent authors and instructors, more fully than would have been requisite had there been reason to suppose that the works of those writers were generally or readily accessible to those for whose use this Report is chiefly intended.”

He will have done a real service to his country if he succeeds in breathing into its education somewhat of the spirit of the great man by whom he thus invites its teachers to be led.

But before we examine the valuable suggestions thus made, it will be well to explain what the Dick Bequest is. Professor Menzies has, we think, acted wisely in giving us some account of Mr. Dick himself, preparatory to the history of the working of his Bequest. A retired West India storekeeper, who had lived for many years very quietly in a modest house in Artillery Place, Finsbury, died in 1828, and, having provided by legacies for his only daughter and her family, left the bulk of his property to the maintenance and assistance of the Country Parochial Schoolmasters, in his native counties of Elgin and Moray, and in the neighbouring counties of Banff and Aberdeen. From the days of George Heriot downwards, it has been very common for Scotchmen who have made their fortunes, to settle them at their deaths on trustees, to be used for some public purposes. Englishmen may require to be told that the Scottish law calls such bequests mortifications, perhaps, as Sir Walter

Scott we think has suggested, not without a sly allusion to the disappointment of relatives, quite as much as in reference to the property being held in mortmain : Many of such mortifications have an educational object. A Scotchman, who has had a good deal of trouble in making his money, does not quite like to lose his hold over it at his death : he has used it himself, after he made it, very prudently ; and he does not like that it shall be spent when he is gone in mere eating and drinking and enjoyment. Mr. James Dick may fairly enough have thought, that, if he left his £100,000 to a grandson, very probably in a few years, after all the trouble he had taken in getting it together, it might produce no great benefit to his country : and that before this date it might have fallen into the hands of some young gentleman whom he had never seen, who, brought up to look upon himself from childhood as a favoured son of fortune, might have spent all he could of it in horse-racing and his wine-merchants' bills, and might have felt somewhat ashamed of the old quiz in the nankeen breeches and cocked hat and large shoe-buckles, graphically described in the preface to the Report, whose picture, hanging in their friend's hall, his companions might have been accustomed heartily to laugh at, as shewing that the Dicks of that Ilk, of whose antiquity their friend was fond of boasting, were after all nothing very great in their origin, and that all their money had sprung from the disreputable source of honest industry. Mr. Dick thought the money would be more likely to do good if he made the parish schoolmasters of his native land his heirs ; and, judging from the result set before us in this volume, he seems to have thought rightly. The Trustees are the Keeper and Deputy-Keeper of the Signet in Scotland, the Treasurer of the Society of Writers to the Signet, and eight Commissioners, chosen by and from that respectable body. With the Marquis of Dalhousie at their head, taking an active interest in their proceedings before he went to India, and with many names well known in Scotland on their list, the Trustees of the Dick Bequest seem to have performed their duty with great judgment. Avoiding the danger which would have arisen from distributing the fund at their disposal on mere eleemosynary principles, whereby it would have become an encouragement to improvidence, they have given great prominence to that part of the Testator's will, which directed his Trustees to dispose of the income in such manner as " shall seem most likely to encourage active schoolmasters, and gradually elevate the literary character of the parochial schoolmasters and schools." With the view of more effectually carrying out this object, the Trustees have lately, on the vacancy of the treasurership, united that office with the secretaryship,

and appointed, instead of a new treasurer, a separate officer, whose distinct duty it will be to inspect their schools; and for the last fourteen years they have held regular examinations of schoolmasters, now conducted by three eminent University Professors, whose services they have secured. Thus the name of Mr. James Dick, though he could hardly have foreseen his elevation, must take its place with that of Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell, as one of the originators of that system of diligent inspection of schools, and examination of schoolmasters, to ascertain their attainments in literature and science, and of encouragement of private efforts for the improvement of education by public grants, made proportionate to the amount of private exertion, which promises very speedily to change the whole face of society in the United Kingdom, and, with God's blessing, to confer the most lasting benefits on the coming generation. The Lord President of the Council, when he reads, as in duty bound, the volume now before us, may almost fear an *imperium in imperio*; for obviously Mr. Dick's Trustees have, for these three northern counties, become a second Education Committee of the Privy Council, and their Report for 1854 may well prove a dangerous rival in popularity and usefulness to Sir James K. Shuttleworth's statement of his experience of the results of "Public Education from 1846 to 1852."

Now this account of the nature of the Bequest, besides being necessary that we may understand what follows in this volume, has an important moral for our day. Some of those who are loudest in calling out that Government ought to take up more vigorously the subject of a general national system of education, are apt to devolve all duty in this matter upon the Government. They forget that in this, as in all other great measures, Government is powerless unless seconded by the zeal of individuals. It is not indeed everybody who, like Mr. Dick, has a large fortune to leave for such purposes, nor should we recommend all grandchildren to be treated as Mr. Dick's were; but perhaps it would be well, if some of those who call themselves pre-eminently the friends of education, were either by their last will and testament, or still better by exercising self-denial while they are still alive, to devote some considerable sums for the carrying out of such schemes as they think likely to make education advance on good principles. We have no weakness for praising the old days that are past, and think it likely that many most useful endowments of old times originated from very mixed if not blameable motives in their founders. But still, in England at least, it does certainly at times give us pain to compare the niggardliness of late with the liberality of the old mediæval centuries, in the foundation of great houses of learn-

ing which have been nurseries of sound education for many ages; and which, amid the changes of our own fluctuating times, are still revered by those who have been privileged to be trained within their walls, as the quiet homes in which their youth was taught a higher wisdom and nobler views of society, than they could ever have gained from the tear and wear of a common worldly life. Scotland, indeed, is the last country in the United Kingdom which ought to be reproached with the paucity of its "founders and benefactors" in Protestant times. But a large proportion of the many Scottish educational hospitals, as they are called, and other such charities, which have been founded in comparatively late years, have been dedicated chiefly to the education of the middle class. We shall be glad to see the number of persons every year increase who, we do not say by bequests at their death, but rather by disinterested exertions while living, devote the superfluity of their wealth, that they may originate and give stability to institutions for maintaining and improving the sound religious education of the poor.

The Report of the Dick Bequest is encouraging and useful for the guidance of persons thus liberally disposed. If a man has money to leave at his death for such purposes, this volume shews, that, if he selects his trustees well, there is good hope for sound principles being now-a-days brought to bear on the administration of his charity. In England, if local trustees are incompetent, what may we not now hope from the money held in mortmain appropriated to educational purposes, when the Charity Commissioners shall have got thoroughly to work, and each charity, however stupid its local governors, shall be regulated by the supervision of a central board of intelligent men. The object of the establishment of the Charity Commission in England, with the Lord President of the Council at its head, has been, as far as the thing is possible, to make every charity subject to such influences as have regulated the Dick Bequest. There is much encouragement here for future Founders in England; and in the general reformation, Scottish charities are not likely to be long overlooked.

But, moreover, all trustees of existing or future charities for the education of the poor, and all persons who intend in their lifetime to devote a portion of their yearly revenue to this good work, may learn another lesson from the Report of this Bequest. There is no way in which they will so effectively use the funds they have to dispose of, as by acting in unison with and striving to improve any general educational machinery which the State maintains. One of the great merits of the Dick Bequest is to be found in the way in which it has been made to fit into the



already existing machinery of the parochial schools. Local efforts have little power when they are desultory. He who would really benefit his country in such matters, must be ready to work with others, and according to a general plan.

And now it is time to consider some of the general principles, with reference to the right guidance of all education, which the perusal of this book suggests to us. The writer of the Report seems to have kept wonderfully clear of the disputed questions which so much agitate Scottish society; and we intend, in the few remarks we have to offer, to follow this good example. On the quicksands of these disputes the Lord Advocate's Bill of last session foundered; we trust that the same difficulty will not always be in the way. We trust that Scottish society will, before long, be imbued with a more truly catholic spirit than that which unfortunately prevails at present. If men think more of the interests of the Establishment or the Free Church than they do of Christianity, or the interests of their common country, there is no hope of their being brought to approach the subject in a spirit of Christian conciliation. But is it too much to expect that Scottish goodness, and even Scottish common sense, may rise superior to the wretched bickerings which now keep good and earnest men apart? All thoughtful Scotchmen are agreed, that education, to be good, must be religious. Surely the different religious parties into which the country is split will soon make an effort to devise some plan, according to which, where there is no real religious difference of any consequence between them, they will agree in educating their children together, and where there is a real important difference, they will at least agree to differ, and help each other to educate their children satisfactorily apart. When we see, for example, the comprehensiveness of the great national Church of England, and the way in which earnest men can practically act together in its ministrations, notwithstanding many serious differences of opinion, it seems preposterous to say, that one common system of religious education cannot be devised to include the great mass of the Protestant poor of Scotland, amongst whom, in comparing other Presbyterian denominations with the Establishment, there is positively nothing analogous to the differences of belief and sentiment which in England separate Dissenters and the Established Church. The Roman Catholics may demand separate schools, and the Scottish Episcopal Church cannot maintain the religious training of the prayer-book and its catechism, if forced into any unnatural juxtaposition with the formularies of the Assembly of Divines; but no reasonable man will urge, that the poor of the three great Presbyterian bodies must be kept rigidly apart, while they are learning the same

catechism, and are instructed by teachers who make the same profession of their faith. If it be urged that the disputes which impede progress arise, not from the difficulty of educating the children of contending Protestant denominations together, but from jealousy as to the government of the schools, we answer, that it must bring deep disgrace on all parties concerned, if no system of mutual concession can be devised, by which these jealousies, so unworthy of Christian ministers, may be ended.

It will not be supposed that, in making these remarks, we advocate any scheme of such latitudinarian comprehensiveness as may tend to indifferentism in matters of religion. We only express our earnest hope that Scottish common-sense will not allow differences, which unhappily do exist, to interfere with a great Christian and patriotic interest, and that all parties will remember the very pressing necessity for some united effort amongst Christians to check the threatening progress of a barbarous heathenism which is fast growing about our very doors. It is, happily, we have said, the almost unanimous verdict of the Scottish people, that education, to be good, must be religious—and, of course, religious teaching would cease to be really religious, if it were refined away by the omission of all doctrines to which persons calling themselves Christians have at any time objected. We advocate an earnest united system, where men can unite; separate systems, where they cannot. All good education, it is agreed, must be religious; and there are some valuable remarks in the work before us as to what religious education is:—

“ They who believe in the truths of revelation (says the 214th page of the Report) must, according to the dictates of a sound philosophy, have a practical regard to those truths in the very first entrance of a child upon the work of his education. If, again, we are to be guided by revelation itself, the claims of religion to a paramount regard in education are there presented in the clearest light, and with a force entirely irresistible. Is the child, from the dawning of reason, to derive the moral rule of his conduct, not from the examples of infirmity which surround him, but from the precepts of a law issuing from the very source of purity? Then must he not be instructed in that law? Does the parent believe that his child is partaker of a fallen nature, prone to sin and error, from which he can be rescued only by a sense of responsibility to God, a knowledge of his mercy, and reliance upon him? If that is a real, and not an empty belief, how could a parent, entertaining it, justify himself, should he fail to impart the awful truth, and the divine remedy, to one who, owing his being to him, has a claim to receive from him all the knowledge that his condition and prospects require? It is unnecessary to cite the positive injunctions and direct examples, which the Scriptures, both in the Old and New Testaments, present.”



An obvious answer to these remarks, it is true, presents itself. No one, it is urged, denies their truth in reference to education in its widest sense; but in this sense the schoolmaster does not educate the child. You are confounding two distinct things, the schoolmaster's office and the parent's; and it has always been the especial maxim of Scottish education, that the parent is the real educator of his child. Who ever thought of teaching religion in a Scottish University, or a Scottish High School? There the Professor or the Rector teaches Greek, Latin, or Mathematics, and leaves religion to be taught at home. Why should you make two systems, one for the rich and another for the poor?—But there is really no force in this plausible objection. We will not stay long to contest the point of the education of the higher classes, though even here we have much that we could say. Are you sure that what you call the Scottish system in this matter is not merely the degenerate product of an age which cared very little for religion, when Scotland was more famous for its infidel or semi-infidel philosophers, than for keeping up the memory and the principles of the old champions of the Faith? We suspect those who have a real experimental acquaintance with the education of the upper classes, both in England and in Scotland, will greatly doubt whether Scotland has much to be proud of in this matter. If the parent is to be responsible for the real highest education, this takes for granted, as part of the system, that the son does not leave the parental roof; but you cannot have Universities and High Schools in every town in the kingdom; and even if you had, all parents do not live in towns. Who is to be responsible for his highest training during the seven or eight months of each year for which your boy is away from home? Are we sure it is a very good system of education for the higher classes, which hardly troubles itself at all with the answer to this question? And when your boys do live at home, are parents always or usually able to accomplish this great work unaided? The mother, of course, must be looked to for the very young child, and for the training of her daughters: This is the especial work of a mother, who, indeed, in the upper classes, has no other work to do; but will the boy and young man fare equally well with his sisters, if trusted entirely to his father, when the father is greatly occupied? To be sure the pastor of the parish must be looked to to fill up what the father leaves undone: But we confess—when we have read Arnold's sermons, and thought of the thrilling interest with which his energetic words of Christian wisdom used to be listened to in a chapel thronged with boys, and have called to mind what a hold the simple services of that chapel gained over many hearts—how to many, in the trials of after life, the thought of it

has recurred, as the truest exemplification they have ever met with of the reality of Christianity, and they have felt strongly stirred by the memory of it to hate what is base, and love what is truly Christian—we feel that Scotland has much to learn, even in the construction of its system of training for the upper classes, from the example which has spread, from Arnold and Rugby, to many great schools in England.\* And when from the upper classes we come to the lower, the case seems quite clear. It never has been the theory of Scottish education for the poor, that the schoolmaster is a mere secular instructor. How can the parent, in this class, do thoroughly the work imposed on him? Thank God, there are still in Scotland many specimens of the old God-fearing Scotch peasantry. They may be fit thus to rule and train their boys; but we are sure they would be the

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\* Mr. Stanley's account of the effect of Arnold's preaching is well worth quoting.—*Arnold's Life*, vol. i. chap. iii. p. 158.

"It is difficult to describe, without appearing to exaggerate, the attention with which he was heard by all above the very young boys. Years have passed away, and many of his pupils can look back to hardly any greater interest than that with which, for those twenty minutes, Sunday after Sunday, they sat beneath that pulpit, with their eyes fixed upon him, and their attention strained to the utmost to catch every word that he uttered. It is true that, even to the best, there was much, and to the mass of boys the greater part of what he said, that must have passed away from them, as soon as they heard it, without any corresponding fruits; but they were struck, as boys naturally would be, by the originality of his thoughts, and what always impressed them as the beauty of his language; and in the substance of what he said, much that might have seemed useless, because, for the most part, impracticable to boys, was not without its effect, in breaking completely through the corrupt atmosphere of school opinion, and exhibiting before them, once every week, an image of high principle and feeling, which they felt was not put on for the occasion, but was constantly living amongst them. And to all it must have been an advantage that, for once in their lives, they had listened to sermons which none could associate with the thought of weariness, formality, or exaggeration. On many there was left an impression, to which, though unheeded at the time, they recurred in after life; even the most careless boys would sometimes, during the course of the week, refer almost involuntarily to the sermon of the past Sunday, as a condemnation of what they were doing; and some, whilst they wonder how it was that so little practical effect was produced upon themselves at the time, yet retain the recollection (to give the words of one who so describes himself) that 'I used to listen to them, from first to last, with a kind of awe, and over and over again could not join my friends at the chapel door, but would walk home to be alone; and I remember the same effects being produced by them, more or less, on others whom I should have thought as hard as stones, and on whom I should think Arnold looked as some of the worst boys in the school.'"

The boys whom Arnold thus addressed were most of them boarders, at a distance from their homes; but there were always some living with their parents in the town of Rugby. Was there, in such cases, any clashing with the parents' duty and authority in those earnest addresses, and in the general pastoral superintendence which the master sought to exercise? So far from it, we are sure that any right minded parent would earnestly desire such additional advantages for his son, however watchfully cared for under his own roof.

In the education, both of the upper classes and the lower, sufficient attention has not, we think, yet been paid to the effect which may be produced by such earnest short addresses from the pulpit, spoken with especial reference to the wants and feelings of the young.

very last to wish that the schoolmaster should forget the religious responsibilities of his office. Unfortunately the number of such peasants by no means bears the same proportion to the population as it did in the old days. The swarming thousands of the abject poor in our large towns, how can they gain a religious training from their degraded homes? Indeed, we must say of very many thousands of this class, that, if they are to have a religious training at all, it must be given them in connexion with their school.

Mr. Stow, who has done so much for Scottish education, states\* his experience in this matter, in Dr. Chalmers's famous parish of St. John's, Glasgow:—"Much good was unquestionably done in that parish, through the Doctor (Chalmers) and his parochial agency, and which was continued by his successors in the pastoral office. But, as one of those agents, I found a sad gap in the machinery. . . . I held the office of Sabbath-school teacher, and elder in one district containing 300 inhabitants, and that of deacon for the management of the poor, &c., in another, containing 500. . . . My knowledge of these districts, and of the parish generally, led me to this conclusion, that, . . . with the exception of a very few children in some of the Sabbath-schools, the young generally continued to grow up with rude, grovelling, and ungodly habits: instructed they might be, to a certain extent, it is true, but they were not morally trained." This led Mr. Stow to make more distinct efforts to gain for the schoolmaster, over his children, the influence of pastor and guide, as much as instructor, by the adoption of what he has called his Training System. The school, such as he would develop it, "comprehends a carrying out of proper family training into the public school, and is intended as an assistant to parents."† We often hear the remark, that instruction does not curb evil propensities,—that many of the greatest villains can read and write far better than their equals. "In Scripture," Mr. Stow remarks, "the command is given, 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' and the promise attached to the precept is, 'And when he is old he will not depart from it.' Whatever may have been done in families, this has not been the practice hitherto in popular schools. Teaching or instruction has been given, not training; or, at the best, the head has been trained, not the child,"—the whole man. "We have, therefore, no right to expect the fulfilment of the promise which is attached to the precept. Too frequently children are trained elsewhere than in school, in the way they should *not* go, and when old they do not depart from it. . . . The command,

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\* *The Training System*, p. 22, 12mo, London, 1854.

† *Ibid.*, p. 40.

‘Train,’ is of course addressed to parents ; and what they cannot accomplish personally, they are bound to do by proxy ; and what better or more suitable proxy than the schoolmaster, to whom is generally handed over the care of their children for several hours a day.”\* As to whether Mr. Stow’s training system, in its details, may be capable of being fully carried out through the country generally, we pronounce no opinion ; but of this we are certain, that there can be no real education for the very poor, apart from the principle he has so well enunciated ;—and if education is to be training, of course there can be no good education that is not based upon religion. This principle, as here stated, is distinctly insisted on throughout the Report before us.

But here a great difficulty occurs. If there can be no really good education which is not religious, there certainly can be no really religious education without a religiously disposed teacher. We hear a great deal now-a-days about Christian schools and Christian training, but there is no patent method for training boys as Christians without Christian example. In the Report, (p. 236,) we are glad to find the following testimony to the great Busby :—

“In the instructive and delightful Life of Philip Henry, by his son, we are informed that he received the Lord’s Supper, while yet a pupil at Westminster School, and that he would often speak of the great pains with which his master, Dr. Busby, prepared him and others for that solemn ordinance ; ‘with what skill and seriousness of application, and manifest concern for their souls, he opened to them the nature of the ordinance, and of the work they had to do in it ; and instructed them what was to be done in preparation for it ; and this he made a business of, appointing them their religious exercises, instead of their school exercises.’ The success of this is then stated in the pupil’s own warm and emphatic language ; and it is added, ‘Dr. Busby’s agency, under God, in this blessed work, he makes a very grateful mention of in divers of his papers. The Lord recompense it, saith he, a thousandfold into his bosom.’”†

The Report then goes on, in illustration of the same point, to adduce from Dr. Pearson’s Life of Swartz, (vol. i. p. 56,) the following testimony as to the teacher of this great missionary’s early youth :—

“The venerable Swartz,” says the Report, “has been characterized by Bishop Heber as one of the most successful missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles. . . . If we turn to the early training of this remarkable man, we find, that at the age of eight years, young

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\* *Training System*, pp. 36, 37.

† *Report*, p. 236.

Swartz was sent to the principal grammar school at Sonnenburg, where, together with the elements of classical learning, he received many good impressions from the moral and religious instructions of its rector, Mr. Helm. This excellent person particularly enforced on his pupils the importance of private devotion, and encouraged them to offer up their petitions in language suggested by their own feelings. Swartz afterwards declared that, even at that very early age, he used frequently to retire from his youthful companions into solitude, and there poured out his heart before God. . . . . On the removal of Mr. Helm, . . . his successor neglected the religious improvement of his scholars, and Swartz (for a time) became comparatively indifferent."

Again, the Report adds, (p. 238 :)—

"The mind naturally turns to Dr. Arnold as a striking and most instructive illustration of the principles which have been stated. No greater service has been rendered to the cause of education generally than the publication of his *Life and Correspondence*. . . . . He was a teacher of high talent, who gave his whole heart and soul to the advancement of his pupils and government of his school ; but he was also an earnest Christian, who could not separate his piety from his daily work, or withhold his influence from those committed to his charge."

But it is scarcely necessary to seek examples for confirmation of a truth so obvious,—that we must have a Christian schoolmaster if we would have a really Christian school. The days are happily passing, if not quite passed, when the schoolmaster of the school for the poor was not very unfrequently the greatest reprobate in the parish. A few instances still linger in remote country districts. May we trust that, in Scotland, the presbyterial superintendence, notwithstanding the difficulties which have impeded its efficient exercise, has tended to prevent such a state of things from springing up? \* In England, amongst small endowed schools, which are under no efficient government of trustees, there are certainly still, here and there, drunken and immoral schoolmasters. This evil is the relic of a neglectful age, and a low state of public opinion, and will soon, we trust, have disappeared ; but there is a great gap between open immorality and that high Christian bearing, to gain which for the teachers of our youth ought to be the effort and prayer of all who love

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\* It has been thought by some that Sir J. K. Shuttleworth has (as in his remarks, p. 327, &c.) not done justice to the efficiency of the presbyterial superintendence and power of deposition. We are informed on high authority, that, during the last fifty years, there have been at least seventy cases of actual prosecution of masters : thirty-nine of which have ended in deposition, and seventeen in withdrawal. Still it must be granted that there are many difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise, in the way, to prevent all delinquents from being punished.

their country. What a vast responsibility thus devolves on those who guide our training-schools, for masters and mistresses : where the future trainers of our youth are to be themselves trained. We trust earnestly, that the Government inspectors will never lose sight of the paramount importance of moral and religious qualities, while they insist, with wise inflexibility, on the maintenance of a high intellectual test.

Perhaps there is no man whose character is so continually exposed to observation as the schoolmaster : a hundred prying eyes eagerly, with youthful quickness, note his every look ; his lightest word is weighty for the small republic over which he rules ; besides he is exposed to great trials of temper ; and the varieties of his temper are always watched carefully, as inspiring fear or hope. There is no man who has so much need of thorough self-control, if he is to do his duty,—and very few, who, if they fail of their duty, will do more immediate and extensive harm. Unless, therefore, a schoolmaster enters on his work in an earnest Christian spirit, he must fail grievously. No amount of knowledge he can communicate will make amends, if he does moral harm by his example : and he can scarcely avoid doing harm, if he fails to do good.

Besides, the schoolmaster has a great many other peculiar trials. He has much drudgery, which he will never get through satisfactorily for any length of time, unless he be borne up by an enthusiasm that springs from right principle. Often he lives in a remote country district, where he can find few persons of any intelligence to associate with ; and if he has been well prepared for his office, he must love intelligent society. Hence his case is like that of the country pastor,—and both will be much exposed to temptations, to settle into indolent habits, unless they have an unfailing spring of healthful activity within.

Perhaps, then, the most important of all the points to which those zealous for education ought now to be directing their attention is, to consider the best means of providing really good masters and mistresses for our schools. We hear a great deal in the present day of the importance of the master's office. Some may be afraid, not without cause, that the common mode of speaking on this subject may inflate our young teachers with self-conceit. A pedant means a schoolmaster ; and the way in which the secondary has completely superseded the primary sense of this word, may well remind us what the rock is on which schoolmasters are most apt to be shipwrecked. Sir Walter Scott is reported to have said, in reference to this proverbial failing, that he never "knew a schoolmaster who was not an idiot ; and," he used to add, "the greater the schoolmaster the greater the idiot." Of course, self-importance is the natural fault of men



living much with their inferiors in intellect, to whom their very looks are law ; and it may be quite possible to aggravate this natural evil by injudicious talk about the high position which the schoolmaster ought to occupy in the social system. It will be a sad consummation of our training colleges, and all our other educational efforts, if we but deluge the land with a new generation of prigs more intolerable than the pompous specimens whom we are accustomed to laugh at as relics of a bygone age.\*

The old parish schoolmaster of Scotland was often saved from being a mere pedant by the very necessities of his situation. He was commonly obliged to be a pluralist, in order to eke out his scanty salary ; and a man must needs have known something more of the world than falls to the lot of a mere schoolmaster, when, as used often to be the case, he had to unite the duties of secretary to the justices of the peace, collector of the parish rates, and perhaps exciseman and land-surveyor, besides those of precentor or parish-clerk, with his ordinary jurisdiction over the parish school, and was also occasionally obliged to take his turn in the herring fishery, and spend his spare hours in the cultivation of a small farm. Modern improvers not unreasonably complain, that this system of pluralities left the parish school but a poor chance of success : And we shall have few such pluralists in future. The more need, then, since our new race of schoolmasters are to be schoolmasters only, that we take effectual steps to save them from a schoolmaster's faults. Men will not be made fit for a difficult position by merely talking of its importance, but by being very diligently and thoroughly taught whatever they are required to know—by having the difficulties they are sure to meet with carefully pointed out to them, and being made, with God's blessing, to feel, rather than speak, of their responsibilities, while they daily learn how impossible it will be to fulfil them without very earnest efforts. A mere enumeration of some of the chief qualifications for a good schoolmaster, such as we find them set forth in the Report before us, ought to be enough to make a self-confident man humble.

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\* We cannot but think, that it would be a great evil to break off that connexion which has hitherto existed in Scotland between the Universities and schoolmasters. The Privy Council Committee are supposed to be anxious to substitute education in a Training College for the old University course. Our belief is, that the two modes of training may easily be united. A schoolmaster is much more likely to be narrow-minded, if he has received only a schoolmaster's training, than if he has united such training with a good University course. A similar remark may apply to the desire supposed to be manifested by the Committee of Council, to discourage the study of the Classics in pupil teachers. It will be a great mistake if the Council attempt to square Scottish on the model of English schools. They have an eminent young Scotsman holding a high situation in their office in London : we trust they will not fail always to consult distinctly Scottish authorities before they make rules for Scotland.

Personal piety—vigour both of mind and body—natural aptitude to teach, and a power of sympathizing with the young—learning—earnestness of purpose, and genuine simplicity and humility, united with a power to command—who is the man adorned with all these gifts? Yet always, so far forth as the master fails in any of them, he is deficient for his work. It may be thought that the learning is not great which is required to teach a parish school: yet even the range of study is in itself considerable; and, if a man is to teach freshly and thoroughly, he must know a great deal more than he is required daily to communicate. His highest class, and the pupil teachers, between sixteen and nineteen years of age, whom he is required to prepare for examination, will very soon find out his shallowness, if he is not always increasing his own stores.

It is said of Arnold, in words wisely quoted from his *Life* in this Report:—\*

“Whatever labour he bestowed on his literary works, was only part of the constant progress of self-education, which he thought essential to the right discharge of his duties as a teacher. . . . Intellectually as well as morally, he felt that the teacher ought himself to be perpetually learning, and so constantly above the level of his scholars. I am sure, he said, speaking of his pupils at Laleham, that I do not judge of them, or expect of them, as I should, if I were not taking pains to improve my own mind.”

We lay it down as a certain principle that a good schoolmaster, even for the poor, must be a student. He must study for the general improvement of his mind; and he must study specially in preparation each day for the principal lessons he has to teach. Without this special preparation, even a man of high abilities will be apt to teach vaguely; he will not know at once the points on which it is of chief importance to dwell, for the sake of the particular pupils he instructs. The peculiar nature of the Scottish parish school makes such efforts on the teacher's part even more necessary than in England. It is well known that it is in the country schools of Scotland that many youths receive their only preliminary instruction before they go to the universities. Hence the master is very commonly required to be able to teach the Classics. An instance is mentioned in the Report (p. 158), of “a remote Highland parish in the southern extremity of Banffshire having had the benefit, since 1845, of a teacher of such scholarship as to qualify him to discharge temporarily the duties of the Greek chair, King's College, Aberdeen, with general approval.” The schoolmasters of Scotland have in

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\* P. 243.



a great degree in their hands the early education of the future Scottish clergy. We cannot speak too strongly of the necessity for their labouring to make themselves men of cultivated minds.\*

We have said that bodily as well as mental vigour is requisite for a good schoolmaster. This opens up an important question. Arnold used to say that he would leave Rugby as soon as he found that he could not run up the library stairs. A vigorous mind may indeed long sustain the flagging energies of the body in spite of bad health or the approaches of old age; but, speaking generally, of course a schoolmaster ought not to be an old or infirm man. Something must be done to provide schoolmasters with the means of retiring, if we are to have them everywhere generally efficient. The Dean of Hereford, in the introduction to his *Suggestive Hints*,† thus writes on this subject:—

“ Mr. Mouseley in his Report of last year, (1848,) calls the attention of schoolmasters to a most important subject—one not less important to their own happiness and welfare, and to that of their families, than it is to the interests of education in general—the consideration of means for providing for support in time of sickness and of old age, and of contributing towards the maintenance of a family in case of death; he adds, that a mutual assurance or benefit society, formed upon a secure basis, among persons of this class, and conducted under the auspices of the Council on Education, would be an inestimable benefit.” “ This is a question in which the public are deeply interested, as affording the only means of protection against a master continuing to hold his situation, when from age and infirmity he is unfit for the duties of it; and school-managers will find some plan of this kind their only security against incompetent teachers, who have become so from being advanced in life, and whom it would be cruel and unjust to deprive of their situations, unless they had some provision to fall back upon.”

The Dean of Hereford suggests that the Committee of Council on Education might well be expected to give some assistance towards so desirable an object, and would call in the help of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No doubt the sanction at least of Government will be required before such a scheme can be effectually matured. On this, however, as on kindred subjects, it is rather our purpose in this article to point out how the efforts of individuals must aid and outrun Government, if anything effectual is to be speedily done.

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\* In the Scottish schools, as is well known, the plan of amalgamating the different ranks in the same school, so earnestly recommended by the Dean of Hereford, has long been tried.

† *Suggestive Hints in Secular Instruction*. Sixth edition. London, 1853. P. 25.

And now we would bring our present remarks to a close, by noticing three points to which we wish the attention of all well-wishers of education in Scotland to be directed, while a Government measure is in suspense. The grand desideratum, as we have stated all through this article, is to secure proper teachers. It ought to be the effort of the friends of education to raise the teacher, and increase his efficiency in every possible way. For this purpose we beg them to consider how far individuals, and the trustees of the various educational endowments in the land, can exert themselves even without waiting for Government;—1st, To provide retiring pensions for masters and mistresses when unfit for duty; 2d, To increase their salaries while still active; and, 3dly, To found and maintain efficient schools or colleges in which they may be duly trained.

The higher classes of Scotland have scarcely contributed so much as they ought to do for education. The poor maintenance allotted to the parish schoolmaster, is a tax upon the land, and ought not to be reckoned a gift of charity. The laird has bought his property subject to this charge, and it in no way comes out of his pocket. Considering the vast sums which are voluntarily raised in England to support the 17,000 schools of the English Church, is it too much to expect that great voluntary efforts will be made in Scotland to aid in placing schoolmasters in the position which they must occupy if they are to be fit for their work? A good schoolmaster in England must have £70, or at least £60 a-year secured to him from private sources, besides all he can gain from the Government payments for his pupil teachers and his certificate, and with this he is only moderately paid. A regimental schoolmaster receives from the War Office from 5s. to 7s. a-day, besides his allowances; and do the people of Scotland expect that they are to have their pick of efficient masters for the paltry sums now very commonly offered? Amount of salary, and similar advantages, will not make a good master; but you cannot expect good masters without fair salaries. Young men of talent and enterprise will of course seek other employments unless you treat them fairly. It will be the rankest hypocrisy to talk of your conviction of the necessity for securing the services of good masters, if you do not take steps to place them beyond the reach of want. By providing retired allowances, and by increasing actual salaries, make your situations fairly desirable, and then you may with propriety urge young men of promise to undergo the laborious necessary training, and dedicate to you the services of their lives. Voluntary educational efforts in Scotland are said to have somewhat languished—as has been so often the case elsewhere—from the very extensiveness of the public endowments.

As in the case of the old poor-law of England, the public provision has had a tendency to dry up the sources of private benevolence. The Established Church of Scotland, and the other religious communions, indeed, are vigorously at work now by their education schemes, in stimulating private benevolence, and a great responsibility rests on all who have money in Scotland to second such efforts.

Lastly, there is a great field open for the proper training of teachers. Without great voluntary efforts of individual benevolence, this want cannot be adequately supplied. It is in vain to prate about the desirableness of securing Christian teachers, if you will not form an adequate number of suitable institutions in which they may receive a Christian training, in connexion with a knowledge of their life's work.

Sir J. K. Shuttleworth points out\* the deficiency in this respect. It is true that many of the parochial schoolmasters receive a good general education. Most, or at least a large proportion of them, have passed through the Universities; but few of them have undergone any regular course of professional training. Those who had not received such training, we are told,† had been found very deficient "in the general arrangements and organization of their schools, in the power of adapting their instructions to the young and untrained minds, in the success with which they conducted the analysis of the various lessons, and in the felicity and fulness with which they illustrated them; and especially in the energy and spirit with which the school business was gone through." Much has been done since the words thus quoted by Sir J. K. Shuttleworth were written; but the training schools of the Establishment and the Free Church, and of the Scottish Episcopal Church, in Edinburgh and in Glasgow, are only the commencement of a system which needs to be greatly extended. Besides schools for mistresses, there ought to be at least one training school or college for masters connected with each of the Scottish Universities. It is a decided advantage that the Scottish schoolmaster receives so commonly a University education. We will not pronounce an opinion on what Sir J. K. Shuttleworth thinks so desirable,‡ the separation of the schoolmaster office from that of the licentiate in the ministry: he wishes that the schoolmaster's should be constituted into a distinct profession by itself—having the rectorships of high schools and professorships in the universities as its highest honours. We can see great advantages in the connexion

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\* *Public Education*, pp. 370, 376, 380, 381.

† Mr. Gibson's Report on Tongue and Main. Minutes 1842-3, p. 669. Quoted by Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, p. 381.

‡ *Public Education*, p. 380.

with the ministry, and the openings thus made for the schoolmaster's advancement into a different, if not higher, sphere of usefulness, which make it desirable, at least, to pause before this connexion be rudely severed. But desirable as it is that Scottish schoolmasters should not forfeit that University course which so many of them now pursue side by side with their companions who enter at once more distinctly on the pastoral office—they certainly ought to have, besides this, some definite training for their difficult work.\* A young man ought to be required, in Scotland as in England, to pass a considerable time in such a training college, in which he would be aided by pecuniary support from Government, in reward for merit, as in England. A few extracts from Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's account of the English Training Schools, may not be unacceptable in this connexion, as explaining distinctly the principle of these training colleges, and therefore as likely to aid the efforts, at present strenuously making, to give them a fixed standing on the soil of Scotland.

“The English Normal Training School (there are now thirty-six training colleges in England) is founded by the contributions of the religious communion with which it is connected. It generally consists of a group of buildings in a collegiate style of architecture, comprising dormitories, a hall, and a refectory and domestic offices, as well as a library, class-rooms, and a residence for the principal, vice-principal, and three or four masters. Immediately adjacent is an elementary school for the poor, with a house for the master, who is commonly also a teacher of the theory of school method and organization in the college. The committee of council contribute towards the cost of the collegiate buildings at the rate of £50 for every student accommodated, and about one-third of the cost of the practising school. The governing body generally consists of about equal numbers of clergy and laity. . . . The English Training College differs from that which existed in France under the direction of the University, inasmuch as it is founded and governed by the religious communion: the primary responsibility for its main-

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\* Sir J. K. Shuttleworth (p. 337) thus states his views as to Scottish training schools for teachers:—“Of late years the Established and Free Churches have each established a normal school both in Edinburgh and Glasgow. These schools should endeavour to complete the collegiate (University) courses, by moulding them to the peculiar form required for elementary schools. They should develop a course of instruction in the principles of teaching, and illustrate the art by all the expedients which belong to a series of model schools devoted to this object. Such a normal school should be attached to each of the Scottish Universities; and the candidate for a parochial mastership, after a course of two years in the college (University), should finish his education by (an additional) year's training in the normal school.”

tenance rests on that body, and the whole discipline and management are immediately under its control. It is only secondarily that the Government interferes by inspection to ascertain whether a certain standard is attained in the results of the courses of study; and according to this standard to apportion the aid of the State."

In future, "the Queen's scholars (chosen from the best of the apprentice pupil teachers in the various schools under inspection) will feed these colleges with a class of students systematically prepared by a special education and practical training. The whole groundwork of their studies will have been laid with technical accuracy—they will have acquired considerable practical acquaintance with school-keeping. . . . Moreover, they will be trained to the duties of their collegiate course; they will have a full acquaintance with the responsibilities, hopes, and rewards of their future career, and will therefore be under the influence of the most powerful incentives to exertion."\*

It is, we think, from such institutions as these, wisely arranged on Christian principles, that we have the best hope of obtaining a supply of well ordered teachers, deeply impressed with the difficulty and responsibility of their work. In no way, we think, can the benevolence of Christian men in Scotland better shew itself, than by carefully using every effort to multiply such institutions in the land, and to secure their efficiency by placing them under the best rules, and electing the best men for their superintendence.

It must be remembered that the schools over which the young teachers we educate are to be placed, are as various as the varying conditions of our remote and ignorant Highland, our intelligent Lowland, and our overcrowded and debased city parishes. To give that varied training which such a varied

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\* Sir J. K. Shuttleworth (p. 77) states the assistance which Government offers for the maintenance of such colleges:—"The annual income of the colleges will (through the arrangements of the Government) receive a supply, by which they will be enabled to appoint masters of greater ability, and to increase their number as well as to prolong the course of instruction. For every Queen's scholar admitted the Government will pay from £20 to £30, towards the cost of his maintenance and education during the first year; and if he obtain a certificate at the examination of the Queen's Inspector, at its close, a second contribution of £20 will be made. The whole expenses of his education and maintenance, including all salaries and other charges, except clothing, may, in a well-conducted training school, be estimated at £50. In the first year, therefore, three-fourths of this outlay, for a successful student, will be borne by the Government. His clothes will be found by his parents, and the training school will have to provide, from private contributions or the aid of his patron, the rest of the charge. In the second year, a successful student will, by his certificate, secure £25, and, in the third year, £30, towards these expenses. In the majority of cases, either the parents or the patrons will pay at least half the remaining sum; and every college has private exhibitions and additional rewards for success, by which the other half may be won by vigorous application."

state of society will require, demands the superintendence of wise and God-fearing men. It is by no commonplace training, no suggestion of common worldly motives, but only by inculcating a dedication of the whole man to his work on the highest Christian principles, that we can hope to succeed in keeping our teachers unwearied in their work of toil, whether their lot be cast amid the haunts of the deer in some lonely glen, or in the close purlieus of a manufactory. And it is no common wisdom that will be required to guide young men how to adapt their instructions, on the one hand, to the credulous ignorance of the mountain side; or, on the other, to the hard scepticism, as to all goodness, and soured discontent with all our social institutions, which spreads from the Chartist reading-room through the high-rented and ill-built cottages, which perpetually remind the factory workmen and his family, who live in them, that they move in a society where every man is trying to make as much gain as he can out of his fellow's wants.

In all these three ways, then—in providing retiring pensions for teachers, in increasing their salaries while at work, and founding and supporting training colleges—there is abundant room in Scotland for benevolent Christian men to exert themselves, if they would improve the national system of education, while Government stands still. In any particular locality, too, a man who is on the look out to repair what is amiss, will find much scope to expend his money and his zeal, even in filling up the deficiencies of the schools as they already exist. “At present the school fittings and apparatus, even in the parochial schools of Scotland, are often meagre; and when the furniture is substantial, it is seldom arranged in any intelligent scheme of school discipline.”\* Any man who has his eyes open will find much to improve, by private exertion, without waiting for Government, in the schools that are about his door. But, we repeat it, he must not look to his own neighbourhood only. If the Scottish people are in earnest in calling upon Government for a good national system, they must themselves set to work vigorously throughout all Scotland. Scotland is not rich; but the Free Church movement showed what funds it can call forth, from efforts of self-denial, when its feelings are aroused. And the exertions already made, in the educational and other schemes, both of the Established and Free Churches, to say nothing of the many schools for the poor, lately founded by private benevolence, in the Scottish Episcopal Church, give good ground to hope that this greatest of all causes will not be allowed to languish for want of self-denying benevolence. The only way to force

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\* Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, p. 381.



Government to efficient action is to show that you are in earnest, by beginning at once that part of the work which depends entirely on yourselves. Every candid man must feel, that the day for inaction or hesitation has now passed. We end by drawing attention to the closing words of Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's book, words applicable alike to England and Scotland, which deserve to be well weighed, at this time, by every lover of his country. If sectarian disputes, or selfish indolence, make men hesitate to exert themselves, he points out how there is a "fearful alternative. The reign of ignorance, brutish habits, crime, and heathenism, may be indefinitely prolonged. This cloud may brood, with the gloom of hell, over the destinies of a heroic race; nor can any human prescience foretell what may be the catastrophe, when its dark womb struggles with the throes of a new birth, amidst the lightnings of social convulsion. If the monarchy and the representative system of Great Britain are to perish, it will not be from any conspiracy of the nobles: Magna Charta, and the Revolution Settlement, secured and limited their influence in the constitution. Nor will it arise from the rebellion of the middle classes, who acquired their due share of political power by the Reform Bill. But the dominion of an ignorant and demoralized democracy is scarcely more fatal than the growth of popular discontent—the inevitable consequence of the waste of national resources, by a people who multiply without forethought, purchase misery by improvidence, and exchange the frenzy of inebriety for the madness of political fanaticism. The sure road to Socialism is by a prolongation of the contrasts between luxury and destitution, vast accumulations and ill rewarded toil, high cultivation and barbarism, the enjoyment of political privileges and the exclusion from its rights by ignorance and indigence. The means of solving these great social problems lies in the Christian civilisation of the entire people by the public school."



ART. III.—*History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes, to the Pontificate of Nicolas V.* By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. 3 Vols. London, 1854.

WHEN Virgil's *ex post facto* prophecy of the greatness of Rome\* was read at the court of Augustus, it must have seemed to the statesmen and moralists who heard it a truthful description of the past, but a doubtful presage of the future. None felt more keenly than Augustus himself that Rome was decaying. Religious belief was dead: mixed with the creations of irreverent æsthetic Greece, its original simplicity had vanished, and with that its moral power. The ritual worship had become obsolete: even learned Romans walked among their national sanctuaries like foreigners,† witnessing ceremonies of which the meaning was forgotten, and hearing liturgies and hymns of which they could hardly understand a word. The free constitution, essentially municipal, and therefore incapable of embracing a world, had been replaced by a despotism, neither restrained by fear of the people, nor ennobled by belief of a mission from God. The stern morality, the pure domestic life, the upright civic justice, the self-sacrificing patriotism, even the physical courage, had died with the religion, and drawing down first the liberty, and then the power, had resulted in a heroic age of vice. Roman vigour seemed to linger only in the armies and the laws; and these too were decaying. Yet within twenty years the spirit was to go forth that was to breathe life into these dry bones. Rome, reinvigorated by Christianity, was to feel once more her office to rule the nations. A new spiritual power was to go forth essentially and characteristically Roman. This power was in after years to subdue, and recruit its armies from, those daring German tribes which the first Rome could never conquer, and by their aid at last extend its empire far beyond the old poetical frontier of the Garamantes and Indians. This *second* Roman empire, its foundation, rise, conquests, heroes, glory, and decline, is the subject of Dr. Milman's History.

The subject is a very difficult one. In ten centuries, over which this work extends, there lived no great historian, and (with the exception perhaps of Socrates) no calm and truthful observer of his times. Every man was a partisan, and felt bound to be so. Christendom was at war in a cause, that all protested, and the nobler believed, to be the cause of God. In such a cause it would seem but lukewarmness to pause and examine

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\* Virg. *Æn.* vi.

† Cic. *Acad.* ii. c. 8.

the weapons that they used. A heathen or a heretic was the enemy of old ; could they doubt any evil, could they believe any good of him ? But besides the difficulties caused by honest prejudice, ecclesiastical history has been perplexed by wilful fraud. From the time when (in the second century at latest) the early Christians began, with the best motives, but with the most fatal results, to compose pious romances on the lives of their Founder, or his disciples,\* to forge legal documents to strengthen the evidence of the truth,† to interpolate the works of famous authors,‡ and to draw from the lips of Pagan sibyls testimonies to the Messiah clearer than those of Jewish prophecy, to the time when revived historical and philological criticism rendered the ablest forgery certain of detection, it is constantly necessary to be on the watch against pious frauds. Thus the ecclesiastical historian has to steer his course, not only through the natural rocks and shoals, but through artificial obstructions placed wilfully in his way. He must allow for prejudices, soften down exaggerations, reject lies, detect forgeries, and be thankful if, after all, there remains to him a residuum of probable truth. Moreover, his predecessors in the task of compiling from the original sources have done more to perplex than to assist him. Every event, every character, every opinion, has been the subject of long, intricate, too often hostile controversy.§

To this difficult task Dr. Milman has applied great care and rare honesty ; and the result is a work of real and permanent value. We will, however, reserve our very favourable opinion of his History for the conclusion of our article, when a slight sketch of the subject will have furnished our readers with an idea of the grounds on which it rests. We will take first the more invidious task of noticing what seem to us two defects in his plan.

In the first place, we think that no ecclesiastical history can be complete or satisfactory without at least a sketch, and something approaching to an estimate of the sources from which it is drawn. Dr. Milman disclaims all such dissertations upon history as alien to his aim.|| He professes to give the result only, and not the process of inquiry. But the subject upon which he writes is one on which no one can submit to receive all his instruction at second hand. We do not read a work in this

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\* The Apocryphal Gospels : The Clementina : The Apocryphal Acts.—Does not the subscription of Pionius condemn the martyrdom of Polycarp to take its place in the same class ?

† The Acts of Pilate. The Epistle of Antonius in Justin. Apol. i. 68.

‡ The interpolation of Josephus (Ant. xiii. 3. 3.) in the interest of Christianity : of Ignatius at least once.

§ Latin Christianity. Preface.

|| Preface.

department for mere amusement, or admire it only as a work of art, but we study it because we feel that it has a bearing on our own trial with respect to truth. Two faiths still divide Latin Christendom,—one professing to be the Christianity of the New Testament, the other not unwilling to be thought the Christianity of History.\* Which is to be ours? Are we to draw our belief freely with our own lips from the fountain, or receive it, as developed by an external power, under the various influences of the world, and chiefly in the hands of that great nation twice conqueror of the world? Which has the legitimate claim on us—the original documents, or their development in the lapse of time? Serious students read with these questions on their minds; and are anxious to learn what the results of ecclesiastical history are worth, both in themselves, and as compared with those of the Bible. Sufficient answers can only be given by a view of the original materials. Therefore we think that in spite of his plan, Dr. Milman should have given us, and should give in future editions, (which doubtless will be many,) a chapter on the sources; and also that, at the risk of seeming to plagiarize from Gieseler, whose value he so justly recognises, he should have extracted from his original authorities with some of the copiousness of that writer, or at least have referred to them with that frequency which renders Gibbon's notes (when decent) the most interesting part of his book, and so pleasant a relief to his pompous periods.

The second defect that we have to notice is the incompleteness of the commencement. The work begins as a *résumé*, and retains this character through the greater part of the purely Latin period. The detailed treatment of the first ages of Latin Christianity—of its very birth-epoch, in which the original religion first came in contact with Rome, and was subdued by her imperial spirit, must be sought in another previous work—the “History of Christianity.” We fully appreciate the author's motive for this omission: no doubt he disliked to repeat himself. But a history of Latin Christianity ought to exhaust its own special subject: nor can it be considered complete, while it gives only a summary account of that period, in which that phase of religion, of which it treats, was forming itself from Latin institutions, Latin religious ideas, and Latin modes of thought, in the midst of a Latin speaking population, and on native Latin ground.

We shall first direct our reader's attention to this portion of the subject, which seems to us the most important of the whole.

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\* J. H. Newman. *Essay on Development*, p. 7.

Amidst the obscurity of early Church history, nowhere more dense than around the birth of the Roman Church, we may detect the fact, and to some extent the process, of a change, as complete and important, yet, at the same time, as speedy and insensible, as ever affected any institution in the world. In the Acts of Justin's Martyrdom (a document undoubtedly very ancient, and from its simplicity, and the absence both of the pathetic and the marvellous, most probably genuine) and the works of that father, we find that the outward form of the Church of Rome, and in a great measure its doctrine, remained in his day (A. D. 150) unaltered since the time when, at the close of the sacred history, we lost sight of Paul. To the church in the house of Aquila and Priscilla,\* or the hired house in which Paul taught,† has succeeded a Christian meeting‡ at the house of one Martinus, in whose upper chamber Justin lodged. This was the only meeting in the great city of which the Syrian stranger knew, though he had resided twice at Rome. There could have been no strong and compact ecclesiastical organization in those days, nor could the different congregations have been subject to any superior control. Each brother met his brethren where he pleased,§ and there must have been in the vast city many congregations quite unknown one to another. The internal government of each congregation was already monarchical: the principal functions of divine worship were discharged, and the common funds administered by a permanent officer whom the Christians, when they described their internal economy to those without, called their president or presiding brother:|| but he was not their priest: all alike were members of a priestly race;¶ and the idea of the officer of the Church being more priestly than his brethren had not yet appeared at Rome. In the initiatory washing by which the convert was admitted he received the remission of his sins.\*\* It was called his New Birth or his Enlightenment:†† but that enlightenment was not attributed to the magic virtue of the mystic water, but to the instruction which the convert had received;‡‡ and the need of the new birth was asserted on this singular ground, that since each had been born into the world without his own choice or knowledge, he ought to have the opportunity of being born again by his own choice and will.§§

\* Rom. xvi. 5. † Acts xxviii. 30. ‡ συνίλιυσις. Act. Mart. Justin.

§ ἰδοὺ ἐκείνη προίεσις καὶ δύναμις ἐστίν. Act. Mart. Justin.

|| ὁ προϊστάμενος. Apol. i. 67. τῇ προϊστάμενῃ τῶν ἀδελφῶν. Act. Mart. Justin. 65.

¶ ἡμεῖς, οἱ . . . πιστεύσαντες . . . ἀρχιερατικὸν . . . γίνεσθαι ἱερεῖς τοῦ Θεοῦ. C. Tryph. 116.

\*\* ἀφίσις ἐν ἁμαρτιῶν . . . τύχωμεν ἐν τῇ ὕδατι. Apol. i. 61.

†† Λιανγίνησις . . . φωτισμός.

‡‡ ὡς φωτισμένοι ἐσμὲν διὰ τὴν αὐτὴν μαθησίαν. Apol. i. 61.

§§ Apol. 61.

The idea of a sacrificial right had begun slightly, and only slightly, to connect itself with the Lord's Supper; but the objects supposed to be offered were still the prayers and thanksgivings, not yet the bread and wine.\* Prayer and thanksgiving were still affirmed to be the only perfect sacrifice.† The whole worship was still very simple: and religious teaching occupied in it the chief place.

Exactly one hundred years later we reach the period of the correspondence in which Cyprian of Carthage is the most conspicuous figure. The change is very striking. The churches of Rome and Carthage have become fully organized, each under its bishop. That bishop's seat has become a sacerdotal throne.‡ He bears a title of honour;§ the very one that the earliest documents of the religion might seem to have forbidden.|| The office is an object of secular ambition:¶ it is a post of danger; but that danger is counterbalanced by the distinction and the power. At Rome the bishop is become the priest of one of the largest sects in the city. He can complacently enumerate his 46 presbyters, 7 deacons, 7 sub-deacons, 42 acolyths, 52 exorcists, readers, and door-keepers,\*\* all dependent on his will. That will is law at home; and he attempts to impose it on other churches beyond his immediate domain. He disposes of vast wealth contributed by the faithful:†† 1500 widows receive from him their daily food. There are already ecclesiastical enactments as foundations of a future canon law.‡‡ The affairs of the see are conducted with business-like regularity. A staff of messengers is maintained to forward his extensive correspondence with near and distant churches. All letters are answered, copied, and filed with the regularity of an official bureau.§§ The business of the soul is despatched with no less exactness. There is one Church, the outward one. It is a

\* The elements were nevertheless said to be not *καὶνὸν ἄρτον* or *καὶνὸν πῶμα*, but *Ἰησοῦ σῶμα καὶ αἷμα*. See Apol. i. 66.

† C. Tryph. 117.

‡ Cathedra sacerdotalis.

§ "Papa," applied indiscriminately to all the great prelates. || Matth. xxiii. 9.

¶ This is sufficiently proved by the gross abuse that the candidates shower upon each other, Hippolytus on Callistus, Cornelius on Novatian, Cyprian on Felicissimus.

\*\* Euseb. H. E. vi. 43.

†† Cyprian's gardens, when sold for the benefit of the Church, were repurchased by his people, and presented to him as a testimonial of respect. He sends in one sum 100,000 sesterces (£780) of Church money to redeem captives in Numidia. His last order is to give five guineas (aurei) to his executioner. The Roman Church was in the habit of sending relief to the poorer churches. (Eus. H. E. iv. 23.)

‡‡ *Ἐκκλησιαστικὸν δέου*. Bunsen's Hippolytus.

§§ Even the curious tickets issued by the martyrs in prison,—“Admit such a person and all his family to communion,”—are copied; so are private letters bearing on the affairs of the Church, like those of Lucianus and Celerinus.—See *Cyprian's Letters*.

new Ark of Noah, without which all perish. Baptism washes away all sin; laying on of hands confers the Holy Ghost; excommunication deprives of all hope of heaven. In wielding this last great weapon of the hierarchy, greater or less severity is applied, according as a high and statesmanlike policy judges best for the interests of the Church. In the churches there is a lofty altar,\* where a consecrated priest offers the body and blood of Christ under the forms of bread and wine. There are prayers and praises and Scripture lessons; but besides these there is no public teaching, nor will there be for 200 years to come, till the days of Leo the Great.

This change, which has induced some to treat the Cyprian correspondence as a palpable anachronism, and to reject it on that ground as the fiction of a later age, finds a ready explanation when we learn that, in the course of the hundred years between Justin and Cyprian, Christianity had passed from the Greek into the Roman population, and from the lower class into the higher. In Justin's days, the Church at Rome had been composed of Greek slaves, Greek handicraftsmen, Greek money-changers,—a few Greek philosophers, whom it valued highly; while it proscribed Greek actors, and gave no commissions to Greek artists. In the days of Cyprian, it numbered among its members Roman lawyers and statesmen; and most probably men who had been Roman priests.

When Dr. Milman says that Africa, not Italy, was the birthplace of Latin Christianity, we think that he rather overstates the case. A presbyter of Carthage was, indeed, the first great Latin writer, and published his works at a time when the ablest Roman theologian was writing in Greek: and a bishop of Carthage was the first great Latin prelate. It is also in the works of these two writers that we gain the first clear view of Latin Christianity; but in the letters of Cyprian we find the state of things in the two cities identical; and probability would lead us to suppose that Latin Christianity grew up coincidentally at each place, or perhaps first at Rome. No city in the empire resembled Rome so closely as Carthage. It was a new colony planted by Julius Cæsar, on a site which had been deserted since the last Punic war, with a new military population, most probably to a great extent Italian. Its corn-trade, the most active branch of Roman commerce, produced a constant intercourse with the capital. Everything that interested Rome—news, fashions, literature, philosophy, religion, could not fail to arrive at Carthage within a month of publication. It was, in fact, to Rome what Sydney and Melbourne are to London, only

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\* *Altare.* The word was confined to the elevated altars of the higher gods.



with a shorter sea-passage intervening. Roman and Punic Christianity must have grown side by side.

Dr. Milman thus describes the first Christianity that existed at Rome, before the introduction or preponderance of the native Roman element :—

“ For some considerable (it cannot but be an indefinable) part of the three first centuries, the Church of Rome, and most, if not all the churches of the West, were, if we may so speak, Greek religious colonies. Their language was Greek, their organization Greek, their writers Greek, their Scriptures Greek : and many vestiges and traditions shew that their ritual, their Liturgy, was Greek. Through Greek the communication of the Churches of Rome and of the West was constantly kept up with the East ; and through Greek every heresiarch, or his disciples, having found his way to Rome, propagated with more or less success his peculiar doctrines. Greek was the commercial language throughout the empire ; by which the Jews, before the destruction of their city, already so widely disseminated through the world, and altogether concerned in commerce, carried on their affairs. The Greek Old Testament was read in the synagogues of the foreign Jews. The churches, formed sometimes on the foundation, to a certain extent on the model of the synagogues, would adhere for some time, no doubt, to their language. The Gospels and the Apostolic writings, so soon as they became part of the public worship, would be read, as the Septuagint was, in their original tongue. All the Christian extant writings which appeared in Rome and in the West are Greek, or were originally Greek, the Epistles of Clement, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Clementine Recognitions and Homilies ; the works of Justin Martyr, down to Caius and Hippolytus the author of the Refutation of all Heresies. The Octavius of Minucius Felix, and the Treatise of Novatian on the Trinity, are the earliest known works of Latin Christian literature which came from Rome. So was it too in Gaul : there the first Christians were settled, chiefly in the Greek cities, which owned Marseilles as their parent, and which retained the use of Greek as their vernacular tongue. Irenæus wrote in Greek ; the account of the Martyrs of Lyons and Vienne is in Greek. Vestiges of the old Greek ritual long survived not only in Rome, but also in some of the Gallic churches. The Kyrie eleison still lingers in the Latin service.”—Vol. i. pp. 27-29.

We may trace, to a certain extent, the progress both of the change in nation, and of that in rank.

In the apostolic age, there were probably no Romans at all in the Church of Rome. More than three-fourths of the persons named in the New Testament, as resident in that city, have Greek names,\* and it is probable that most of those whose

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\* Paul salutes twenty-six persons at Rome : of these, six have Latin names ; and the only two among these of whom we know anything are a Jew and Jewess, Aquila and Priscilla.



names are Roman were either Greeks or Hellenic Jews, as, with the exception of the centurion Cornelius, not one of the Christians with Roman names, on whose history the New Testament gives us any information, was of Roman origin. Among the bishops of Rome in the two first centuries, but three have Roman names, (singularly enough, three epithets which afterwards became imperial titles, Clemens, Pius, Victor :) of these, it is nearly certain that Clemens was a Greek, like his namesake of Alexandria; of Pius we know nothing; Victor's recorded acts seem almost sufficient to prove him a Roman. In the time of Hippolytus, we find the Church apparently in a state of transition. Its leading characters are still Greek: the elected bishop, and his patron the banker, the defeated candidate and chief theologian of the day, are all of that nation. Greek controversies on the nature of our Lord and on the Trinity occupy the public mind, though more practical Latin ones, on admission of penitents and restrictions on marriage, are beginning to draw attention.\* In Cyprian's writings we have noticed hardly any trace of Greek influence. Among his letters is one from Lucianus of Carthage to Celerinus of Rome, containing twenty-eight salutations of persons living at the latter city, amongst which are only two Greek names. Yet that influence must have subsisted for many years longer. The oldest existing epitaphs in the catacombs, few of which are supposed to be earlier than the end of the third century, are, many of them, in Greek, and (a curious proof of the gradual latinization of a Greek population) some of the Greek epitaphs are written in Latin letters, and some of the Latin in Greek ones.†

The progress of the faith among the higher classes can be traced somewhat more clearly. Eusebius points to the time of Commodus (A.D. 190) as the epoch when Christianity first began to make decided progress among the upper classes at Rome;‡ and his testimony is confirmed by profane history and by Hippolytus. Marcia, the concubine of Commodus, is the first Christian whom we find in influential connexion with the head of the empire: and the name of Eclectus, her fellow conspirator, has a very Christian sound. Tradition places most of the succeeding emperors in some connexion with Christianity. Septimus Severus is said to have been cured of a disease by receiving unction from a Christian.§ Caracalla may have been the first prince in whom an over-religious education produced its usual fruits,

\* *Latin Christianity*, vol. i. pp. 40, 45.

† The following curious specimens of each kind are from Maitland's Church in the Catacombs: BENE MEPENTI †IAIE ΘΕΟΔΩΡΕ ΚΤΕ ΒΙΤ ΜΗCΙCΧΙ ΔΙΗΞ XVIII.—PRIMA IRENE SOE.

‡ *Eus.* v. 21.

§ *Tertull.* ad Scapulam, c. 4.

early amiability and tenderness of conscience, without that free judgment and self-deciding will, and sense of personal responsibility, which alone can produce upright action amidst the temptations of power.\* Julia Mammœa, perhaps the last good mother of Pagan Rome, was the admiring hearer of Origen. Alexander Severus may have owed his pure morals and gentle temper, if not his activity in public life, to the influence of his doctrine who shared with Abraham, Orpheus, and Apollonius of Tyana the worship of his domestic chapel. The Emperor Philip is claimed by early writers as a Christian.† The palace of Valerian, till the time when he became a persecutor, is said to have been full of Christians.‡ These detached notices suffice to prove the progress of Christianity in the high society of Rome in the period between Justin and Cyprian.

When Christianity thus reached the Roman population it encountered a people of stronger nature and greater qualities than any that had yet embraced it. The Roman mind was essentially practical. Its natural element was public business in every branch,—legislation, government, legal practice, and war. Its rigidly conservative tendency was curiously exemplified by its exalting the principle of demarcation into a god (Terminus.) Habitual deference to authority prevailed in both ecclesiastical and civil courts: in each a long succession of judgments of ancient magistrates, treated with the reverence of laws, attested its respect for precedent and antiquity. This practical spirit, and conservative tendency, and deference to authority, extended to the religion, the peculiarities of which throw so much light on those of Latin Christianity, that we shall devote a few sentences to the consideration of them.

Polybius, though himself an unbeliever, attributes to the national religion the strength of the Roman state and the irresistible progress of its armies; and commends the consummate statecraft of those who invented it with a view to political organization and national power.§ Nor was he mistaken about its strength, although his view of its origin was neither philosophical nor true. Roman religion, both in the simplicity of its faith, and in its practical morality and power, stood far above any religion of the ancient world, except the then almost unknown Jewish one. It was a Polytheism, but one that had not receded far from the worship of one God. An instinctive feeling of Mono-

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\* *Lacte Christiano educatus*, Tertull. ad Scapulam, c. 4.

† Eus. H. E. vi. 34.

‡ Dionys. Alex. ap. Eus. H. E. vii. 10.

§ Polybius, vi. 56, in Hartung's *Religion der Römer*, to whom the writer of this article wishes to acknowledge his obligation for most of his information respecting old Roman religion.

theism dwelt on the Roman mind even to the latest times, so that two Latin Apologists could appeal to the popular language respecting God, as a proof that the soul of man was naturally Christian.\*

When the Roman took leave of his departed parent or friend, his *Ave Vale* did not mean Farewell for ever. He believed in a world below, shadowy and undefined, which was the dwelling of the dead, yet from that world their influence and presence extended up to this. He who had done well became a *Lar*, a being of a spiritual nature, possessed of some of the attributes of divinity, to whom it was right to offer sacrifice, and was present around the scenes and places that he had loved on earth, happy himself and conferring happiness on others. The evil became a *Larva*, hideous, restless, and unhappy, inflicting terror and misery on those who had displeased the gods. The divine spirits of the dead were honoured with sacrifices and cheered with festive funeral banquets. The living at times asked them for their prayers.† The great and distinguished among them received still higher honours, and were supposed to possess more considerable powers. They protected travellers; sent favourable winds to voyagers by sea; and acted as guardians of their native cities. Their sepulchres were sacred, and became the scenes of worship; and their power was supposed to be most intense around the places where their remains were laid.

The religion was present everywhere. In the private house, the household gods stood by the hearth, which served as a domestic altar, and was the centre of the sacred family ties, nowhere so sacred as in ancient Rome. Each meal began with a sacrifice of a portion of the food provided. At intervals along the wayside the traveller passed a chapel of the *Lares*: and other such were built in clearings of the woods, or at the source of fountains: in the towns and villages there were temples with regularly appointed priests and stated services. Wherever an image was passed it was saluted with a respectful obeisance: the feet and hands of many were worn away by the kisses of the devout: votive offerings in the temples attested the cures believed to be wrought by their power.

The worship was strictly and minutely ceremonial. Each time and place of worship, each gesture of the officiating priest or worshipper was minutely prescribed; and any omission or

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\* A noble passage of Tertullian, (Apolog. 17 :) "*Deum nominat, hoc solo nomine, quia proprio Dei veri: Deus magnus, Deus bonus, et Quod Deus dederit, omnium vox est. Judicem quoque contestatur illum, Deus videt, et Deo commendo, et Deus mihi reddet. O testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ.*" The passage is partly copied by Minucius Felix.

† Jam prece Pollucis, jam Castoris implorata. Catull. lxxviii. 65. See Hartung, i. 44.

mistake was looked upon as a grave fault and an unlucky omen. The prayers were chiefly liturgical. The priest recited the ancient form, and the worshippers, kneeling or sitting on the ground, and facing eastward towards the image of the god, with anxious care repeated it after him. These formularies were in ancient Latin, in some cases so ancient that in the time of Cicero it had become an unknown tongue, and the meaning a subject of curious and doubtful study. The priest had no office of religious teacher, nor any duty besides the decorous performance of ritual ceremonies.

As in all ancient nations, the civil and religious societies,—the State and Church, as we should say,—were one, and schism was treason. Every function of this Church-State was directed by religion. The senate could not sit except in a temple: all its deliberations were preceded by sacrifice: and a decree passed in unconsecrated ground was void. All the magistrates were in some degree religious personages, but those who had the control of the national worship were held in the greatest respect of all. They constituted an organized pontificate, and acted as a spiritual tribunal, with power to pronounce authoritative declarations of the divine will. The progress of public business could be delayed by the declaration of the augurs, that the omens declared the gods to be unpropitious. The decisions of successive pontiffs, on questions of ritual worship, had been gradually formed into a collection or code, called the *Jus Pontificium*, the first Roman canon law. These judgments related to practical points only, as there was no religious doctrine to be the basis of doctrinal decrees.

When Christianity reached Rome, belief in this religion was dead, at least among the higher classes, and the morals founded on that belief decayed. But the organized hierarchy and the ritual worship still existed unaltered; and the fundamental ideas of the religion were the native growth of the national mind. It is not strange that immediately after the entrance of Romans into the Church, we should find a hierarchy developed, and a ceremonial spirit introduced; nor that the other religious ideas and practices of ancient Rome should have entered one by one, and produced their counterparts in Latin Christianity.

Organization and government were the talents of ancient Rome; and a strongly organized form of government is its characteristic legacy to Christianity. The Papacy is a Latin institution,—the last and greatest creation of ancient Rome. It is true that its time of greatest actual power was the Middle Ages, and that the mediæval idea of feudal sovereignty was the most powerful engine in the hands of a Hildebrand and an Innocent III. But this idea was foreign, and has proved only

temporary. The feudal suzerain has departed, while the Pontifex Maximus is still in life and vigour.

The cause of the rise of the Papacy was the imperial greatness of the city. Rome was universally acknowledged to be the Queen and Mistress of the World. No epithet was thought too splendid for her,—the most Beautiful of Things, the House of the Gods, the Head of the World, were amongst her titles. Before the advent of that power that strengthened her for a new empire, she had received from heathen poets that title of the Eternal City, which Christian Fathers rejected as the Name of Blasphemy, and the Mark of the Beast. It is impossible to exaggerate the height at which Rome stood above all the other cities of the world. But while the mere position and rank of their city could not fail to place the Roman Pontiffs first, the events of history, and their own greater, or at least more practical, ability conspired to favour their pretensions. Let us hear Dr. Milman on the causes of the rise of the Papacy:—

“ In the West, throughout Latin Christendom, the Roman See, in antiquity, in dignity, in the more regular succession of its prelates, stood alone and unapproachable. In the great Eastern bishoprics, the holy lineage had already been broken and confused by the claims of rival prelates, by the usurpation of bishops, accounted heretical, at the present period Arians or Macedonians, or Apollinarians, later Nestorians or Monophysites. Jerusalem had never advanced that claim to which it might seem to be entitled by its higher antiquity. Jerusalem was not universally acknowledged as an Apostolic See; at all events, it was the capital of Judaism rather than that of Christianity; and the succession, at the time of the Jewish war, and during the period of desolation to the time of Hadrian, had been interrupted, at least in its local descent. At one period Jerusalem was subordinate to the Palestinian Cæsarea. Antioch had been perpetually contested; its episcopal line had been vitiated, its throne contaminated by the actual succession of several Arian prelates. In Alexandria the Arian prelates had been considered lawless usurpers: the orthodox Church had never voluntarily submitted to their jurisdiction; and Alexandria had been hallowed as the episcopal seat of the great Athanasius. But Athanasius himself, when driven from his see, had found an hospitable reception at Rome, and constant support from the Roman bishops. His presence had reflected a glory upon that see, which, but for one brief period of compulsory apostasy, had remained rigidly attached to the orthodox Trinitarian opinions. Constantinople was but a new city, and had no pretensions to venerable or apostolic origin. It had attained, indeed, to the dignity of a patriarchate, but only by the decree of a recent council; in other respects it owed all its eminence to being the prelacy of New Rome, of the seat of empire. The feuds and contests between the rival patriarchates of the East were constantly promoting the steady pro-

gress of Rome towards supremacy. Throughout the fierce rivalry of Alexandria and Constantinople, the hostilities which had even now begun between Theophilus and Chrysostom, and which were continued with implacable violence between Cyril and Nestorius, Flavianus and Dioscorus, the alliance of the Bishop of Rome was too important not to be purchased at any sacrifice; and if the independence of the Eastern churches was compromised, if not by an appeal to Rome, at least by the ready admission of her interference, the leaders of the opposing parties were too much occupied by their immediate objects, and blinded by factious passions, to discern or to regard the consequences of these silent aggressions. From the personal or political objects of these feuds the Bishop of Rome might stand aloof; in the religious questions he might mingle in undisturbed dignity, or might offer himself as mediator, just as he might choose the occasion, and almost on his own terms. At the same time, not merely on the subject of the Trinity, had Rome repudiated the most obnoxious heresy; even on less vital questions, the Latin capital, happy in the exemption from controversial bishops, had rarely swerved from the canon of severe orthodoxy; and if any one of her bishops had been forced or perplexed into a rash or erroneous decision—as Liberius, during his short concession to semi-Arianism; or, as we shall see before long, Zosimus to Pelagianism; and a still later pope, who was bewildered into Monophysitism, their errors were effaced by a speedy, full, and glorious recantation.”—Vol. i. pp. 84, 85.

We must notice, at the conclusion of the above able, and, for the most part, true paragraph, a curious instance of the effect that admiration of a great subject produces on its historian. History, even Dr. Milman's own, has preserved no record of the recantation of Liberius; and, as we shall shortly see, no recantation could be more inglorious than that of Zosimus. But the general truth remains, that the *political* wisdom of Rome shone brightly in contrast with the eastern churches, both in the choice and in the conduct of her bishops. At Constantinople the clergy or the Court (whichever influence might for the time predominate) elected the men whose shining talents would adorn the capital, or gratify the prevalent taste for ecclesiastical oratory: such men they found in Gregory of Nazianzum, Chrysostom, and Nestorius. The fiery Alexandrians desired a champion of indomitable courage and burning zeal, who would live and fight, kill or die, for the favourite dogma; and they found four representatives of themselves, in a descending scale of Christian spirit and moral goodness, in Athanasius, Theophilus, Cyril, and Dioscorus. Antioch, from some cause to us unknown, though it supplied two shining lights to the Church of Constantinople, placed on its episcopal throne no man of power or distinction, except the mythical Ignatius, and the heretical Paul of Samosata. But Rome elected, as of old, with a view to empire. She



had no ecclesiastical orators. She had few theologians, and of those she possessed she elected none. In her earliest age she set aside her ablest writers, Hippolytus and Novatian. In later times the splendid abilities, unequalled attainments, and ascetic piety of Jerome, could not persuade the pontifical electors to place their Church at the mercy of his keen resentments, and susceptible vanity, and intemperate zeal, and unbridled tongue. In Leo the Great they chose at last their ablest theologian; but theology was his accident; his essence was statesmanship. Nor was it his theological ability or monastic piety, though each was the greatest in his age, that placed Gregory the Great upon the throne. In him, as in his predecessors, the practical Roman mind had sought and found a man of tried practical ability—a magistrate, a diplomatist, and a statesman. But the contrast between Greek and Roman administration of a great see is presented to us most strikingly on the Roman throne itself, in the Pontificates of Zosimus and Leo.

Zosimus, a Greek, ascended the Papal throne on the sixth of January, A.D. 417. His reign fell in an important period when the relations of the provincial Metropolitans to the Roman See were yet unsettled, and a subject of frequent contests; and it began at a moment when the Latin mind was for the first time profoundly agitated by a speculative question. The question was that momentous one which has in every age inspired and agitated the most deeply religious minds of the Western Church—the relation between the all-powerful grace of God and the free will of man. Pelagius, and his disciple Cælestius, having maintained man's freedom to an extent offensive to the religious feeling of the age, had been condemned and excommunicated by the late Pope, Innocent I., who specified, in his letter announcing this decree, two propositions as branded with anathema; the first, that a man does not need the grace of God; the second, the very insane\* idea, as Innocent declared it, that unbaptized infants can be saved. In the teeth of this decided act of his predecessor, Zosimus began his administration by the most impolitic step that can possibly be ventured by one who wields an authority founded only on opinion. Having received a confession of faith addressed by Pelagius to his predecessor, in which (so far as we can judge from the fragments of it that remain†) the first article condemned by Innocent is denied, but certainly not the second, he re-heard the cause, and pronounced the proceedings of a former Pope to be so completely null and void, that the persons excommunicated by him had never been separated from the body of the Church and from the Catholic

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\* *Perfatum.*

† P. Constant Epist. Pontif. Rom.



truth. There was, however, among the opponents of Pelagius and Cælestius, a man of greater ability, of deeper religious conviction, and of personal character so venerated, as to invest him with greater spiritual influence than even higher office could confer on the bishop of Rome. Augustine, with public opinion on his side, and backed by the votes of 200 zealous African bishops, was for the time the most powerful man in Latin Christendom. Through his influence the opposition to the Pelagian heresy was soon strengthened by the adhesion of the emperor Honorius. A rescript appeared in the name of one of the feeblest and most priest-ridden of sovereigns, in which men and opinions pronounced orthodox by the Pope were declared heretical. Zosimus could not resist so powerful an opposition. He first issued a very ambiguous letter, in which, after a long and irrelevant exordium, on the authority of the Roman See, he states that those were mistaken who supposed that he had entirely adopted all the opinions of Cælestius. This was soon followed by his *Epistola Tractoria*, now lost, except a few fragments, in which, after a detailed exposition of the doctrine, he condemned those whom he had a few months before declared orthodox, a condemnation which he compelled all the Italian bishops to subscribe.

It is unfortunate for the memory of this Greek prelate, that history places in his immediate proximity one of the ablest and most magnificent of Roman ones. After the two short reigns of Boniface and Celestine, the unanimous suffrage of the priesthood and people of Rome placed upon the throne by far the ablest man of the age—Leo the Great. Nothing is known of the early years or private life of this great man, except that he was a Roman of Tuscan blood. He is one of those whom one can scarcely imagine in private life. No allusion to family relations—no sign of individual interests—no expression of tender feelings—no trait of human weakness—no utterance of subjective religion, appears in his history or his writings. He stands before us as a being made only to command. His letters are official documents; his sermons short matter-of-fact expositions of doctrine or of duty, delivered as by one who never felt a doubt of his own transcendent powers, or, as he himself expressed his magnificent self-confidence—of Peter who spoke and acted by him.\* Dr. Milman has well compared him to a Roman dictator, for he was full of the spirit of old Rome.

“Leo was a Roman in sentiment as in birth. All that survived of Rome, of her unbounded ambition, her inflexible perseverance, her

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\* “Cum ergo cohortationes nostras auribus vestrae sanctitatis adhibemus, ipsum (viz. Petrum) cujus vice fungimur, loqui credite; quia et illius vos affectu moneamus, et non aliud vobis quam quod docuit prædicamus.”—*Sermon on the Second Anniversary of his Accession*.

dignity in defeat, her haughtiness of language, her belief in her own eternity, and in her indefeasible title to universal dominion, her respect for traditionary and written law, and unchangeable custom, might seem concentrated in him alone . . . . . The haughtiness of the Roman might seem to predominate over the meekness of the Christian. Leo is indignant that slaves were promoted to the dignity of the sacerdotal office; not merely did he require the consent of the master, lest the Church should become a refuge for contumacious slaves, and the established rights of property be invaded, but the baseness of the slave brought discredit on the majesty of the priestly office.”—Vol. i. pp. 180, 181.

The other Roman bishops of the period seem to have been men of the same type as Leo, though none of them equal to him in power. It is not surprising that a Church administered by men filled with a grand idea of Roman greatness, and though zealous for Christianity, yet still more patriotic for Rome; trained in the school of Roman policy, and determined, in its commanding spirit, to bear down resistance and dissent, should raise the influence of the great institution, of which they formed a part, faster and more surely than the fervent and excitable, yet hasty and inconsistent orientals. The opposition was that of policy against cunning, forethought against precipitation, calmness against excitement, strength against weakness.

But the most interesting subject of inquiry, in the history of native Latin Christianity, is, as in every history, its inward life, the moral and religious condition of its people. For this we have to refer again to Dr. Milman's previous work, which contains several chapters that are absolutely necessary to render his present one complete. Two periods may be noted, divided by that most momentous revolution that Christianity has ever experienced—the conversion of Constantine. We may draw some very pleasing traits of the earlier period from the most ancient monuments in the catacombs. The following translation of a passage in M. d'Agincourt, is selected from Dr. Milman's earlier work, as a very beautiful representation of its most interesting feature :—

“ The catacombs destined for the sepulture of the primitive Christians, for a long time peopled with martyrs, ornamented during times of persecution, and under the dominion of melancholy thoughts and painful duties, nevertheless everywhere represent, in all the historic parts of these paintings, only what is noble and exalted, and in that which constitutes the purely decorative part only pleasing and graceful subjects—the images of the good shepherd, representations of the vintage, of *agape*, with pastoral scenes: the symbols are fruit, flowers, palms, crowns, lambs, doves; in a word, nothing but what excites emotions of joy, innocence, and charity. Entirely occupied with the celestial recompense which awaited them, after the trials of their

troubled life, and often of so dreadful a death, the Christians saw in death, and even in execution, only a way by which they arrived at their everlasting happiness; and far from associating with this image that of the tortures or privations which opened heaven before them, they took pleasure in enlivening it with smiling colours, or presented it under agreeable symbols, adorning it with flowers and vine leaves; for it is thus that the asylum of death appears to us in the Christian catacombs. There is no sign of mourning, no token of resentment, no expression of vengeance; all breathes softness, benevolence, charity.”\*

We believe that the daily danger and frequent martyrdoms mentioned in this extract are chiefly the creations of the pious fancy of the succeeding age, which loved the horrible as much as its predecessor did the happy and peaceful. The question respecting the frequency of martyrdom is an old one, and too long for discussion in this place; but we must express our belief that the Christians of Rome only suffered severely at three periods; the reigns of Nero, of Decius and Valerian, and, lastly, of Diocletian. At other times they enjoyed peaceful and happy lives, and the absence of expressions of suffering and records of martyrdom on their tombs, is the effect and token of their outward as well as inward peace. There is also to be observed on the most ancient monuments, which alone belong to this period, a remarkable absence of everything that we now call Romish: hardly any representations of Saints, or of the Virgin, or even of the Saviour, except in the symbolical form of a shepherd with a lamb; no allusion to enforced celibacy, or any of the ascetic notions of later times. And yet, along with this, there is a remarkable absence of distinctive Christian ideas, and very little appearance of Scriptural knowledge,—deficiencies which may perhaps be traced to the absence (already noticed) of public preaching, and may have rendered the introduction of Heathen ideas and practices in the succeeding age more easy. Even the Heathen ascription to the *Dii Manes* (D. M.) maintains its ground on many Christian tombstones, the meaning of the initials being very probably quite forgotten.† The sectaries of the middle ages, who used to brand Constantine's cotemporary, Pope Sylvester, with the name of Antichrist, showed no untrue appreciation of the greatness and evil of the change that took place in his day. Three foreign elements almost immediately entered the Church—the ideas and practices of Heathenism, the low and corrupt morals of the world, and, as a reaction from the latter, the ascetic morality of the East. The Church passed almost at one step from the close of her bitterest persecution to the height of power. The temptation was too strong for her, and the persecuted became at once a persecutor. It now

\* M. d'Agincourt *Histoire de l'Art*, in Milman. *Hist. of Christianity*, iii. 515.

† Maitland's *Church in the Catacombs*.

became the interest of the worldly and the wicked to adopt the name of Christian: those who came to ask for baptism were received with fatal facility; they brought their lusts and their ambition with them; and ere long the Church contained within herself the whole of that world that knows not God. Her bishoprics became splendid prizes; to which ambitious men aspired by bribery and violence: as early as 367 A.D., blood had been shed in the streets and churches of Rome, in a contested election for the bishopric. There is no vice of the present age, either in clergy or laity, that did not appear already in the Christians of Rome as painted by Jerome. This decay of morals, or rather introduction of Heathen morals into the Church, (for although the standard of morality within the Church declined, that of Rome as a whole was much elevated by the influence of Christianity,) prepared the way for the introduction of that exaggeration of Christian virtue, which is always most eagerly accepted by the better part of mankind when vice is rampant. When married life is corrupt, we hear the praises of virginity: when the tone of society is low, convents are filled with those who are weary and disgusted with the world: when riches are found only to minister to vice and luxury, noble minds fall in love with poverty. In this period Rome produced a group of female characters, which completed her cycle of extremes in virtue and vice. Her myths had told of a Lucretia, the model to generations of irreproachable matrons of wedded chastity, quietness, sobriety, and industry: her imperial times had produced a Messalina as the heroine of immeasurable vice: and now Christianity begot on her corrupted stock heroines of ascetic virginity and widowhood. She produced an Asella, who made herself a hermitage in Rome, where she lived in perfect solitude from her tenth year, clothed in sackcloth, fasting often for three or four days, and in Lent seven, and refusing even to see her virgin sister; and a Paula, who abandoned the children that God had given her in order to live under Jerome's direction a life of spiritual selfishness in a convent at Bethlehem; and an Eustochium, whose virgin heart the same father soothed with erotic meditations on a heavenly bridegroom. At the same period, the peaceful and joyful feelings that had distinguished the earlier Christians seem to have died away: and sanguinary martyrdoms become the tales most attractive to the popular mind. When multitudes of half-converted Pagans entered into the Church, it could not fail that they would bring Pagan ideas and customs with them. The sublime and fundamental truth of the unity of God receded. The self-same offices, the self-same place in the popular mind, the self-same acts of outward devotion, that had belonged to the inferior gods and heroes of the old faith, were transferred to the

saints of the new.\* Peter and Paul became the *Lares publici* of Rome, and their tombs were visited as that of Romulus had been before. Miracles were wrought in Christian churches as of old in Pagan temples: and votive tablets testified to the power of the virgin and the saints, as they had before to that of Apollo, or Æsculapius. It is not illiberal, nor ought any member of the Roman Church to be offended when we say, that the popular religion of Rome became, what it has ever since been, a Polytheism.† The position of the saints was indeed mediatorial, and their power derived; but such had also been those of the inferior deities of Heathenism. But it would be the height of illiberality were we to dissemble or deny how much higher and nobler was this new Polytheism, than the more ancient one. Though apotheosis had been borrowed from the Pagans, yet a higher, a Christian principle regulated its use. In former times fortitude and uprightness, and other civic virtues, caused men to be numbered among the gods.‡ Now, though mere tenacity of purpose in extremity of torture or peril still retained a value far beyond its due, and martyrdom was held to cover a multitude of sins, yet it could not invest men with the honours of divinity, unless combined with the fame and often the reality of holiness. Canonisation must ever be injurious to true Christian virtue; because it exalts those whose great qualities are displayed before the world above those whose good ones are known to God alone; and because it sets a prize of earthly ambition, although a posthumous one, before those who should be content with one in heaven; and it is also untrue, because it is a fallible judgment pronounced by men, who do not know the secrets of the heart, on a fact that none but the Searcher of the heart can

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\* Paulinus addresses his Saint Felix. "Qui lumine Christi, cuncta et operta vides, longeque absentia cernis. Positasque tuorum Ante tuos vultus animas vectare paterno Ne renuas gremio Domini fulgentis ad ora. Posce ovium grege nos statui . . . . Da currere mollibus undis, et famulis famulos a puppi suggere ventos."

† "Christ, in rising, raises his saints with Him to the right hand of power. They become instinct with His life, of one body with His flesh, sons, kings, gods. He is in them, because He is in human nature, and he communicates to them that nature *deified* by becoming His, that it may *deify* them."—*J. H. Newman's Essay on Development*, p. 402. He heads several pages *Deification of the Virgin Mary; Deification of the Saints*. Either this is a Polytheism, or the old Roman religion was none.

‡ Quæ Phœbo pater omnipotens, mihi Phœbus Apollo prædixit. Virg. *Æn.* iii. 251. Παρὰ τὸν προφήτην ἐστὶ Λοξίας Διός. *Æschl. Frag.*

Justum, ac tenacem propositi virum  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mente quatit solida, . . .

Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinae.  
*Hæc arte* Pollux, et vagus Hercules,  
Enisus arces attigit igneas.

know : but we must not deny that it filled the second Roman Pantheon with nobler gods and demigods than those of the best and most serious Paganisms. It is an irksome task to find faults in any, and gladly would we omit it in the case of the heroes of Papal Rome, if she were but content to ask us to admire them as good men, instead of worshipping them as gods. Then we might be blind to their faults, and speak of their virtues only. Even now we would only point out the one primal source of all their failings,—that while they loved God's moral law much, they loved the Church on earth—and thought that God loved it—more. Thus, when the two seemed opposed, the interest of the Church, and the keeping of the commandments, the former was preferred. When an Ambrose ventured to exhibit a false miracle, or a Leo poured forth his bitterness on feeble and harmless sectaries, or a Gregory flattered the evil deeds of a Phocas, perhaps even (it is possible) when a Hildebrand trampled on the fallen majesty of one of those powers who, his own theology taught, were ordained of God, they may have thought they did it “in majorem Dei gloriam.” And while we gladly acquit them of wilful wrong, we see the cause of their error in their sin of Church-idolatry. They knew indeed that God loved the lowly virtues of speaking truth, and loving mercy, and walking humbly before him ; but they thought that he loved still better a hierarchy of patriarchs, metropolitans, bishops, priests, and deacons, organized into a grand external unity, and bearing sway in the world. This was the source of their partial blindness and of endless other miseries to mankind.

With Gregory the Great, (A.D. 604,) the characteristic period of Latin Christianity ends.

It had, under the Roman empire, consolidated a form of government ; collected a code of laws ; accepted a system of abstract doctrine, the work of Orientals ; and embodied in its ecclesiastical life ideas, rites, and practices, the native growth of Italy. It now proceeded to impose these, in a mass, upon nations of other blood and differently constituted mind. It performed its task with that wonderful power of assimilation which equally characterized the elder and the younger Rome : yet, while it did so, it incorporated not a few of the national peculiarities of those whom it embraced ; and became, for the future, Germano-Latin rather than simply Latin Christianity. The pontificate of Gregory I. witnessed the beginning of a chain of events the end of which is still in the distant future. The foreign power conquered the Teutonic nations. It imbued them with a Christianity such as itself possessed,—the eternal religion of the Gospel, systematized by Greek theology, corrupted by



Italian superstitions, organized by Roman statesmanship, and administered by Roman policy. Long ages followed, in which these nations submitted to the yoke, and were educated, from generation to generation, in a system, much of which was foreign and artificial. At length their independent life gradually awakened, manifesting itself by efforts to draw by their own free thought, from the original documents of Christianity, doctrines which their own hearts recognised as the original truth, and practices congenial to their own minds and feelings ;—efforts at last resulting, in the sixteenth century, in a spontaneous and successful insurrection, yet never thoroughly successful, because met at every step, and in countless forms, and as much within their own heart as in the world around them, by the organizing and commanding spirit of old Rome. Remaining history chiefly informs us of the efforts of the Roman power to regain its ground,—efforts, strong in the strength of the old organization, still characteristically Roman, successful wherever the native Teutonic belief is dead or sleeping, but doomed to be swept away again whenever and wherever it revives. Our own age awaits the solution of the problem, whether the Teutonic mind be yet free enough from the chains in which Gregory and his successors bound it, to reject, *in toto*, the binding authority so long asserted by Greek theology and Roman organization, and to accept of each only so much as accords with the simplicity and truth of Christianity in its origin, and preserves unimpaired that freedom of religious thought and action which is the birthright of man, and the dearest possession of the German and the Englishman.

We must, before we close our review, see Latin Christianity start on its enterprise of conquest. Its first expedition was to England ; and its first victory in our island was the key to all the rest. Dr. Milman furnishes us with no information as to the reasons that induced that very pious but very politic man, Gregory the First, to pass over the nearer Germany, the Pagan tribes who still possessed the whole eastern bank of the Rhine, and even the northern declivity of the Alps in Switzerland and the Tyrol, and direct his expedition in preference to the shores of distant England. With his usual feeling for the poetical, he admits into his history, as the determining cause of Gregory's enterprise, Bede's pleasing story of the Anglo-Saxon children in the slave-market at Rome. We fear that this story, with all its picturesqueness, and its three beautiful puns, which every one of us has known and loved from childhood, must take its place, not among accredited historical facts, but among edifying religious fictions ;—in which latter capacity may it live for ever ! Bede only relates it as an *opinio majorum* current in England, without in the least vouching for its truth. Gregory's



undoubted piety would naturally have impelled him to seek the conversion of the heathen ;—but no Roman ecclesiastic was ever free from views of policy ; and it is in considerations of policy, that we must seek the cause of the particular direction taken by his enterprise.

There were already in the British islands two things, which have ever been to Roman bishops far greater eye-sores than any Pagan nation,—two free national churches, in doctrine, in practice, and in feeling, dissentient from and independent of Rome. The Church of Wales had no correspondence with Rome at all : that of Ireland, in all its intercourse, maintained a dignified but respectful independence. Moreover, this poor and distant Irish Church preserved more learning within the walls of its monasteries than any church of Christendom, and was the only one in that age that shewed real signs of vigorous spontaneous life. More than fifty years before, an expedition had sailed from Bangor on the Lough of Belfast, which had founded a missionary settlement in Iona, and carried Christianity to the Scots of the mainland. National antipathy towards the Saxon, as strong in the sixth as in the nineteenth century, had diverted their zeal from England ; but about the time of Gregory's accession, a body of stern and fiery Irishman, who refused to keep Easter and shave their heads in the Roman fashion, had landed in France, acquired great influence in the courts of its several kingdoms, and were already pushing their missionary enterprises deep into the forests of Alsace. The Roman would have been no Roman, and the Pope no Pope, had he not been anxious to conquer or to quell these motions of independent life.

In the last years of the sixth century, Christendom saw for the first time a Latin missionary enterprise. The Latin mission is one of the most characteristic features of the form of Christianity which now occupies our thoughts, and must be shortly described. It was not a body of men who went forth because they had a word of good tidings, and their heart was hot within them till it was spoken : nor was it one that trusted to the force of that word alone, and so cared only to speak it clearly, and let it work its own work upon the heart. Such had been the first Apostles ; and such were the simple monks of Ireland : but such was not the Latin mission. It was an organized enterprise, originated and directed by a central executive ; it was furnished, not only with the shield of faith, and the sword of the spirit, but also with a very diversified *matériel-de-guerre* of an external kind,—crosses, vestments, pictures, vessels, music ; and its members were instructed in the art of employing all these paraphernalia so as to work most effectually on the mind. Augustine was but a laggard missionary ; he had been ready to

abandon his enterprise, at the mere rumour of danger, before he had lost sight of the sunny shores of the Mediterranean : but he and his companions were well skilled in marshalling the religious procession, in directing the choir, and combining the effect of painting, sculpture, music, and histrionic gesture in an imposing dramatic arrangement of the scenes and acts of worship, and in the use of those ascetic observances, made known but not displayed, which astonish and awe the sensual barbarian. The common-sense of the Anglo-Saxon was curiously displayed when he refused to meet them except in the open air : he may have known, as well as we, that it is easier to produce a false effect within the four walls of a building, than beneath the free air of heaven. He thought upon the tidings that they brought ; and we have a right to believe, that it was not the dramatic scene, but the true gospel, that at last conquered him. We insert Dr. Milman's description,—

“ Augustine and his followers met the king with all the pomp which they could command, with a crucifix of silver in the van of their procession, a picture of the Redeemer borne aloft, and chanting their litanies for the salvation of the king and of his people. ‘ Your words and offers,’ replied the king, ‘ are fair ; but they are new to me, and, as yet, unproved. I cannot abandon at once the faith of my Anglian ancestors.’ But the missionaries were entertained with courteous hospitality. Their severely monastic lives, their constant prayers, fastings, and vigils, with their confident demeanour, impressed more and more favourably the barbaric mind. Rumour attributed to them many miracles ; before long the King of Kent was an avowed convert ; his example was followed by many of his noblest subjects. No compulsion was used, but it was manifest that the royal favour inclined to those who received the royal faith. . . . The Pope already contemplated the complete spiritual conquest of the island, and anticipated a second metropolitan see at York. Each metropolitan was to preside in his province over twelve bishops. . . . On the more delicate question as to the course to be pursued in the conversion of the Pagans, whether that of a rigid uncompromising condemnation of idolatry with all its feelings and usages, or the gentler though somewhat temporizing plan of imbuing such of the heathen usages, as might be allowed to remain, with a Christian spirit, appropriating heathen temples to Christian worship, and substituting the saints of the church for the deities of the heathen—was it settled policy, or more matured reflection, which led the Pope to devolve the more odious duty, the total abolition of idolatry, with all its practices, upon the temporal power, the barbarian king, while it permitted the milder and more winning course to the clergy, the protection of the hallowed places and usages of the heathen from insult, by consecrating them to holier uses ? To Ethelbert, the Pope writes, enjoining him, in the most solemn manner, to use every means

of force, as well as persuasion, to convert his subjects, utterly to destroy their temples, to shew no toleration to those who adhere to their idolatrous rites. This he urges by the manifest terrors of the Last Day, already darkening around; and by which, believing no doubt his own words, he labours to work on the timid faith of the barbarian. To Mellitus, now bishop of London, on the other hand, he enjoins great respect for the sacred places of the heathen, forbids their demolition; he only commands them to be cleared of their idols, to be purified by holy water for the services of Christianity; new altars are to be set up, and relics enshrined in the precincts. Even the sacrifices were to be continued under another name. The oxen which the heathen used to immolate to their gods were to be brought in procession on holy days; the huts or tents of boughs, which used to be built for the assembling worshippers, were still to be set up, the oxen slain and eaten in honour of the Christian festival: and thus these outward rejoicings were to train an ignorant people to the perception of true Christian joys."—Vol. ii. pp. 57-60.

Such was the genuine Latin mission. Our readers will have no difficulty in recalling the strong contrast presented by the apostolic ones: but, in order to present a cotemporary contrast, we will borrow from Bede his description of the missionary work of *Ædan*, one of the most noted of the Irish monks.

"He used to go in all directions through the towns and country places, not on horseback, but on foot, unless some unusual need perchance constrained him. Wherever, as he walked, he saw any either rich or poor, immediately he turned aside to them, and, if they were unbelievers, he invited them to receive the sacrament of baptism; or, if they were already believers, his custom was to strengthen them in the faith, and to stir them up by words and deeds to alms-giving and good works. So much did his life differ from the negligence of our times, that all who travelled with him, whether shaven or laymen, were obliged to meditate; that is, to employ themselves either in reading the Scriptures or in learning psalms. . . . And if it ever came to pass, which indeed was very seldom, that he was bidden to the king's feast, he came in with one clerk only, or at most two; and when he had spent a very little while in taking refreshment, he made all the greater haste to read with his companions or to pray. . . . If rich men had committed a fault, he never held his peace for reverence or fear of them, but corrected them with a sharp rebuke. . . . Of how great moderation, and of how sober a mind, he and his successors were, was proved by the house over which they had been superiors, where were found after their departure, saving only the church, the smallest buildings that might be; so small, indeed, that their needful dealings with the world could not be done in any smaller. . . . So wholly were they chastened from the plague of covetousness, that none would receive lands or possessions for the building of monasteries, unless compelled by the great men of the world."

It is one of the most singular facts of history, that these Irishmen, who were converting England and Germany, in their own plain and simple way, without connexion with Rome, or any hierarchical pretensions, were driven from all their missionary settlements by Romanized Englishmen, Wilfrid and Boniface. The first motions of native Irish religious life were independent, and sometimes decidedly antipapal; while Rome was a sacred city and a mother of the faith to the first Christian Englishmen. While England received from Rome her first lessons of Christianity, and is so far her debtor, Ireland has only received from her religious and political servitude. A bull of Pope Adrian presented her to Henry II., and laid the foundation of all her miseries. Yet now Ireland is the heartiest friend, England the heartiest enemy of the Papacy. Irish and English missionaries still confront each other all over the world, but the sides are changed: the Irish are fighting for the authority of Rome, the English for the supremacy of the Bible, and for religious liberty.

The effect of this conquest of England was to bestow on Latin Christianity the quality in which itself was wanting—a spirit of missionary enterprise. In the next great missionary, Boniface, we find Teutonic enterprise and perseverance, inspired by Celtic fervour, united in subject alliance with the organization and discipline of Rome. That fervid zeal which had inspired the Irishmen, Columba, Columban, and Ædan, spread by direct contact to the less excitable, yet more persevering Anglo-Saxons—to Willibrord and Boniface. It found in them a spirit of daring enterprise, derived from those sea-robbers from whose stock they sprung, who looked on the sea, not as a barrier, but a highway,—to whom the conflict of battle was a delight, and death in arms the proudest glory. This spirit, when inherited by men of profound religion, could not but become missionary zeal. But it found, besides, a deep sense of gratitude, and an admiring reverence, for Rome. Rome first laid her chain on Boniface, bound him by a most stringent oath of allegiance, and then sent him forth to win her subjects in the forests of Germany. He went forth at her bidding, an Anglo-Saxon in zeal, but a Roman in policy. He feared not to throw himself into the wilderness, among stubborn and treacherous savages, in real zeal for the good of their souls: he braved continually, and at last he suffered martyrdom: yet he knew also how to use adroitly the influence of princes; he scrupled not to sweep into the Church multitudes of half-converted heathens; he organized on the Roman model, and imposed on his churches the oath that he had himself taken of obedience to Rome: he quelled the independent, and persecuted the heretic in her domincering

spirit. This combination, of which he is the first example, was renewed afterwards in numberless individuals; and those, not only men of Teutonic origin, but natives of Spain, of France, and of Italy,—countries which Teutonic example and the infusion of Teutonic blood had filled with that spirit of enterprise, which, when led captive by Roman religion, formed the motive of mediæval pilgrimages and crusades, inspired no small part of the daring of Columbus and Cortez, and found its last, but not its feeblest embodiment in Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier.

We had hoped to have had room to trace the influence of these Latin and Teutonic elements—the Roman organization and the fresh Teutonic blood—on the doctrine and practice of the Western Church, and especially on its mightiest instrument of power—the monastic orders. But our limits are already exceeded: and we must defer the more detailed treatment of these subjects until the appearance of the next instalment of Dr. Milman's work. We will only point out at present the leading characteristics of each. In Latin Christendom doctrine has generally been kept subordinate to practice: the interesting questions of debate have been not what was to be believed, but what was to be done. The East debated for five centuries, and exhausted, to the most subtle shade of difference, the nature of the Godhead, and the manner of its union with the manhood in the person of Christ. Latin Christendom never originated a question of this kind, seldom listened to them with interest, often failed of appreciating their subtleties, yet in the end, judging without passion, and therefore with judge-like impartiality, most frequently decided right. It turned its more practical mind to practical questions: some trifling ones, such as would in ancient days have been referred to the College of the Pontifices;—the time of Easter; the shape of the tonsure; the manner of divine service; the fasts to be imposed on the people: and some more important ones, such as the merit of virginity, the restrictions to be placed on the marriage of the clergy, the mode of reconciling the penitent, the degree of reverence to be paid to the Saints. Even the one great Latin speculative question was, at the same time, deeply practical. From Pelagius and Augustine to our own age, and perhaps for many an age to come, religious men will ask with profound anxiety, If God be all-powerful, how can I be free? If I am free, as free I seem to be, how is it true that without him I can do nothing? Must I move myself? or wait until he moves me? This is speculation to satisfy a practical want, not to feed the curiosity of the mind.

Monasticism has had a strange destiny. It has cultivated forests, preserved literature, even made discoveries in science. It has produced teachers, preachers, scholars, statesmen, soldiers.

The most ardent missionaries and the most ruthless inquisitors have come out of its convents. It has been the most powerful engine ever set to work upon the world. Yet its first votaries, who sowed the little seed from which this great tree has grown, had no other idea than to leave the world entirely and for ever. Such was Antony: and such have been all its oriental disciples, as much the monks of Athos at this day, as those of Nitria in that of Athanasius. This original idea was retained for many centuries by Latin Christianity also. It was simply the desire to leave the world that led Benedict of Nursia, and Stephen Harding, and Bernard of Clairvaux into a convent. Even the organization of monks into an order, with subject monasteries, and a gradation of officers, all under a single general—the form in which they became, in after years, the regiments of the Pope's army—is no Latin invention. It was anticipated in the East by the Egyptian monk Pachomius. Latin monks, being sprung from more active races, did more work than oriental ones, but we do not see that, in the ages that preceded Francis of Assisi and Dominic, the Latin convent displayed, either in discipline or in employment, any essential difference from the oriental one. The great distinction between early Greek and Latin monasticism appears to be, that while Eastern Christendom was never able (if it attempted) to regulate the relations of the monastic bodies to the central ecclesiastical government, and so let them grow up into an independent power and a dangerous rival,—the organizing spirit of Rome assigned to them their place in the great system, and kept them in it by the strong hand of discipline. Sometimes their corporate spirit was too strong for its iron grasp: and even Jesuits have rebelled; but in general they have proved its most devoted subjects. We believe that the great diversion of monastic zeal from self-culture to work in the world, which is indeed characteristic of the West,—but of the Germano-Latin, not the purely Latin, West, and took place involuntarily in Francis of Assisi, and with well-considered purpose in Dominic, was caused by the same universal longing for religious enterprise, which had sent pilgrims and crusaders to the Holy Land. But this point lies beyond the limit of Dr. Milman's present work: and we cannot enter into it now, although we hope to return to it hereafter.

We take leave with regret of this first instalment of a very able and valuable work. We have already mentioned two defects that we think we have discovered in it: these only affect the plan; and are such as could be easily supplied. In other respects, it leaves us little to desire: and we feel it to be a credit both to the author, and to the country, as well as to the too



barren soil of English Cathedral establishments. Dr. Milman has many of the qualities of a great historian, and stands in the foremost rank among modern writers of Church history. In the fundamental point of all, truth of statement, founded on careful research and honest judgment, he has entirely satisfied us. In the process of investigation he is always anxious and patient, and in forming his judgments candid and impartial: often have we noticed him suppressing his verdict, where his convictions were carrying it in favour of the side towards which his sympathies inclined. His study of the times which he describes has been complete: no original source seems to have escaped the very wide range of his reading: and the opinions of modern writers, especially those of Germany, have been duly weighed, and where necessary noticed. And to this careful research and honest judgment he adds that poetic liveliness of imagination which makes each man and each period live as they pass before us. Some of his characters are beautifully drawn, and have been evidently considered, not only with the inquisitive interest of the student of human nature, but with the sympathy of an intimate acquaintance, and the charity of a Christian brother. Only in his more general views of history, while we still find much to praise, we find something to except against. Belonging, in general tone of mind, to that school which friends call liberal, and enemies latitudinarian, he attaches little importance to the minuter variations of theological opinion; and though he can appreciate in an Athanasius the heroism that can suffer and die even for a self-invented theological phrase, when deemed to embody truth, yet it is evident that the heroes of controversy have not his sympathy, and that he hates with all his heart the "*odium theologicum*." The same liberal or latitudinarian spirit is extended to differences of practice; and thus we sometimes feel inclined to ask, with reference both to doctrine and to practice, What does the author himself think right? and what true? He seems too apt to judge both with reference rather to the effect that they have produced on the world, than to the relation which they bear to abstract truth and right: so that the reader is tempted to doubt whether he thinks that there is a right and a truth at all. For example, while the papal power appears to him to be founded on error, and he is even one of those who think that its mythic founder, the Apostle of the circumcision, never visited its local seat in the chief city of the uncircumcised; yet he thinks, that "on the rise of such a power, both controlling and conservative, hung, humanly speaking, the life and death of Christianity,—of Christianity as a permanent, aggressive, expansive, and, to a certain extent, uniform system;" that "it is impossible to conceive what had been the



lawlessness, the chaotic state of the middle ages, without the mediæval Papacy ;" in a word, that the very existence of what we believe to be eternal truth depended for many ages on the establishment and continuance of a fiction. Again, he believes the mythology of the middle ages to have been "a vast system moulded together out of the natural instincts of man, the undying reminiscences of all the old religions, the Jewish, the Pagan, and the Teutonic, with the few and indistinct glimpses of the invisible world and the future state of being in the New Testament ;" which he admires and defends, yet not for its truth, but for "its uses, its importance, and its significance in the history of man." Once more, the opposition of Berengar of Tours to Paschasius Radbert's doctrine of transubstantiation seems to him no revolt against the truth ; yet he thinks that, had it been successful, "it would have *prematurely* undermined in the hearts of men the greatest of those influences by which the hierarchy had swayed the world, and might have led, *long before Christendom was ripe for a more spiritual and intellectual religion*, to a fatal disturbance of the traditional and dominant faith." Does this mean that simple truth is fitted for the civilized only, and that error is the truth of the barbarian ?—that the overthrow of error and the introduction of spiritual religion can ever be premature ? If so, we must enter our protest against such philosophy.

We do so all the more earnestly, because men are not content with employing it in their reflections on the past, but apply the same principles to their conduct in the present, and their anticipations of the future. We have philosophic historians, and learned theologians, and even right reverend bishops, who no longer tell us that their doctrines are true, and must be held whatever comes, but that they are necessary for the wellbeing of times like ours. Nothing can maintain order, (they say :) nothing support the state : nothing can perpetuate this or that religious society : nothing can stave off revolution or unbelief ; but a general acceptance of this or that or the other doctrine : they are necessary, whether they be true or not. This way of judging the present and the future, together with the course of conduct to which it leads, is encouraged by a philosophy, like that of Dr. Milman, which supposes that there are periods in history to which error has been necessary and valuable. But the principle is false when applied to the past, and still more so when directed towards the future. Man has sufficient faculties for discerning what is right and true ; but not sufficient for appreciating all the wants of his time, still less for forecasting the requirements of the future. That doctrine only is necessary for the individual and necessary for the age which the individual or the age, with its whole heart, believes.

ART. IV.—*The Philosophy of the Infinite: with Special Reference to the Theories of Sir William Hamilton and M. Cousin.* By HENRY CALDERWOOD. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. 1854.

CAN GOD be known by man?—If a *negative* answer must be returned to this question, our deepest feelings are, it seems, founded on illusion, and human regard should be contracted within the limits of this earthly life. Religious belief cannot be originated when its nominal object is wholly unknown; and all the words which express what is called theological knowledge should be excluded from language as unmeaning sound. We cannot obtain such knowledge either naturally or supernaturally. Can a Being in any sense be “revealed” who is absolutely incognisable? Is not the revelation impossible, or at least incapable of being attested by evidence?—But if this result is at variance with our moral aspirations, and even with the necessities of reason, an *affirmative* reply seems on the other hand involved in inextricable intellectual difficulties. How can the infinite God be in any way an object of our thoughts? To conceive an object is in some sense to define it. Definition implies limitation, and an infinite object cannot be limited. Moreover, the unlimited Being is not only an inconceivable Being. His very existence does not logically consist with the existence of any other being besides. In every act of knowledge I must distinguish myself from the object known by me. Every object that exists must therefore be either limited, by the subtraction from it of my finite being, or, as infinite, must absorb me and all the universe into itself. An infinite Being, existing in plurality—as One among many, seems an express contradiction, while the only logical solution of the difficulty lands us in the doctrine of Spinoza. Atheism or Pantheism are thus the only alternatives, when the response to our question is logically weighed.

The mental habits of the majority of mankind permit them to evade the horns of this dilemma. The unreflecting multitude are not disturbed by the intellectual horn; the decay of religious belief unhappily relieves some acute reasoners from the pressure of the other. But is the *harmonious* development of religious faith and speculative reason impossible? Neither scepticism on the one hand, nor fanaticism on the other, can silence this question. Faith in God has, in all ages, been the stay of men. But the history of mankind also proves, that subtle speculation has more than once withdrawn the object of that faith from the reason, and therefore from the hearts of thoughtful men. In

modern times, Spinoza\* has directed a remorseless logic to the problem of the universe. The mind of Europe, especially of Germany, has been influenced by similar trains of reasoning within the last half century, in a manner which ought to satisfy the guides of theological belief, that the dilemma now referred to may be a serious obstruction either to the religious or to the intellectual life of some. The condition of mind occasioned by the discussion of Theism, after this fashion, has so much affected even our own insular habits of thought, that some form of the dilemma is, at the present day, the chief force which draws grave and earnest persons among us into the metaphysical arena. They want to have the contradictions which reasoning has accumulated on their course of religious faith removed,—and that not by the dishonest process of shutting their eyes to them, but by the manly and candid one of thinking more deeply.

A motive of this sort has at least given birth to the work now before us. It is the latest, and a significant addition to our Scottish speculative literature. The author has betaken himself to that highest part of the metaphysical field which our earlier Scottish philosophers had not overtaken, and into which our living ones have now advanced. This small volume represents the fact, that Scottish metaphysicians of this generation are investigating a more comprehensive question than that which busied their predecessors, in the last and early part of the present century. Here a word of explanation may be appropriate.

METAPHYSIC is the study of Reason† in its ultimate relations

\* See the *Ethics* of Spinoza. Part I. The force of Spinoza's reasoning depends upon the assumption implied in his definition of the word "Substance," (i.e., *id quod in se est et per se concipitur; hoc est id, cujus conceptus non indiget conceptu alterius rei, a quo formari debeat*), joined to his definition of the word "God." Hence, "*una substantia non potest produci ab alia substantia*, (Prop. VI.) *Omnis substantia est necessario infinita*, (Prop. VIII.), and *PRAETER DEUM NULLA DARI NEQUE CONCIPI POTEST SUBSTANTIA*, (Prop. XIV.) The *First Part* of the *Ethics* should be studied by philosophical theologians, as an illustration of the consequences of assuming that the logical faculty of man is coextensive with Being, and able to solve the problem of unconditioned existence. We can here only name the *Refutation de Spinoza par Leibnitz*, just published for the first time from the Hanoverian MSS., by an accomplished French scholar, M. Foucher de Careil, (Paris, 1854,)—the most interesting recent addition to our continental literature of philosophy. The real significance of the theology of Spinoza is the great metaphysical question of this age. For an account of this singular recluse, see his *Life* by John Colerus, minister of the Lutheran Church at the Hague.

† Reason, i.e., the power by which we distinguish objective reality from illusion—must not be confused with Reasoning, which is the chief modification of Reason in its logical and scientific function. In "perception" and "self-consciousness" Reason recognises Matter and our own Personality as real. Whether the Infinite and Divine Being be an object of Reason, is the debated question referred to in this article. In this highest aspect Reason may be termed Faith, or the Reason *par excellence*.

to Being. (Metaphysics and Logic are the two cognate departments of intellectual philosophy, or the theory of human knowledge. The metaphysician views knowledge in relation to *transcending existence*; and thus as a collection of beliefs; the logician as *pure thought*, and therefore without respect to real objects.—The less abstract part of metaphysic is an investigation of the origin, limits, and certainty of our knowledge of the *material* world. The higher metaphysic contemplates the foundation and nature of *theological* knowledge, the relation of creation and human personality to the Being and Government of God, and the problem of existence viewed as an all comprehensive unity.) The Scottish votaries of this study were at first attracted to the material world, and the relation of reason to *finite* beings. Is *matter*, they inquired, an object of human knowledge and thought? We all know the Scottish perseverance and sagacity which Reid and his associates devoted to this question. The problem regarding the *infinite* Being Reid declined, even in the form in which it was proposed by Dr. Samuel Clarke.\* The “decay of Natural Theology in England,” with which Leibnitz reproaches Clarke in the opening sentence of their famous Correspondence, might with more justice be addressed to Scotland,† whose men of thought have not until now devoted themselves to a part of metaphysics that brought honour to England in the golden age of its purely speculative literature—the half century which followed the publication of Locke’s Essay (1690-1740)—which witnessed the controversies of Locke with Stillingfleet—of Clarke with Butler, and of Clarke with Leibnitz—and their reverberations in the writings of Collins and Law, Joseph Clarke and Jackson.

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\* See Reid’s *Essays on the Intellectual Powers*, iii. 3.

† We cannot find a text book of Metaphysics in the whole range of Scottish literature. Reid’s speculations on *matter*,—scattered throughout his philosophical works, include nearly all that our country produced in the early period of Scottish metaphysics. Natural or Rational Theology, as the higher branch of Metaphysics, is almost unknown in Scotland—a very different study having usurped the name. Not to speak of Hutcheson, another predecessor of Reid,—Andrew Baxter, in his *Enquiry into the nature of the Human Soul*, has pushed these researches, in some respects, into higher departments than either Reid or his successors. The *Enquiry* contains some interesting speculations on Time and Space, and bears marks of the influence of Clarke, and the school of English metaphysics which followed the publication of Locke’s Essay.—Hume has discussed Time and Space, and especially Causation, in his earlier work, and also in his *Essays*, while his speculations on Natural Theology suggest some of the profoundest questions that have ever been raised in the higher Metaphysics.

In defect of a work of native origin, we may name the excellent translation of the *Meditations, and selections from the Principles of Philosophy* of Des Cartes, (Edinburgh, Sutherland and Knox, 1852,) as perhaps the most convenient manual of introduction to Metaphysics to which the student can be referred.

In these circumstances, we welcome the appearance of this able essay, on a theme so interesting to every elevated mind. We augur good results from the application of Scottish genius to a class of questions which have been too much abandoned to the bigoted adherents of a sect of foreign metaphysicians. Mr. Calderwood expatiates over this high region, whose character and main outlines are well indicated in the headings of his chapters. As a symptom of the fact, that thoughtful persons at the present day are engaged in the same quarter, his volume might be styled a "representative" book. It is the reverse of representative, however, in the sense of servile discipleship. It is the most independent metaphysical essay we have read for a long time, and this freedom is united to an acuteness which justifies high expectations from the future efforts of a writer, who, in this his first work, has done so well. The work is not, indeed, conspicuous for literary art, nor as a record of very extensive philosophical reading; but it possesses perspicuity, which is the essential attribute of a philosophical style, and moreover unites clearness with condensation,—a quality not to be overlooked in a department of literature in which the bulk of a book is too often in the inverse ratio of its intellectual weight. The volume reveals a Scottish student of metaphysics, manfully addressing himself, in the experimental fashion, to the most exalted problem which can engage the human mind.

The *Philosophy of the Infinite* is associated with the chief metaphysical controversy of our time. We shall first of all endeavour to explain the opposite conclusions in this controversy, with some of the reasonings by which they are respectively maintained.

The highest question in the theory of human knowledge has, within the present generation, been discussed by the two chief living representatives of philosophy in Scotland and France:—Is the problem of Being, as an all-comprehensive unity, capable of scientific solution or not? can the nature of God, and the relation of creation to the Divine Being, be explained?—M. Cousin professes to solve this difficulty. He studies thought and knowledge experimentally. He thinks he has discovered two ideas, which, as relative and correlative, imply each other. There are *finite* thoughts, illustrated in all the phenomena of the mental and material world; and each of these necessarily suggests an *Infinite* Being,—for correlatives imply each the other. Try the mental experiment, he would say, and you will find that you *cannot* exclude either *finite objects* or *the Infinite* from your knowledge. They are the very elements of Reason; and, as they cannot be expelled, they belong not to your

reason nor to mine, but to the universal reason—to the very nature of things. In knowing them we virtually participate in the Divine Reason; and discern the elements of Being, as all intelligence, created and Divine, *must* discern them. This correlation of Finite and Infinite is necessary to all intelligence, as such. It follows that the relation of God to creation—of the Infinite to the finite—is essentially comprehensible. Not merely is creation possible, but it is necessary; inasmuch as finite beings, and the Infinite Being, are inseparable elements of all knowledge and all existence. This solution of our problem is proposed by the French metaphysician, as a compromise between the Transcendentalism of Germany,—which rejects experiment as an organ for removing the mysteries of knowledge, and what we may call the Descendentalism of his French predecessors,—who rejected as illusory all knowledge that cannot be explained by means of the finite objects of sense.\*

Sir William Hamilton, on the contrary, regards the problem as insoluble, and holds that M. Cousin's two elements of knowledge are both, as plural, only finite—an indefinitely great finite Being on the one hand, and an indefinite number of small finite beings on the other. Reasoning like the following is directed by our Scottish philosopher against the position which M. Cousin professes to have secured.—Every act of knowing, of which man is the subject, is an act in which the object known must be distinguished from him who knows, and as such it is limited by him. Thus the Infinite, so far as we are concerned, *becomes finite in the act becoming known*. It is only in a negative sense that M. Cousin's assertion of an infinite object, as well as finite objects in knowledge, can hold good. Finite implies infinite, merely in the same way as the presence of any object suggests its absence—for the science of contradictories is one. Is it said that the Infinite, alleged to be an object of our thoughts, is more than a mere negation of this sort? Put the assertion to the test of a mental experiment. Your alleged Infinite must, by the logical law of contradiction, be either *a whole* or *not a whole*. Try to realize either of these, *i.e.*, either an object so large that it can be no larger, or an object that is infinite. These are the only possible ways of logically reaching what is not finite. But in *both* of them we find a bar to our progress, when we make the attempt. Both are alike to us inconceivable. We can only oscillate between them. Call the one Absolute

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\* Mr. Wright's translation of Cousin's Lectures on *The True, the Beautiful, and the Good*, (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1854,) may be mentioned as the best English introduction to the speculations of a philosopher and educational leader of whom France has so much reason to be proud.—The theory of M. Cousin should be compared with the theory of Des Cartes.



and the other Infinite, and we have given names to the two, and only two, possible ways in which we may weary ourselves in trying to realize an object that is *not* finite. On the whole, aught beyond the finite is "incognisable and inconceivable." God, as not finite, cannot be known. "The last and highest consecration of all true religion must be, an altar *To the unknown and unknowable God.*"

So far the controversy which has introduced this problem to our Scottish metaphysicians and theologians. Mr. Morell, a popular interpreter of so many philosophical systems, evades the discussion of it with a slight allusion to the rival systems of the French and Scottish philosophers. "We freely confess," he adds, "that we are not yet prepared to combat, step by step, the weighty arguments by which the Scottish metaphysician seeks to establish the negative character of this great fundamental conception; neither, on the other hand, are we prepared to admit his inference. We cannot divest our minds of the belief, that there is something *positive* in the glance which the human mind casts upon the world of eternity and infinity. Whether we rise to the contemplation of the Absolute through the medium of the true, the beautiful, or the good, we cannot imagine that our highest conceptions of these terminate in darkness—in a total negation of all knowledge. So far from this there seem to be flashes of light, ineffable it may be, but still real, which envelop the soul in a lustre all divine, when it catches glimpses of *infinite* truth, *infinite* beauty, and *infinite* excellence. The mind, instead of plunging into a total eclipse of all intellection, when it rises to this elevation, seems rather to be dazzled by a too great effulgence; yet still the light is real light, although, to any but the strongest vision, the effect may be to *blind* rather than to illumine."\* Mr. Calderwood more manfully applies logic and not rhetoric to the controversy. According to Aristotle,† it is just to vote our thanks, not only "to those whose researches yield conclusions which accord with our own, but also to those who seem to reason less adequately,—for they contribute something, even if they only exercise our speculative habit." We believe that more than this is due to Mr. Calderwood, dissenting as we do from some of his criticisms and inferences, and even of his premises. With some important modifications, he adheres on the whole to the opinion of the French metaphysician; and endeavours to meet in detail the arguments by which Sir W. Hamilton maintains, that only finite objects can be known. In his own opening words,—

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\* *History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 504.

† *Metaphysics*, b. ii. 1.



“The work now presented to the public is intended as an illustration and defence of the proposition—that man has a positive conception of the Infinite. It is an attempt, by a careful analysis of consciousness, to prove that man does possess a notion of an Infinite Being; and, since such is the case, to ascertain the peculiar nature of the conception, and the particular relations by which it is found to arise.”

The author's view of the result of his investigation is thus condensed on one of the closing pages of the Essay:—

- “1. Man does realize a positive notion of the Infinite.
- “2. This notion of the Infinite is not realized by any course of addition or progression (either in space or time) which, starting from the finite, seeks to reach the infinite, and it is not the result of any logical demonstration.
- “3. This notion of the Infinite is in fact an *ultimate datum* of consciousness, involved in the constitution of the mind, and arising in various relations.
- “4. This notion of the Infinite, though real and positive, is only partial and indefinite, capable of enlargement, but not of perfection.”—P. 226.

To the second and third of these propositions we yield a qualified assent. Some of our objections to the first and last we shall indicate in the sequel. The pages which separate the two quotations we have made carry us towards objects which have always interested contemplative minds. We avail ourselves of the opportunity they afford for considering some of the relations of the great problem thus suggested. But we shall follow our own course, and our somewhat desultory reflections may pass for what they are worth, with those metaphysicians and divines who “go sounding on their dim and perilous way” among these high objects.

This question concerning the Infinite Being, though a novelty in Scotland, is no novelty in the history of human opinion. It has been debated for ages;—and when we compare the latest with earlier forms of the debate, we learn that mental toil has not been thus continuously expended wholly in vain. Every metaphysical work, out of Scotland, of any moment, contains much regarding God, and the highest relations of finite beings. The world's greatest philosophers represent theological contemplation as the highest exercise of reflection. As involved in this, the nature and limits of religious speculation have been disputed from age to age, while unsound judgment in regard to these limits is and has been the parent of numberless disputes besides. The possibility of a knowledge of God, and the nature of such knowledge, have been debated by heathen

philosophers and Christian fathers, by scholastic divines and modern continental metaphysicians. Those who seek for evidence of this may find it dispersed throughout the extant literature of ancient, mediæval and modern times; or they may turn to Cudworth, whose "Intellectual System" has been, like Bayle's Dictionary, the half-way house in which so many of the learned have found their learning.\*

But the question whether the Divine Being can be known by man is not new even among British debates. Not to refer to other instances, a hundred and twenty years ago it engaged two bishops† of the Irish Church. In the most elaborate part of the *Minute Philosopher* of Berkeley, the sceptical Lysicles professes to accept "an unknown subject of absolutely unknown attributes," as on the whole nearly as good as no God at all, while Crito and Euphranor contest the doctrine as an atheistic one:—

"You must know, then," says Lysicles, "that at bottom the being of a God is a point in itself of small consequence. The great point is, *what sense the word God is to be taken in*. I shall not be much disturbed though the name be retained, and the being of a God allowed in any sense but in that of a mind, which knows all things, and beholds human actions, like some judge or magistrate with infinite observation and intelligence. This I know was the opinion of our great Diagoras, who told me he would never have been at the pains to find out there was no God, if the received notion of God had been the same with that of some Fathers and Schoolmen. *Euph.* Pray, what was that? *Lys.* You must know Diagoras, a man of much reading and

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\* See the *Intellectual System*, (London, 1678,) *passim*, and especially, pp. 638-641, in which the Atheistic objection, "that there can be nothing infinite," is considered. Cudworth distinguishes the Absolute from the Infinite, and maintains, that "though we cannot fully comprehend the Deity, nor exhaust the *Infiniteness* of its perfection, we may yet have an idea of a Being *absolutely perfect*. . . . As we may approach near to a mountain, and touch it with our hands, though we cannot encompass it all round, and enclasp it within our hands."—This analogy of Cudworth fails, however, like every one drawn from finite objects. *A mountain is only finite*. There is thus no analogy between our imperfect grasp of an indefinitely great *finite* object, and our intellectual relation to the *Infinite* Being. Cudworth adds, that "whatsoever is in its own nature *absolutely inconceivable* is nothing; but not whatsoever is not *fully* comprehensible by our imperfect understanding."—Surely whatever is in no sense an object of our reason must be "nothing," as far as we are concerned; but it does not follow, that whatever cannot be an object of our logical conception or faculty of comparison, is also, and in like manner, "nothing."

† By the way, the nature of our knowledge of God, and the sufficiency of the *analogical* hypothesis to account for theological knowledge, have engaged not a little attention from the episcopal bench. Besides Berkeley and Brown, we have the names of two Archbishops of Dublin and three English prelates associated with these questions. We refer to Dr. King's Discourse on *The right Method of Interpreting Scripture, in what relates to the Nature of the Deity*, which has been edited, with notes, by Dr. Whately,—Copleston's *Enquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination*, pp. 115-141, &c.,—Hampden's Bampton Lectures,—and the metaphysical writings of Bishop Law, especially his "Notes" on Archbishop King's Essay on the *Origin of Evil*.

inquiry, had discovered, that once upon a time, the most profound and speculative divines, finding it impossible to reconcile the attributes of God, taken in the common sense, or in any known sense, with human reason and the appearance of things, taught that the words knowledge, wisdom, goodness, and such like, when spoken of the Deity, must be understood in a quite different sense from what they signify in the vulgar acceptation, or from anything that we can form a notion of or conceive. Hence, whatever objections might be made against the attributes of God they easily solved, by denying those attributes belonged to God, in this or that, or any known particular sense or notion; which was the same thing as to deny they belonged to him at all. . . . But all men who think must needs see this is cutting knots and not untying them. For how are things reconciled with the divine attributes, when these attributes themselves are in every intelligible sense denied; and, consequently, the very notion of God taken away, and nothing left but the name, *without any meaning annexed to it*. In short, the belief that there is an unknown subject of attributes, absolutely unknown, is a very innocent doctrine, which the acute Diagoras well saw, and was, therefore, wonderfully delighted with this system."\*

But the alleged heresy is defended with acuteness and learning in *The Divine Analogy*, a work which appeared almost contemporaneously with the *Minute Philosopher*. This ingenious treatise appeared in London in 1733. Its author, Peter Brown, Bishop of Cork and Ross, published a previous volume on the *Procedure, Extent, and Limits of the Human Understanding*. *The Divine Analogy* may be read in connexion with the subject of this article. It is an attempt to reconcile the possibility of theology with the principle that God is absolutely incognisable. The author refers to an array of passages in Heathen and Christian writers, which assert, in the strongest terms, the impossibility of any knowledge of the Divine Being.† He maintains, that it has been the catholic

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\* See *Berkeley's Works*, vol. ii. pp. 56-65.

† The hyperbolical language attributed to the Fathers hardly falls short of the monstrous paradox of Oken, which identifies God with Nothing. "We cannot," says Bishop Brown, "be said only to have *indistinct, confused, and imperfect* apprehensions of the true nature of God, and of his real attributes; but *none at all in any degree*. The true meaning of the word 'incomprehensible' is, that we have *no idea at all* of the real true nature of God. . . . The Fathers mean not that we cannot *fully* comprehend the true nature of God and his attributes, but that we are not capable of *any* direct or immediate apprehension of them. Agreeably to this, their common epithets for God are that he is *ὑπεράγνωςτος*, (*more than unknown*;) *ἀνύπαρκτος*, (*without existence*;) *ἀνούσιος*, (*without substance*;) and Dionysius asserts that the term *οὐσία* (*substance*) cannot properly be applied to God, who is *ὑπερσούσιος*, (*above all substance*;) *ἄνευς*, (*without mind or soul*.) And what is more remarkable, some of the ancients rejected even the word *perfection* as very improperly attributed to God; for this reason, that they apprehended that "He is beyond all bounds of perfection."—Pp. 63, &c. God, some Fathers were wont to say, is *nothing of the things which exist*, i.e., He cannot be included among the Beings of the universe.

opinion of theologians and philosophers, that we cannot know God and his attributes, even imperfectly, as they are in themselves; and that this catholic opinion is the sound one. The concluding chapter of the *Divine Analogy* is devoted to a criticism of the passages in the *Minute Philosopher*, from which the preceding extract has been taken.

It is interesting thus to connect the present with the past. But we are here concerned with the discussion in its present phase, and the volume by Mr. Calderwood presents many convenient positions for so contemplating it—one or two of which we shall now take the liberty to occupy.

The second and third chapters of the *Philosophy of the Infinite* are devoted to what some may perhaps regard as merely verbal criticism. It is indeed difficult so to connect these discussions about words, with the living current of human interest, that they shall not degenerate into pedantry, and degrade the thoughtful man into the sectarian metaphysician—that pillar-saint of literature. But an examination of these chapters may convince such persons that the study of words to which they might introduce the reader is for the most part of that higher kind, which requires at each step a mental experiment, and reflection on logical and metaphysical laws. In one of them a criticism of Sir W. Hamilton's favourite "contradictories"—the Absolute and the Infinite—conducts us through a course of meditative exercises upon infinity; and in the other, our intellectual relation to what is neither finite nor relative is analyzed, in reference to the applicability of the term "negative notion" to express the relation. The author refuses to recognise any other "Absolute" than an "Infinite-Absolute," and professes to agree "with philosophers generally" in the belief that there is only *one* existence that is *not* finite, relative, and dependent.

We do not think these chapters, however, the most satisfactory part of the book. Instead of recognising *two* unconditioned beings, the chief defect of Sir William Hamilton's theory is, that it hardly leaves room for the recognition of any. For what is the real tendency of his statements about an "infinite" and an "absolute?" Not that they are two contradictory *beings*, but rather two contradictory modes in one or other of which *thought* must transcend what is finite and relative,—if it can do so after a logical fashion, at all.—Is it affirmed that our intellect can take the measure of the all comprehensive unity of Being—that this problem of the universe can be solved by man—nay, that it has been solved by M. Cousin? Then let us try the experiment of conceiving the nameless One, whose relations we profess to define. There are just two ways in which the rules of logic

permit us to do so—the way of adding for ever, and the way of rising beyond all possibility of addition—the way of conceiving an infinite *not-whole*, and the way of conceiving an absolute *whole*. In neither of these ways can the veil which hides Being be removed. Thought cannot infinitely expand itself, and yet it cannot cease expanding. But there can be no third road out of the darkness. The understanding is thus confined, on account of its intellectual structure, between these extremes.—Now this is a logical, rather than a metaphysical experiment—an experiment upon the possibilities of human thought, and not a statement regarding objective existence. Mr. Calderwood has reversed this aspect, and has moreover attributed a distinction as old as Aristotle to Sir William Hamilton.

(Mr. Calderwood strenuously maintains that the Infinite is also Absolute, adding, that it is “obvious that the Infinite is perfect and whole.” “If anything,” he says, “be perfect or complete, the Infinite must; for if it were imperfect or incomplete, it would be no longer infinite. If anything be total the Infinite must, for if there were any want in its totality it would cease to exist.”—(P. 29.) And yet he adopts Aristotle’s definition of the Infinite—*οὐ αἰεί τι ἔξω ἐστὶ*. (That of which there is *always* something beyond.) But in the very passage which contains the definition, Aristotle carefully distinguishes from the Infinite the Absolute or Perfect—*οὐ δὲ μηδὲν ἔξω, τοῦτ’ ἐστὶ τέλειον καὶ ὅλον*. (That of which there is *nothing* beyond.\*) We are at a loss how to reconcile this discrepancy in Mr. Calderwood, (in so critical a part of the question in debate.

But is the darkness, then, impenetrable? Can we know *only* the finite objects of this transitory world? When we speak of the Infinite Being are we only “darkening counsel by words without knowledge?” In the cave of Plato, a world beyond is at least dimly and figuratively recognised. And all the great Platonic minds have aspired—but not through perception and logical intelligence—to the perfect and unchangeable, as the only reality, surrounded as we are by the passing shadows of sense. Cousin, however, boldly proclaims, that this higher world is discerned through the understanding, clearly enough to reveal the relations of this finite universe to the Infinite, and thus to

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\* See the whole discussion concerning the Infinite (*τὸ ἄπειρον*) in Aristotle’s *Physics*, (lib. iii. ch. 4-13.)—See also Locke’s *Essay*, (b. ii. ch. 17)—where he maintains that we have only a “negative” notion of infinity, and compare the same with the corresponding passages in the *Nouveaux Essais* of Leibnitz and Cousin’s *Lectures on Locke*. Curious readers may trace the hypothesis of *negative* notions of the human mind, and also the distinction between the *infinite* and the *absolute* or *perfect*, through a long period in the history of philosophy.

give a foundation for reasonings about their mutual relations.—But this, argues Sir W. Hamilton, is no Infinite nor Absolute either, which can thus take its place in our thought on a level with ourselves and the finite objects around us. The very act of thinking about a so-called *not*-finite has rendered it definable, if not definite, as far as our knowledge is concerned. There *may*, indeed, be “something beyond,”—inconceivable, and “negatively” known. But when the understanding tries to expand for its reception, thought becomes illogical, and thus destroys itself in the very act. It is the negation of thought, and not any positive object, that is reached when we try to transcend the world of defined objects, and, as it were, *to realize unlimitedness in the concrete*.

These are the extremes of opinion concerning this highest problem of human speculation. The one theory seems to represent it as *capable of being solved*; the other, not merely as insoluble, but as really *no problem at all*.—Is not the true opinion a mean between these extremes? Does it not recognise our knowledge of the *facts*—finite beings and the Transcendent Being—which occasion the difficulty on the one hand; and on the other the impossibility of any solution of their relation by human understanding? This would account for contradiction emerging, whenever a solution is irrationally attempted, and teach the need for withdrawing our faculty of comparison and reasoning from a region for which it is unfitted. Are we wrong when we suppose that M. Cousin, who speaks of the “incomprehensibility” of God, and grants that we are unable “absolutely to comprehend God,” wishes his theory to be interpreted in harmony with the principle that the Great Problem is fundamentally insoluble; and that when Sir W. Hamilton indulges his matchless logical ingenuity in eliciting the contradictions which follow an illegitimate application of reasoning to the Infinite and Eternal, his demonstration does not touch the pillars on which the Facts themselves rest—mysteriously irreconcilable and yet known to be real?

On this intermediate hypothesis, while we have what may be called a *metaphysical* knowledge of material and finite beings,—which may be converted into science by reasoning and induction; we have a metaphysical knowledge of the Transcendent Being,—as *not* an object of logical definition and scientific reasoning at all. We believe, and therefore know, that the Infinite One exists; but whenever He is logically recognised as a term in thought or argument, either the object, like the argument, becomes finite, or else runs into innumerable contradictions. We hold, with Cousin, that the Transcendent Being is not *wholly* unknown. How else can we account for



this controversy at all? And we hold with Sir W. Hamilton, that, as transcendent or unconditioned, Being cannot be *scientifically* known. But the Scotch philosopher seems to cut away every bridge by which man can have access to God; and the French philosopher seems to plant the Infinite, *as an indefinitely known finite*, in every region of human knowledge.

But it is time to pass to the evidence by which alone any hypothesis on this subject can be converted into a solid theory. The last few paragraphs can hardly be saved from the charge of scholastic pedantry, unless we connect their words and formulas with wholesome facts. This investigation, like every other philosophical one, must be ultimately based on mental facts.\* We must endeavour to carry into these dark and intricate regions the torch of experiment, which has illuminated so many subordinate parts of knowledge, but which most speculators about the Infinite have cast aside.

We cannot propose a method for investigating the character of theological knowledge more appropriate than the examination of TIME, SPACE, and CAUSATION, which is suggested by the three leading chapters in Mr. Calderwood's Essay. Eternity—Immensity—Omnipotence—these terms, when we try to utter them intelligently, seem to carry thought beyond its sphere. When, in an hour of unusual contemplative effort, we seek to realize their meaning, Reason is foiled by an obstacle quite unlike those which are met and removed by victorious Science. The obstacle is not like that against which the brave mathematician struggled, before he witnessed the solution of his problem rising out of familiar axioms and principles; nor like the outstanding phenomena in the material world, which have so often surrendered to induction. On the continents of finite being, the boundary line of the unknown is gradually receding, as the increasing army of investigators discovers fresh analogies, or detects in new phenomena illustrations of old theories. But we all know Augustine's deliverance about Time; and we have read of the sage Simonides, who, when asked by Hiero about God, (*quid, aut quale sit Deus?*) demanded a day to prepare his answer—and then another and yet another day—the obstacle to a reply gathering strength the longer the question was struggled with. The ages of past human history have removed the vail which concealed

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\* Some minds, confined by the habit of observing only what is external and material, seem unable to apprehend the meaning of the term "fact," when applied to an object which cannot be seen and handled. If their intrepidity in speculation be equal to their rashness in assertion, they must reject Christianity—which deals essentially with spiritual facts—as well as Metaphysics.



from science many a region on the intellectual globe, and future ages will continue to spread the light of this species of knowledge. But the achievement of realizing Eternity, Immensity, and Deity in human thought, must remain to the end as remote from accomplishment as it was when they kindled the imagination and reason of man at the outset of our race. These are eminently the words which suggest that insoluble problem in which all the difficulties of theological and philosophical knowledge are wrapped up,—the due appreciation of which might conciliate many controversies, and give relief to pious minds troubled by the seeming variance of Faith and Reason.

Time\* is, at least, a formal and typical illustration of the mysterious problem whose elements underlie every part of human knowledge. It is at once *unlimited* and *revealed in parts*. Interminable duration is out of logical relation with terminable duration—Eternity with a series of moments—an Eternal Being with the succession of time. We cannot limit Time, and yet we cannot reconcile Eternity with the succession of finite periods. The infinite and finite here seem to exclude one another, and yet both must be recognised. Eternity involves contradictions, when it is virtually limited by being made an object of human thought. Thus to limit the illimitable is to convert it into a bundle of contradictions, illustrated in every attempt, from Aristotle to the antinomies of Kant, to apply reasoning in a region from which the faculty of comparison should be withdrawn. Mr. Calderwood expatiates on the “irrestrictive” character of Time, but denies that it can be even relatively limited. He thus obscures that aspect of this intellectual mystery which, in our view, constitutes its chief value. We must here pause a little, and extract two passages, in one of which Time is contemplated in its transcendent, and in the other in its finite manifestation.

“Time is a condition of thought, inasmuch as no object can be realized in thought without it; but it is not a condition in the sense of limiting the object of thought, or even in any way influencing that object, otherwise than in affording it mental or subjective existence. On the other hand, though time is realized only as a concomitant of the object of thought, the object does not in any sense limit or restrict Time. On the one hand, Time does not limit the object, and

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\* We need hardly remind the reader of an ambiguity in the word *Time*, which is sometimes applied exclusively to a *limited succession of events*, e.g., human life in this world, the present mundane system, &c. It is thus distinguished from Eternity, or (as some, without warrant, assume it to be) *unchangeable* existence. We employ “Time” as the verbal representative at once of the finite and the transcendent meaning.

on the other, the object does not limit time. . . . The characteristic of our conception of time which has now been indicated, and which reveals that we cannot, by any accumulation of objects, reach the limits of time, marks a very decided contrast between this condition of thought and many others to which we are subjected. The point of contrast is that this condition does not exclude any object from the mind, while other conditions have an exclusive characteristic. This condition presents no barrier to the recognition of any object whatever, while many other conditions admit to the mind only such objects as possess certain qualities, which qualities imply conformity with the nature of the conditions. Time is not restrictive or exclusive; most other conditions are exclusive. We therefore denominate time an **IRRESTRICTIVE** condition of thought. . . . We must think time; we cannot think it as finite; therefore we must think it as infinite. On the evidence thus presented, we maintain that in our conception of time we have a conception of the Infinite."—Pp. 87-91.

It is true that some necessary conditions of thought are not irrestrictive. This very phenomenon of Time itself seems to suggest that even the *logical* laws and relations, while true and necessary within their own sphere, do not possess this character—for unlimited time is an object to which they cannot be applied. We know that Time is unlimited, but we cannot logically conceive its *unlimitedness*. When we seem to do so, we virtually limit it in thought. If we truly can form this conception, what is its character?—As infinite, it cannot be a *whole*: there must be "always something beyond." But in conception and reasoning we can deal only with *wholes* and their correlative *parts*. The statement that we have an "indefinite" conception of infinite time, hardly suggests this peculiarity. The knowledge is not merely *indefinite* but *absolutely indefinable*, and therefore beyond the sphere of thought, viewed as a faculty of comparison. It is that part of our knowledge which cannot be compared by the logical faculty.—But is not Time also revealed in parts and portions? This Mr. Calderwood denies. To us the true answer seems to illustrate in a new aspect the logically inconceivable character of Time.

"It has been strongly maintained that we can think time *relatively* limited, though we cannot think it *absolutely* limited. For example, it is said we can think a series of events occurring in time; we can select the first and last of these; and then we can think the portion of time beginning with the first event and terminating with the last, and thus obtain a notion of time as relatively limited. Now, if we carefully examine our consciousness in such a case as this, it will be obvious that even here we have no conception of *limited* time. . . . We realize the objects in time, but we do not realize them as limiting time. . . . When we observe two vessels at sea we recognise the

ocean between the ships, but it is equally true that we perceive the ocean beyond them."—Pp. 91, 92.

Neither unlimited nor limited Time, viewed in the abstract, can be conceived as a whole. Yet the parts in a series of successive events are in mysterious relation to eternity. They seem to be *parts* of that which is *not a whole*, while the understanding can only compare (finite) wholes with parts. The very analogy of the ships on the ocean so far indicates this. We perceive the ocean beyond them; but *a part of it* is between them. The analogy, however, is a misleading one;—as every analogy must be, between the relation of finite to the infinite on the one hand, and any two finite correlatives which the mundane universe presents on the other. *The ocean is finite as well as its parts.* The analogy requires not a finite but an infinite ocean. This illustrates by the way—apart from the objection that might be founded on the peculiar nature of the causal relation, the vice of a common illustration, which represents the changes in the universe as waves on the ocean of Infinite Being. We inevitably slide into the notion of a finite ocean, in which the waves are parts, instead of an infinite ocean whose waves can bear to it no conceivable relation at all. So it is with every attempt to apply the understanding of man to the problem of Being; it either fails or issues in Pantheism. The logical organ of comparison is applicable only to finite objects; the relation of what is limited in time, space, or degree, with the Infinite, cannot be a logical correlation. While it does not contradict the logical laws it transcends their sphere.

In this contemplation of the relation of periods of time to Eternity, we thus come in sight of the one insoluble problem of human knowledge. As Berkeley says, "the mind of man being finite, when it treats (logically) of things which partake of infinity, it is not to be wondered at if it run into absurdities and contradictions." But the study of Time prepares us for more than a vague expectation of this result. It proves not merely that the problem *may* be insoluble, but that it *must* be so, and that every endeavour to solve it, alike in these regions of space and time, and in the concrete world of real existence, is the parent of confusion and contradiction.\*

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\* These insurmountable difficulties connected with Time are discussed but not abated by Plato in the *Timæus*. Eternity, he says, is one, but (limited) time proceeds in succession. The former is fixed, the latter a created and changing state. Eternity (*αἰών*) is that which always is (*ἰ ἀεί ὂν*.) A similar theory is held, among others, by Cudworth, (*Intellectual System*, pp. 644, &c.) and by Bishop Law, in a modified form. The Platonic view of Eternity is propounded by Mr. Maurice in his volume of *Theological Essays*. As applied by him, it is a vain attempt to define the indefinable, or to transcend the human faculties. The very language implies a relapse into the notion of succession.

But is Time itself a *real being*, or is it only a *form or condition of knowing* real beings,—a form common, it may be, to all intelligence, human and divine, but existing *only as known*? Has Time an existence,—not dependent on any intelligence, created or even uncreated,—which must survive the annihilation of creation, and even of the Divine Creator? What is Time, when viewed, not as a law of human reason, nor as a modification of mental and material beings, but abstracted from all the minds and matter in the universe? A similar question has been raised in regard to Space. Perhaps we have not faculties for adequately enunciating, far less for answering, the question. Yet our readers may like to know whether Mr. Calderwood ranks himself among the worshippers of an absolute Time and an absolute Space,—these “idols of modern Englishmen,” as Leibnitz calls them. We quote the passage which relates to the metaphysical character of Time, and refer our readers to a corresponding one concerning Space:—

“What is Time? Is it only in our thoughts, or has it also an objective and external existence? In answer to this we reply, that it seems of the nature of our conception of time to recognise it as something external. When we think of time we think of it as something which exists without us and apart from us. . . . So far from time being regarded as a mere product of the human mind, it seems plain that time would have existed even though the human race had never been brought into being. Since this is the case, it is manifest that to maintain that time is purely subjective is to contradict consciousness, and thus to overturn the basis of philosophy. . . . Our conception of time seems analogous to our conception of substance. . . . If time be an external existence, the question immediately arises, is it an attribute of the Deity, or is it an infinite existence separate from the Deity? The former (hypothesis) is, we think, in direct opposition to our conception of time. When we think of an event occurring in *time* we do not think of it as occurring in *God*, nor would we thus describe it. But if time be a separate yet infinite existence, how can there be two existences, both infinite, yet *each independent of the other*? This is a difficulty which we cannot profess to remove, and yet it is a difficulty which arises solely from our ignorance of the *nature* of time.”—Pp. 97-99.

We are not so sure that this circumstance entirely explains the difficulty. It is perhaps partly due to assumptions about abstract Time, which our mental experience, when it has been purified from prejudice by metaphysical analysis, does not verify. What is the history of past metaphysical *discovery* but a history of the gradual retreat of prejudices, in many respects analogous to the opinion that Time is an Infinite Being?—Perhaps the chief “discoveries” of which metaphysics admits are these conquests of

prejudice by reflection, through which the native and spontaneous judgments of reason recover the authority of which sense and ill regulated mental association had deprived them. Illustrations of this are innumerable in the history of philosophy. We are satisfied if we can point to such results, when we are assailed by the clamour of those who complain that the conquests of metaphysics (like those of Christianity itself) are chiefly in the mental and moral world—the amelioration of intellectual habits, and the expulsion of powerful prejudices. Victories like these are surely the parents and protectors of all useful discoveries, in the physical sciences, and in the arts which render this earth a more convenient habitation for man. But to return to our subject.

Any one who meditates about Time, can work out only an imperfect expression of his meaning, when he tries to go beyond that record of the facts of mental experience which is open even to those least accustomed to reflect. Leibnitz, with the continental metaphysicians in general, may be taken as the representative of the hypothesis, that Time and Space exist *only as modes of knowledge*. Clarke, and most of our British metaphysicians, regard them as in some sense *transcendent objects of knowledge*.\* The varieties of modern opinion gravitate towards one or other of these extremes,—the one of which we may style the Formal, and the other the Ontological, extreme. It is difficult to discover language fit to express an *intermediate* hypothesis. But may we not avoid the monstrous supposition of two huge entities, without resolving Time into a mere manifestation of human thought or reason? If we could imagine the annihilation of all beings, created and uncreated, are not these words “time” and “space” still applicable to the nothingness which should ensue? Even in suggesting this view we are sliding into the ontological hypothesis. We have no words proper to express *absolute nothingness viewed as a receptacle of beings*. Yet while we cannot class Time among real entities—only with the negation of such entities—is it not the mysterious condition of *real existence* as well as of *our knowledge of it*; presenting as it were *potentially* that insoluble problem, which we find *actually* when we reflect upon Being and Causation?

(Is there divinity in Time and Space? They have seemed to some ingenious minds eminently suggestive of Deity; and well-known “demonstrations” of the existence of God have

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\* Neither of these views are *developed* in their “Correspondence,” which contains only the germs of them. Leibnitz calls Time *an order of successions*, and Space *an order of co-existences*. Clarke regards them as *attributes of the Infinite Being*. But we have here the seeds of the rival hypotheses. We have not room here to indicate the history of their development.

been rested on hypotheses regarding their nature. In them we have indeed ample receptacles, as it were,—ready to admit a Being who cannot be defined by the rules of the logical reasoner. We are prepared to ask, when we have completed our contemplative journey through this region of human intelligence, whether there be any Being—to take possession? And if there be an Infinite Being, is there also room for finite beings besides? But the *esse* is not either logically or metaphysically implied in the *posse*. Perhaps after all, any force which resides in the *a priori* part of Clarke's so-called *demonstration*, lies in its unconscious appeal to our sense of analogy. The fact that a Being transcending *logical* conception is thus *rationaly* possible, is felt to give some presumption of reality. The transcendent receptacle suggests the transcendent occupant. In space and time we have traces of an intellectual organ which is not satisfied with finite objects of reasoning. Must not One really exist, whose mysterious relation to finite beings suggests a problem, which *reason* may raise, but which *reasoning* cannot resolve? Are we wrong in the conjecture, that it is unconsciously through a channel of this kind, that these abstract conditions of knowledge and existence have carried some speculative minds up to the Divine object of knowledge, when they supposed themselves to be travelling thither on the level railroad of demonstration?)

What evidence, it may now be asked, does an experimental study of Time and Space contribute, towards an adjustment of the controversy concerning the Infinite and our theological knowledge? It may be answered, that they exhibit *in posse*, if not *in esse*, the data of an insoluble problem. They have revealed at least the possibility of relations in existence, which transcend the capacity of human reasoning. They illustrate how reason may have resources for raising questions, while it has not logical capacity even to apprehend the answer to them. But whether the possible problem be also, as real, an intellectually and morally urgent one, no exclusive study of the characteristics of abstract Time and Space can determine.

We therefore turn with Mr. Calderwood from these mysterious abstractions, to the concrete beings revealed in the worlds of sense and reflection—in a word, to the phenomena of Causation. We have found thought unable to realize Time and Space, either as absolutely limited or as unlimited. In causation, we find ourselves unable on the one hand, to believe that we, and the finite objects of the material world, are independent of aught beyond; and on the other, to realize logically, independent and infinite Being. Reason cannot be satisfied with a Finite-absolute universe. Every finite being—the greatest conceivable



complement of finite beings, *as dependent*, force intelligent belief beyond themselves, on something transcendent, which supports and accounts for them, and which they practically reveal. Try the experiment. The supposition of a *finite* Deity—however great his power may be—suggests, with the same intellectual force that the most insignificant event does, the existence of a still greater power to account for His existence. As long as any being is finite, and thus a possible object of logical conception and reasoning, it implies a cause, even as the greatest conceivable portion of time implies eternity. Thus Omnipotence no more excludes or absorbs finite powers, than Immensity excludes or absorbs portions of space, or Eternity periods of time. Just as an application of reasoning to the relation of finite periods to eternity—by virtually defining the infinite—gives birth to a host of contradictions, so the Pantheistic paradoxes issue out of a similar illegitimate application of reasoning to the Infinite Power. A power that transcends the limits of thought, cannot be reconciled in *conception* with a finite and created power. When we try to conceive them, the latter is by the very act absorbed into the former. But we may not deny the metaphysical, though we must the logical possibility of their co-existence in knowledge. There is room in the irrestrictive conditions of being, for what cannot be received by the restricted capacity of human thought. A Being that cannot be logically limited may exist, and beings within the logical limits—finite beings, may also exist. I may know the reality of both terms, but I cannot logically know their correlation. The attempt to realize it produces such paradoxes as a *past* and *future* eternity, and a Deity developed in creation and still susceptible of growth.

In the following vigorous passage, Mr. Calderwood, who appears as the disciple of M. Cousin, seems to overlook the *logical* difficulty implied in this dualism of unconditioned existence, and to exaggerate the weak part of Sir W. Hamilton's metaphysics. We quote the passage, as a *résumé* of the difficulties suggested by a statement of the logical insolubility of the problem of Being, which, like Sir W. Hamilton's, is unaccompanied by a theory of human belief, in finite beings and also in the Transcendent Being.

“ We find and must find all our knowledge of the Infinite Being in relation. It is only as this Infinite Being exists in relation that he can be known; and it is only by recognising him in a particular relation, or in various relations, that we can obtain any knowledge of him. It is especially at this point of the discussion that we feel constrained to lift our decided protest against Sir W. Hamilton's definition of the ‘unconditioned,’ as that which does exist, and can exist



only as free from all relation. . . According to this definition, it must be maintained, that before the act of creation God was infinite; by the act of creation he ceased to be infinite, that is, he became finite. . . . Granting that, before the creation, God did exist as an infinite God, what was there in the act of creation, or what is there in the existence of created objects, which proves that God has ceased to be infinite, or which in any way prevents him existing as infinite? Before the creation God was unlimited, and what was there in the act of creation to limit God? . . . We say, therefore, that so far as the term unconditioned is defined as indicating what is unrestricted or unlimited, it is applicable to the infinite God; but so far as it is defined as indicating the absolute negation of all relation, it is not applicable to the infinite God. If, therefore, Sir William assert that the infinite is that which is unrestricted and unlimited, we admit it, but rejoin, that the infinite may, nevertheless, exist in relation. If, however, Sir William assert, as he does, that the infinite is that whose existence involves the absolute negation of all relation, we reply that no such infinite exists—we plead for the knowledge of no such infinite—and consequently Sir William's arguments to prove the impossibility of any knowledge of such an infinite are entirely apart from the question. Sir William Hamilton, in defining the infinite, and in arguing in reference to it, plainly deals with a mere *abstraction*, for which no one pleads, either in existence or in thought. It is the Infinite which he considers rather than the only infinite Being. He takes the *term* infinite, and characterizes it as unlimited, unrelated, unconditioned—which are only so many words heaped around the term infinite. What then is this infinite? It is nothing—it is a mere abstraction which has no existence, either externally, or in any man's thoughts. . . It is wholly with this abstraction that Sir William deals. . . Most assuredly the infinite, as described by Sir William, cannot be known: but, more than that, it does not exist—it is nothing. Yet God does exist, and though in direct violation of Sir William's definition, he exists as infinite and yet in relation; and in so far as relation is a necessary condition of knowledge, God in existence perfectly realizes that relation, and in this respect there is no obstacle to our knowledge of him. We have already had occasion to contend against this mistake of the abstract for the real, and in this we conceive lies the key to almost the whole of Sir William's arguments against a knowledge of the Infinite. In endeavouring to determine whether we have a knowledge of the infinite, we are not to take an abstract term and enter upon a course of abstract reasoning. We are not to assume a principle, and thence proceed to draw certain inferences, as if these must coincide with the facts of consciousness; the question is one of psychology; what we have to consider are mental data or facts of consciousness; and we have to inquire whether in these we find a knowledge of something more than the finite. It is not an abstract with which we deal,—it is not a knowledge of an abstraction for which we seek. God is not an abstraction. He is not a Being *whose existence prevents all being besides*.”—Pp. 132-136.

The difficulty is logically insurmountable in Causation as in Time. We could find no logical formula for the relation between a *succession of periods* and *eternity*. Each seemed to exclude the other. Not less out of human reach is a formula which should express *creation* in its relation to *Deity*. Here, too, each seems to exclude the other. The truth is, if *unconditioned existence* (God + created being) may be regarded as virtually *two finite wholes*,—one of them no doubt indefinitely great, and as such called an infinite power,—then a Being transcending each is required to account for both of them.

This is the critical part of the discussion. We regret that we cannot, without modification, subscribe to the opinions of either the Scottish or French metaphysician, when these are rigidly interpreted. Here we fear we can hardly preserve clearness, in the narrow limits to which we are confined.

In a former article,\* we offered some remarks on Sir W. Hamilton's Theory of Causation. The difficulties in the way of a reception of that theory, which then occurred to us, have not been removed by additional reflection. We shall not return to the subject at present. We coincide in many of Mr. Calderwood's criticisms, nine in number. But we must specially except the eighth, in which he charges Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy with Pantheism. That eminent metaphysician expressly confines the application of his hypothesis to *finite* causation; and the whole analogy of his philosophy excludes the possibility of a theory of creation. With this latter view we coincide. The application merely of the logical faculty of the human mind to solve the relation of finite and transcendent Being must, as we have already said, end in Pantheism or Atheism. Either finite beings are absorbed, as modifications of the Infinite Being; or else Deity is excluded as not consistent with the reality of finite agents. We are thus left oscillating between an *Infinite universe*† and a *Finite-absolute universe*‡. But here we complain of defect. The Scottish philosopher suggests no means for extricating us from this state. The French metaphysician virtually adopts the latter alternative, when he reasons of the Infinite Power, as an indefinitely great finite power. In what we incline to regard as the true doctrine, reason is recognised as, on the one hand, spontaneously rejecting the hypothesis of a Finite-absolute universe,‡ and on the other as incapable, in the exercise of its logical functions, of realizing the Divine Being, whose existence we are nevertheless forced to recognise. Every

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\* See *North British Review*, No. XXXVI.

† The universe of Pantheism.

‡ The universe of Atheism.

attempt to compare scientifically what we may call the Finite-relative objects, which constitute the worlds of mind and matter,\* with the logically inconceivable Being, must occasion contradictions in the speculations which it sets agoing. We are bound to accept *both*, and the latter can be known only as practically revealed through the former.

But *why* thus bound? What mental force thus inclines the balance? In sense and reflection we have a direct revelation of an indefinite number of finite objects. Our knowledge of *finite* beings is ultimately secured,—not by the support of argument or inductive proof, but by a mysterious organ, which we may call Intuition, and which supplies to thought, *through experience*, the materials of physical science. But why does not this perceptive intuition satisfy us? Why may we not regard the finite objects thus revealed as absolute, independent, and self-contained?—In reply to questions like those, Mr. Calderwood offers what he calls “the common theory” of the causal judgment. On the whole, he maintains the existence of two—unaccountable—convictions:—(1.) That there is a cause for the existence of every object in its present form. (2.) That all things, except God, had an absolute commencement; that is, that there was a First Cause. In connexion with the second of these alleged ultimate convictions, we quote the following interesting and suggestive passage:—

“The upholder of Atheism will observe, that we do not profess to *prove* the existence of a First Cause. We do not profess to *demonstrate* the fact. We maintain that it is above proof—that it is beyond all demonstration. We maintain, that it can be neither doubted nor demonstrated, but is a truth necessary to the mind—a truth which must be believed. Not, indeed, a truth which is always present to the mind,—not a truth which cannot be shunned; but a truth which must be realized if we seek to account to ourselves for the origin of all things; a principle which, when raised in the mind, cannot be doubted, and, in arising, stands supreme. We do not uphold the argument from design as a demonstration logically exact. On the contrary, we maintain, that we never can have a logical demonstration of the existence of God. The creation of the universe is only a finite manifestation of power, and from that we can never infer the Infinite. Every such argument is incompetent, as embracing more in the conclusion than is involved in the premises. . . . All the use we would make of what has been called the argument from design is as an illustration—as presenting a course of thought in which the conception of a First Cause will arise—as originating an inquiry which, if prosecuted, must terminate in belief. Let any man honestly carry out the inquiry in reference to the origin of all things, and he

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\* The universe of Theism.

will find that he can no longer doubt—that by the constitution of his mind he must believe in the existence of an infinite and eternal First Cause.”—Pp. 175, 176.

An induction of our belief in the Transcendent Being, founded on the finite and dependent objects of sense and consciousness, is no doubt absurd. Paley's proof does not meet the want expressed by the religious scepticism of our time, which complains of weakness beneath the foundation on which his museum of the ideas and designs in creation is constructed. Induction yields an indefinitely great finite being, but not the Infinite Power. So far we agree with the opinion expressed in this paragraph. But we incline to a different and simpler statement of the convictions which carry us beyond the immediate objects of sense. The two “ultimate” convictions referred to in the preceding extract may, we think, be resolved into one. Here we must explain our meaning.

We have said that the finite universe of matter and mind is known in a twofold aspect. We attribute a *real*, and likewise a *dependent* existence to the beings contained in it. In Perception, the material world is recognised as real; in Induction, as dependent. We cannot expel either of these convictions. At present, we concentrate our attention upon the second of them. Here our author, following the “common theory,” proclaims *two* mental forces which inevitably draw us beyond the dependent phenomena—the *causal* and *supernatural* convictions. Now the causal, as it seems to us, is only the supernatural judgment in another aspect. We cannot discover any evidence of a *necessity*\* *in reason*, for the belief in *finite* causation and the uniformity of the laws of nature. We are no doubt intellectually unable to regard a finite object or change as self-originated or self-subsisting. But it does not follow that objects and changes depend on other *finite* objects and changes. Creation itself is not necessary; *far less are we conscious of any irresistible conviction that the finite universe must contain more objects than we perceive it to contain.* Our knowledge that it *actually does so*, as well as what we know of the harmonious co-ordination of its parts and sequences, seems to be the growth of experience, regulated by the associative and logical laws. We thus gradually learn that we ourselves, and all the objects directly known through sense-perception, are implicated in a great and regular scheme, whose arrangements are uniform and significant. On

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\* “Necessity” is an ambiguous term. We have *metaphysical* necessity, *i.e.*, in reason; *logical* necessity, *i.e.*, in thought; and *physical* necessity, *i.e.*, founded on the experienced uniformity of the laws of nature. We refer here only to the first.

the basis of this conviction, gradually formed in the human race and in its individual members, we learn to interpret these arrangements, and thus form the physical and social sciences.

But it is also true that every change—nay, every finite being, *must* be viewed as a dependent being; and “power” is the correlative of dependence. Try the experiment. We find that every object of logical thought demands an explanation; and also that a scientific explanation, when offered merely by inductive experience, leaves the demand unsatisfied. “The most perfect philosophy of the natural kind,” as Mr. Hume says, “only *staves off our ignorance a little longer*.” The ascertained law of gravitation sheds light on the mechanical changes of the universe, only to reveal the darkness which envelopes the cause of the gravitation-law itself. The really *necessary*\* causal judgment has, as it seems to us, another reference altogether than to laws of nature, and uniformities of succession among the finite changes of the universe. It is a general expression of the fundamental conviction of reason, that *every finite event and being depends† on, and practically reveals, the infinite or transcendent Power*. It is a vague utterance of dissatisfaction with an absolutely finite universe—*totus, teres, atque rotundus*—and of a positive belief, not only that finite objects exist, but that they do not *exhaust* existence, seeing that they depend on God. Thus, as every portion of time seems to lose itself in Eternity, so every finite being and power suggests the Infinite Power in mysterious relation to it. The term *First Cause* may here, as inadequate, mislead us. Assume, as divine, a necessary cause, adequate only to the creation of the known mental and material worlds. As finite, this assumed deity becomes dependent, and the question of a

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\* See note on preceding page.

† But this “DEPENDENCE” we cannot define. The facts and laws of Science and Supernatural Revelation may both be said to display the character of God, but not the *rationale* of their own dependence on the infinite and adorable One. It is a materialistic assumption on which Pantheists fall back, when they suggest the analogy of a finite substance and its phenomena. Atheists and Manicheans do away with the dependence altogether, the former wholly, the others in part. Enlightened Christian Theism regards it as in an emphatic sense unique, and incapable of being made an object of scientific reasoning. A world of debate thus disappears as irrelevant. The hypothesis of “occasional causes” is dismissed along with the rival one of a “pre-established harmony;” and we have a demonstration of the impossibility of a *scientific* or *speculative* account of the relation of the Transcendent Being to finite and dependent beings, whether in Creation or Providence (natural and miraculous); or to moral agents,—unfallen, fallen, or restored. We may have definite practical rules, as it were, in regard to these questions,—and so much knowledge as the rules involve. We may have Facts, but not a Theory of them. If so, may we say, that much labour has been worse than wasted by divines in embarrassing simple statements of Scripture with the formal dress of theory—in offering *solutions* of problems which Revelation—natural and supernatural—only *states*, because the human understanding could not bear the solution?

prior and greater cause immediately rises in the mind. We are intellectually dissatisfied,—so long as the object of which we are in quest is *within the range of the logical laws*, and therefore recognised as a power *only indefinitely great*. The dissatisfaction projects reason beyond the realm of finite, and therefore scientifically cognizable existence. The mental necessity which thus conducts us to the Transcendent Being and Power—with or without the intervention of finite beings and second causes—is the root of the only truly *necessary* causal judgment we can discover. The judgment, which sometimes passes under that name, appears to be the gradual issue of our experience of the regular evolutions of the created universe, and especially of our consciousness of volition. It is the former and not the latter mental force that *irresistibly* carries us beyond the narrow sphere of direct experience aloft

the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope through darkness up to God.

In this view, the causal judgment illustrates, but is not occasioned by the weakness of human thought. Finite objects and events must be regarded as *absolutely* dependent. Our knowledge must be credited *so far as it goes*; and even if we could solve the insoluble problem of unconditioned existence, we should not thereby extricate finite beings and events from the mysterious relation of dependence. Even then should we not recognise finite objects as dependent on *one another*—which we have already learned to do through experience; and on *God*—which we are now compelled to do by the necessity of reason?

Being, in its ultimate relation to reason, may be (imperfectly because logically) described as manifested in two extremes—the one finite and plural, with which the faculty of comparison may deal; the other infinite or transcendent, which cannot be included in our logical generalizations. Reason thus presents two corresponding faculties or organs for the apprehension of real beings:—INTUITION and EXPERIENCE, governed by the logical and associative laws; and FAITH, to whose object, as transcendent, the laws of scientific thought cannot be applied. The problem of Metaphysics, regarded as the science of knowledge in its relation to Being, may be put thus:—Given Experience and Faith, lodged in a mind governed by the laws of association and logic,—to account for actual human knowledge.

In short, the Atheist's universe, and the Pantheist's universe, are both metaphysically impossible. The former excludes transcendent, and the latter absorbs finite existence. The dualism implied in creation and providence is logically inconceivable, because beyond the range of human thought; but it is originated



and maintained in belief by an unaccountable necessity of reason. Now we may believe what we cannot scientifically rationalize. Thus the balance falls on the side of the former of the alternatives to which we are confined by logic; and we escape from the mental oscillation, to which we were hopelessly abandoned, by a theory which declines to recognise in knowledge whatever cannot be logically conceived and reasoned about.

The application of these remarks to the nature and limits of theological knowledge is interesting. Theology is the science of God. If the lessons suggested by this article are sound ones, Reason does not reach the Divine Being by any pathway of argument; and when reached, the forms of argument cannot be applied to the solution of the problems suggested by His existence. The *foundation* and *structure* of theology are thus beyond the range of science. Reason, and not reasoning, conducts us to the elements of a question, to which reasoning cannot provide nor even entertain a scientific answer.\*

The foundation of theology is a mysterious act of faith, which may be practically developed, but which cannot be reached, by reasoning. We have already referred to professed demonstrations of Infinite Being founded on these possibilities of existence—time and space. And we have indicated our judgment with regard to the inductive or physical proof† of the existence of God. We can no more infer the infinite or transcending Being, from the exhibition of an indefinitely great universe, than we can rise to Eternity by an indefinite addition of times, or to Immensity by an accumulation of finite spaces. Inductive generalization cannot draw from finite data more than they contain. We cannot thus account for an intellectual necessity which—unable to accept as self-existing what is only finite, carries belief beyond the sphere of generalization. Reason originally recognises real existence—whether finite or Transcendent—through a shorter and readier process than deductive or inductive reasoning. We call this process *perception* or *intuition* when it deals with the worlds of sense and self-consciousness; and we call it *faith* when, through the causal judgment, Reason attaches itself to the transcendent Being. The function of *reasoning* is in a manner intermediate between Intuition and Faith. Inductive reasoning creates the physical sciences, and thus virtually

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\* Theology here differs from the Physical Sciences. In the latter the *foundation* is mysterious. The existence and ultimate qualities of the material world, for example, are not known by means of reasoning but through perceptive intuition. But when thus known, systems of physical *science* may be reared, with the help of inductive and deductive reasoning.

† Sometimes called by divines *a posteriori*.



enlarges the sphere of our perception;\* in so doing it discloses the riches of the universe, and thus practically reveals the character of the Being on whom all depends. Intuition provides the materials, and Faith the stimulus, to inductive research. Faith is not the ground of our scientific belief in the actual harmony of nature; this is learned from our experience of the uniformity and significance of the laws of the universe. Yet, by recognising the dependence of nature on God, Faith indirectly occasions the rational activity which, in a course of well regulated experience, arranges the discoveries of science. Thus experience,—supported on the one side by our lower, and on the other by our higher rational instinct, extends knowledge and builds up the sciences.

But, secondly, if *reason* thus provides the elements of the deepest problem of human knowledge, in the dependence of the finite universe (which may be scientifically known) on God, therein practically but not scientifically revealed, why, it may be asked, can *reasoning* not work out a speculative solution of this problem, which is thus proposed to it? We hear, for instance, of a science of astronomy, and a science of history. Both profess to interpret parts of the great revelation of Divine Providence contained in the worlds of matter and human society; and yet both are admitted to aim lawfully at *scientific* results. If the limits of human thought do not hinder the success of attempts to explain the phenomena of the starry heavens, and the race of man, how are they less consistent with endeavours to explain the mysteries of creation, and providence, and grace? A little reflection discovers that the essential analogy is wanting. To discover the harmony of dependent events, physical or human, is not to define the basis on which they ultimately depend. The experimental sciences are confined by their profession within the narrower of these regions. Every step in scientific theology,—and not the first step merely, must be taken in that region which escapes beyond the limits of our intellectual comprehension. If the inductive sciences, contrary to the remonstrances of Lord Bacon, are to be blended with speculative theology, their scientific character must disappear. We have more than one well compacted system of *a section* of the laws by which the created universe is regulated; and if we are satisfied to call this system a science, we have many sciences far advanced towards perfection. But if we are to regard each of these sciences, as *a segment of speculative theology, and a separate phase of its insoluble problem*, then the intellectual hindrance, which bars even the entertainment of any

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\* See Bacon's *Novum Organum*, lib. ii.; Comte's *Philosophie Positive*; and Mill's *Logic*, especially b. iii.

proposed solution of this last, must restrain the progress of human research in every department. It is quite true that all things in the worlds of mind and matter may be analyzed into mystery. Mysteries lie at the foundation of all our physical and social sciences. But they do not constitute the matter or substance with which the science, as such, deals. In fact, the sciences become mysterious, only when their respective sets of phenomena are contemplated in their relation to God, *i.e.*, when they are made to touch the insoluble problem of which metaphysics demonstrates the existence in the heart of theology.

These views invest sound theological studies and contemplations with an intellectual dignity, which was recognised in former ages by the highest spirits of the human race; and we cannot but deplore that this sublime region is so often disturbed by the disputes of perverted metaphysics, and the ignorant intolerance of sectarian zeal. We fear that devotion to theology cannot be affirmed of this age and country, when we witness the bigoted aversion of our men of letters to its very name, and also the meagre current literature which that illustrious name now represents. It cannot be that the study of the Being who is revealed in all the changes of the physical and moral worlds, and in the mysterious event for which previous history was the preparation, as later history is its consummation—after whom Plato, in his highest musings, sought not wholly in vain—whose miraculous manifestations have occupied the most powerful intellects and the largest characters of the race—in whose temple of contemplation may be found Augustine and Anselm, Melancthon and Calvin, Pascal and Leibnitz—the study which our own Bacon styles “the sabbath and port of all man’s labours and peregrinations,”—it cannot be that this august study is abandoned in the literature of our age, on account of any real want of fitness to the highest aspirations of the reason and the heart of man. Perhaps the course of thought suggested by this article may afford some explanation of the ominous fact, that so few of our highest minds are devoted to theological contemplations, and that the very term, with all its cognate literature, is set aside, by common consent, as expressing what is too sectarian and professional to be permitted to mingle with the great tide of human affairs.

Theological study is, as Bacon represents it, the culminating act of human reason. God can be definitely known by us only in the finite and dependent phenomena which form His *works* and His *word*; and it may be demonstrated that these phenomena cannot provide any means for answering the questions which speculation originates. All definite and systematic theological knowledge is the fruit of induction; but at the same time of an induction which must differ essentially, in the character of its

results, from that which is the organ of the physical and social sciences. It can yield only a series of *practical* solutions of an *absolutely insoluble* problem. When we try to go beyond the natural and supernatural phenomena, which constitute this practical Revelation of God, in order to construct a science of the transcendent and adorable One, we are punished by the confusion in which the revealed facts themselves become involved,—and we can escape this punishment only by restraining our logical and scientific forces within their appropriate territory. Reasoning itself demonstrates, that contradiction of thought *must* follow any attempt to find the *rationale* of the “revelation” of God, presented in Providence and Holy Scripture. The only “theology” that is possible is thus the fruit of an inductive study of a series of events and documents, all of which reveal God,—as far as man can receive the revelation, and also the weakness and narrowness of human understanding, which cannot entertain, far less work out, a scientific theory of what the phenomena thus practically manifest.

Revealed theology—whether the revelation be contained in the evolutions of nature or in the words of a book—is thus a body of practical knowledge,\* rather than a science of speculative truths concerning the absolute relations of man to God. The one is demanded by the cravings of the human heart; the other is not in analogy with the human faculties. The Bible is not a speculative solution of the insoluble problem: philosophy can demonstrate that a solution of that sort is impossible. It is a mass of practical information, which guides our religious life in the necessary absence of any solution; and which we must receive in the conviction that it *demonstrably involves insuperable logical difficulties*. There is thus a chasm between the *metaphysical faith* which conducts us to the transcendent Being, and the *religious knowledge* in which alone that Being can be definitely manifested. The Revelation is not an opening for the advance of reasoning into the unapproachable region, to the margin of which reason had spontaneously travelled, and in so doing exhausted the logical capacity of man. It is rather a practical substitute, offered to us in our speculative impotence, and which cannot itself be made an arena for speculation. The Bible is not a supernatural development of the higher metaphysics; and it loses its significance and moral cohesion, when its contents are dealt with by theolo-

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\* This is quite consistent with the possibility of a systematic arrangement of what is thus practically revealed, and of deductions from the revelations. To what extent the revelation of God may, by human industry, be thus presented, is a question which does not concern us here, and which at any rate we do not presume to touch.

gical and metaphysical warriors as if it were. It is only with modifications that we can accept the well-known illustration of Locke, when he says that the man who takes away reason to make way for revelation "puts out the light of both, and does much the same, as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope." We cannot regard the Revelation of God—whether made naturally or supernaturally—as in any respect an instrument, which admits human speculations into the inaccessible territory, from which we are shut out by the structure of human thought. The use of Reason in relation to Revelation is, on its own shewing, negative rather than positive; and scientific theology is impossible, not because we want the data, but the faculty for dealing with the data. Hence it is not possible, either for Reason to construct, or for Revelation to unfold, the theory of man's relations to God. The telescope is an extension of our power of perceiving through the senses. The Works and the Word of God are not properly regarded as a scientific extension of our metaphysical Faith. If the Bible were a communication in regard to the vexed controversy regarding a Plurality of Worlds, the analogy of Locke might hold good. There is nothing in the character of human intelligence to forbid the entrance of a solution of the one problem. The logical conditions of knowledge forbid even the entertainment of a solution of the other.\*

We might fill a volume, if we ventured to apply these general views, in a criticism of the treatment which Divine Revelation has received, in ancient and modern theological discussion. The history of religious controversy is, in how great a measure, the history of vain attempts on the part of speculative divines to find a Procrustes bed of science into which the Facts of natural and biblical theology may be harmoniously fitted, and of the resistance offered by the Facts to the unphilosophical treatment. The sound metaphysician receives the revelations of man's free will, and also of God's foreknowledge and foreordination,—of the exhortations to prayer, and also to human activity,—though he cannot scientifically explain their consistency; and he does so because he knows that they are the varied practical solutions of a problem which he further knows must be speculatively insoluble. His metaphysic *opens room*, as it were, for the Divine teaching, which theological rationalists—heterodox and orthodox—either reject, or torture into a semblance of consist-

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\* "As for perfection or completeness in Divinity it is not to be sought; for he that will reduce a knowledge into an art (science) will make it round and uniform: but in DIVINITY many things must be left ABRUPT."—*Advancement of Learning*.

ency with the forms of science. Neither a theory of the created universe, and of the human part of it in particular, nor a theory of the inaccessible Being on whom all depends, is revealed. They are not capable of being revealed. A child cannot be taught the full scientific significance of the Newtonian theory of the material world; but he may be taught useful rules which others have derived from it. If an infant were to apply its undeveloped reason and experience to the rules which it has thus been taught, in order to discover their most general principles, it would be acting less irrationally by far, than those who study the revelations of God to man, as if they were the scientific solution of the insoluble problem. The infant is more able to grasp the science out of which the rules issue, than human intelligence is to comprehend a science of the unspeculative knowledge, which *must* form the substance of any Revelation of God.

We have wandered too far aside from the text of the suggestive volume that has occasioned these remarks, and to only a few salient points in which we have at all alluded. We shall be delighted to learn that any of our readers are willing to pursue the course of meditation to which Mr. Calderwood's book and our disquisitions naturally invite them, and that they are disposed to travel along that highest and quite unique walk of inductive research, on which lie the natural and miraculous Facts of Divine Revelation,—in a spirit becoming those who are examining a region, in which every object is a direct illustration of a problem that the philosopher can prove to be insoluble. Defended on this course by true metaphysics against the false, the student of the "ways of God" learns that the greatest human minds have not been mistaken in assigning the loftiest place to Theology, which should be the grandest department of modern, as it was of mediæval and ancient literature. Bacon is too sanguine, when he predicts that a sober treatise on the office of human reason in Divinity "would be like an opiate in medicine, and not only lay the empty speculations which disturb the schools, but also that fury of controversy which raises such tumults in the Church." But we may perhaps hope for some less comprehensive advantage from the maxim, that "man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins," applied by the few to the study of all Divine Revelation, in the spirit of Bacon and Pascal.

ART. V.—*The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe; late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada; from Unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by Himself, his Family, and his Friends.* By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, Author of the "History of the War in Afghanistan." 2 vols. London, 1854.

THE present work ought to add greatly to the reputation which Mr. Kaye has acquired by his former publications on Indian History and Politics. We have not many biographies of the same kind, and we have certainly few of the kind so well executed. Were it only as an example of the proper biographic mode of dealing with the unpublished letters and journals of deceased persons of celebrity, the work would deserve high praise and extensive notice. At a time when even men of some pretensions to literary eminence are discharging the biographic office in a way at once insulting to the public and injurious to the unfortunate subjects of their skill, by simply tumbling out into print, in any shape and order, all the old letters and papers they can lay their hands on, it is really pleasant to find a book like this of Mr. Kaye, in which the true duties of a biographer are so distinctly conceived and so conscientiously performed. Fully alive to the value of letters and documents, as materials for a biography, Mr. Kaye is evidently not one of those who think that the business of a biographer consists in merely collecting and editing such materials. He has not devolved upon his readers the trouble of procuring the information required for imparting connexion to the materials used, and weaving them into a continuous and intelligible story. All this trouble he has taken on himself. Hence the work, as it stands, is not merely Lord Metcalfe's Papers, edited by Mr. Kaye; it is really and strictly Mr. Kaye's *Life of Lord Metcalfe*. "I am not unconscious," he says in his preface, "that, in some parts of this work, I have suffered the biographical to merge into the historical;" and he apologizes for this on the ground that the events of Indian and Colonial history are far less known even to educated readers than those of general European history, or of the domestic history of Great Britain. The apology was perhaps not needed. It is the duty of *every* biographer to inweave into his narrative as much of general information relating to the matters introduced into it as may save the necessity of reference to other authorities. In the case of an Indian or Colonial biography, however, this duty is certainly more than usually imperative; and Mr. Kaye has amply fulfilled it. He has even gone to original and exclusive sources of information in preparing his work, so as to give it a char-



acter of independent historical value. Apart from this merit of extensive and original information in connexion with his subject, Mr. Kaye's affectionate admiration of Lord Metcalfe would have constituted an important qualification for his task. Nor are his powers of literary execution of a common order. With much previous practice as a writer, and master of an easy, vivid, and even sprightly style, Mr. Kaye has here produced a biography which may be recommended as, in some respects, a model for works of the same kind. From first to last, we follow the hero, Charles Metcalfe, with interest, seeing him distinctly at every point of his varied career, and becoming so attached to him in the course of our gradually increasing acquaintance, that, in the end, we feel as if we were parting from an old friend. To have accomplished this for a man of Metcalfe's stamp—not a romantic adventurer, not a leader of armies, not a brilliant and original man of letters, but a plain, painstaking man of business, whose whole life was spent in the toils of civil office and administration—is no ordinary success. There are, indeed, defects in Mr. Kaye's book. The information it supplies relative to the political and military events with which Lord Metcalfe's life was mixed up, is given perhaps in too diffuse and attenuated a manner, and is not massed out with sufficient boldness of relief, and sufficient strength and decision of colour. It may be objected also to the book, that its tone is more that of a continuous and conscious pleading in favour of its subject, than of a firm and resolute appreciation of his character and merits by a man judging vigorously and freely for himself. Altogether, however, the work is one of unusual excellence, and it would be well for the interests of the Civil Service if we had a few more such biographies.

Born in Calcutta in 1785, the second son of a Major in the Bengal Army, Charles Theophilus Metcalfe was brought over to England in early infancy: his parents having made up their minds to exchange the heat of India, before old age came upon them, for the dignified leisure of a town-house in Portland Place, and an estate near Windsor. Wealthy, active, and a Tory of the true Pitt stamp, the retired major became in time an East-India Director, and a respectable member of Parliament, with plenty of occupation for himself, and ample means of providing suitably for his sons and daughters. From the very first he destined his two eldest sons for the East. Accordingly, after the boys had been educated at Eton, where the elder, Theophilus John, was the more reckless and impetuous, and the younger, Charles Theophilus, the more mild and studious of the two, they were both shipped off sorely against their will—Theophilus John for China, and Charles Theophilus for India. A China writership was then the best piece of preferment in the world. India



Directors reserved such appointments for their own sons ; and, naturally, the eldest son in this case had the preference. But the Civil Service in India was then also a splendid field for a young man who wanted to grow rich by honourable exertion during a few years ; and in sending out his second son as a writer to Calcutta, the old Indian major knew what he was about.

It was in January 1801, that Charles Metcalfe, then sixteen years of age, first set foot on the land with whose history his name was to be so long and so intimately connected. He was put on shore by himself, from a boat, on one of the ghauts or quays of Calcutta in the middle of the night, and had to stumble his way as best he could to the house of one of his father's friends—an opening into life not unlike that of one of our most celebrated naval commanders, which consisted, as he used to say himself, in being pushed, at the age of thirteen, through the port-hole of a ship into the midst of a coil of rope. Metcalfe was then a homely, rather squab young fellow, with nothing dashing or handsome about him, but intelligent, gentle, ingenuous, and well instructed, and with a very decided, though far from obtrusive, consciousness of superior abilities.

That was an important time in the history of India. The British, either directly or as protectors of allied states, were in possession of a large part of Hindostan ; and they had already, in the course of the conquests by which they acquired this extensive territory, given evidence of their ability to increase it indefinitely and become masters of the whole peninsula. There were, however, in India, various hostile powers, relics of the old Hindoo-Mahometan anarchy which had prevailed before the British began their conquests ; and these powers were not yet convinced that the British element was assured of the supremacy. Not to mention the numerous petty states, which singly were of no avail, and only existed as so much material on which any conquering force in the peninsula could operate, there were at least four or five great powers antagonistic by their very nature to British rule. There were the powerful substantive states of various independent Mahratta chiefs. There were also various military or marauding powers of a less fixed character. In the north-west, and as yet little known, were the numerous Sikh tribes, only waiting the action of some confederating influence in order to become formidable. That, with such a sea of hostility surging along its whole frontier, and threatening at every moment to break in, the British empire in India could persevere in a policy of non-extension was not to be expected. At the utmost, it was possible for an Indian statesman only to refrain from a contrary policy as long and as patiently as events would

permit. Herein, accordingly, consisted the great difference between one class and another of Indian statesmen. Some, sharing the commercial feelings of the Company's Directors at home, were strenuous for a peace policy, pushed to its last possible limits. Others, regarding the complete conquest of India by Britain as an inevitable necessity, represented it as, after all, the wisest and most humane and most economical policy to accelerate the process, by pushing forward the British armies and advancing the British standard wherever and whenever a hostile movement on or near our frontiers afforded a fair occasion.

Of this last class of Indian statesmen was the Marquis of Wellesley, Governor-General of India at the time of Metcalfe's arrival. This "glorious little man," as he was affectionately called by his admirers, had a genius for conquest hardly less vast and aspiring than that of his equally diminutive predecessor, Warren Hastings, the founder of our Indian empire. With such efficient military agents at his bidding as Lake and his own brother, Arthur Wellesley, he was engaged, at the time of young Metcalfe's arrival, in plans for the aggrandizement and consolidation of the British dominions, at the expense of Mahrattas or whatever other power opposed our sway. But a good staff of civil subordinates at Calcutta was no less necessary for his purposes than good military agency in the field. Already, under his predecessors, Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore, the Indian civil service had been greatly reformed. "Instead of a race of men," says Mr. Kaye, "who were more than three-fourths traders, growing rich upon irregular and unrecognised gains, there was fast growing up an army of administrators, receiving fixed pay for fixed service, and adding nothing to their stores that was not to be found in the audit-books of the government." Lord Wellesley did his best to complete this reform. He made it a practice to select the most hopeful young civilians of the Bengal Presidency as confidential secretaries, and assistants, and clerks, to be employed at the Government-House in Calcutta, under his own eye, and trained up, as it were, in his school, and under the influence of his ideas. In justice to the memory of this remarkable man, the elder brother of the great Duke, we will quote a passage from Mr. Kaye indicating the extent and nature of his reputation in India fifty years ago.

"In that grand vice-regal school the clever boys of the Civil Service ripened rapidly into statesmen. They saw there how empires were governed. The imposing spectacle fired their young ambition, and each in turn grew eager and resolute to make for himself a place in history. Of all men living, perhaps, Lord Wellesley was the one around whose character and conduct the largest amount of youthful admiration was likely to gather. There was a vastness in all his

conceptions which irresistibly appealed to the imaginations of his disciples. Their faith in him was unbounded. The promptitude and decision with which he acted dispelled all doubt and disarmed all scepticism. Embodied in the person of Lord Wellesley, statesmanship was in the eyes of his pupils a splendid reality. They saw in him a great man with great things to accomplish. As he walked up and down the spacious central hall of the newly erected Government House, now dictating the terms of a letter to be despatched to one political functionary, now to another, keeping many pens employed at once, but never confusing the arrangement or language proper to each, there was a moral grandeur about him, seen through which the scant proportions of the little Viceroy grew into something almost sublime. There could not be a finer forcing-house for young ambition."—*Kaye*, vol. i. pp. 96, 97.

Of the young men who, about the year 1802, attracted the regards of the "glorious little man"—and whose subsequent careers were watched by him with pride long after he had left India for ever—Charles Metcalfe was one. Nothing, apparently, but the kindly attentions he received from the Governor-General during the first year of his Indian life, and the consequent admiration and affection with which he learned to regard him as the first great man he had ever known, could have enabled the poor youth to bear up against the initiating period of depression and home-sickness which all young Anglo-Indians suffer before they are acclimatised. It was not till the year 1803, however, that even contact with Wellesley had its full effects in rousing young Metcalfe's ambition, and reconciling him to his situation. In the interval, he had made a journey in the train of the Governor-General through the northern provinces, and had made his *début* in official life as assistant to the Resident at the Court of the Mahratta Prince Dowlut Rao Scindiah at Oujein. This appointment had been regarded by all Metcalfe's friends as an excellent opening for his talents. Colonel Collins, however—more familiarly known as 'old Jack Collins,' or 'King Collins'—then resident at Scindiah's Court, was a notoriously crabbed and arbitrary old fellow, not at all calculated to be an agreeable master to a sensitive young gentleman from Eton, who thought a good deal of himself; and Metcalfe soon came to a rupture with him and returned to Calcutta. Here, in 1803, he was made happy by being taken into the Governor-General's own office. Then first did his home-sickness entirely vanish, and the greatness of his Indian prospects dawn upon him. The young Etonian, as he looked at the glorious little Marquis pacing up and down the hall of Government House, and dictating a despatch, was sanguine enough to dream that one day he might be in the Marquis's place, and be the first man in India. He

had just received intelligence from home that his father had been made a Baronet by the Tories, and in entering the fact in his note-book, he wrote, anticipating the descent of the Baronetcy to his elder brother, then in China, "I have little doubt that I shall raise the second branch of the family to the same honours." He was then eighteen years old, and in receipt of a salary of £1000 a-year.

Pleased with the talents and industry of Metcalfe, Lord Wellesley appointed him in 1804 to the office of political assistant to the army of Lake, then engaged in what may be called the dregs of the great Mahratta war.

"It was young Metcalfe's business to assist the Commander-in-Chief in his negotiations with the native chiefs, to carry on the necessary correspondence with the civil officers in our newly-acquired districts, to collect information relative to the movements of the enemy, and to conduct other miscellaneous business comprised under the general head of 'political affairs.' Such a functionary at the head-quarters of Lake's army was not unlikely to be called a clerk and sneered at as a non-combatant."—*Kaye*, vol. i. pp. 135, 136.

Metcalfe, however, proved that, civilian as he was, he had as much of the spirit of a soldier in him as any man in the camp. One of the most important actions of the army, during his presence with it, was the storming of Deeg, a strong Mahratta fortress about forty-five miles from Agra. This took place in December 1804; and Metcalfe not only joined the storming party as a volunteer, but was one of the first to mount the breach. This exhibition, though apparently a mere act of foolhardiness, was well calculated; for, from that time forward, Metcalfe's position in the army, and his influence at head-quarters, were greatly enhanced. Accordingly, during the whole of 1805, and a portion of 1806, we find him acting a considerable part in the transactions which preceded the termination of the Mahratta war. It is during this period, too, that we first find him entering, with heart and soul, into the spirit of Indian politics, forming judgments of his own respecting men and measures, and boldly expressing these judgments in his letters to his friends at Calcutta and at home.

The Governor-General, under whose auspices the Mahratta war was concluded, and to whose favourable consideration young Metcalfe was recommended by Lord Lake, for his diplomatic and other services, was not his old friend and hero, Lord Wellesley. The "glorious little man," whose "great game" in India, as it was called, did not at all meet the approbation of the India-house authorities at home, had returned to England in August 1805, leaving the administration to his successor

Lord Cornwallis, who had been sent out for the second time as Governor-General of India, with strict injunctions to bring the Mahratta war to a close at any cost, and to change a policy of conquest and aggrandizement for one of financial retrenchment and improvement. Lord Cornwallis had no sooner arrived than he took steps to allay that "general frenzy for conquest and victory" which he found even in heads believed to be the soundest in India. His measures, however, for the conclusion of the Mahratta war were cut short by his premature death in October 1805, and the conduct of that intricate business devolved upon his interim-successor, Sir George Barlow, a man of similar sentiments, already distinguished among Indian financiers and administrators.

Metcalf, true to his allegiance to Wellesley, was very free in his criticisms of the peace-policy of Cornwallis and Barlow. With a great many of the soundest heads in India, and particularly with those who breathed the air of camps, he was full of the *debellare superbos* maxim which had inspired Wellesley's government, and regarded the favourable terms granted to Holkar, and the still more favourable concessions made to Scindiah, at a time when a somewhat longer prosecution of the war would have broken up the Mahratta power for ever, as the result of a short-sighted policy, derogatory to Great Britain, and likely to be expensive in the end, if seemingly economical at the moment. But, though of the Lake or Wellesley as opposed to the Barlow party, Metcalf's claims upon the service were too great to be overlooked. After a short stay at Calcutta, he was appointed, in August 1806, to the office of "First-Assistant to the Resident at Delhi"—not a very brilliant appointment in itself for a man who had done so much, but good enough during a regime not calculated to multiply splendid openings. Mr. Seton, the Resident at Delhi, was a very different man from Jack Collins—as mild and soft as Collins had been rough and arbitrary; and as Metcalf came with a high reputation to Delhi, it was with some difficulty that he could persuade Seton to treat him as a subordinate at all, and allow him to do any of the drudgery of the office. Seton, indeed, had an immense opinion of the abilities of his assistant; and during two years the two civilians continued harmoniously to manage the somewhat delicate business of the Residency—which consisted in administering the affairs of Delhi and its district, and at the same time keeping all right with the troublesome Court of the decrepit old Shah Allum, the fiction of whose imperial authority, as the representative of the old line of the Mogul Emperors, it was deemed advisable still to maintain.

The provisional Governor-Generalship of Barlow was termi-

nated by the arrival of the new Governor-General, Lord Minto; and with him came a stimulus to the stagnating politics of India. Mr. Kaye thus describes the nature of the crisis :—

“ When, in the spring of 1808, from the Council-Chamber of Calcutta, Lord Minto and his colleagues looked out upon those vast tracts of country which lie beyond the Sutlej and the Indus, and saw already the shadow of a gigantic enemy advancing from the west, it was no idle terror that haunted the imaginations of our British statesmen. The pacification of Tilsit had leagued against us the unscrupulous ambition of the great French usurper, and the territorial cupidity of the Russian autocrat. That among the mighty schemes which they then discussed for the partition of the world between them, the invasion of India was not one of the least cherished, or the least substantial, now stands recorded as an historical fact. We know now that it was nothing more than a design; but it was not less the duty of our Indian rulers in 1808, to provide against a contingency which then seemed neither improbable nor remote. The occasion was one which, if it did not warrant a demonstration of military power, at all events invited a display of diplomatic address. It was sound policy, in such a conjuncture, to secure the good offices of the princes and chiefs who were dominant in the countries which were supposed to be on the great high road of the invader. If the rulers of Afghanistan and the Punjab could be induced to enter into friendly alliances with the British Government for the resistance of invasion from the north, it seemed to Lord Minto and his colleagues that more than half of the danger which threatened our position would be at once removed. Already was French intrigue making its way at the Persian Court. That was the sure commencement of the great game that was about to be played—the safest and the wisest commencement. It was a great thing, therefore, to re-establish our ascendancy at Teheran; and a great thing to achieve the diplomatic occupation of the countries between Persia and India, before our enemies could appear upon the scene.”—*Kaye*, vol. i. pp. 239, 240.

To accomplish these objects, three distinct diplomatic missions were resolved on. The celebrated John (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm, was despatched to the Court of the Shah of Persia; Mountstuart Elphinstone, a man no less celebrated in eastern history, was ordered to proceed to Cabul; and Charles Metcalfe was taken from his assistantship at Delhi, and charged with a mission to Runjeet Singh, the maharajah or “ great king” of Lahore. Especial importance was attached to this last mission. We have mentioned, that at the time of Metcalfe’s arrival in India, the Sikh tribes of the north-west, though then little known, were in reality one of the most formidable of the extra-British populations of India, waiting only the operation of some organizing or confederating influence to reveal their strength



for good or evil. Such an influence had manifested itself in the activity of Runjeet Singh. Known in 1805 but as one of the chiefs of the Punjab, he had, by 1808, reduced all the Sikh tribes on the farther side of the Sutlej under his sway, while the tribes on the left or British side were menaced by him with the same fate. In fact, Runjeet Singh and his Sikhs now occupied very much the position which had been formerly occupied by Scindiah and his Mahrattas. Even had there been no such necessity as existed for getting him on our side in anticipation of a possible French or Russian invasion of India from the north-west, it would have been necessary soon to have come to an understanding with him relative to his designs on the Cis-Sutlejean chiefs, who were appealing to the British Government for protection against him. The objects of the mission to him were, therefore, no less complex and immediate than they were important. To sound his character and policy generally; to ascertain his resources and the nature of his supremacy; to prepossess him in favour of the British and against the French; to make a treaty with him if possible, and secure his alliance and friendship; and at the same time to avoid giving in to his designs on the Cis-Sutlejean Sikhs, and even take him to task if necessary for his efforts in that direction—all these objects were included in the mission committed to young Metcalfe. He was to be sole diplomatist, moving with a military escort, and with a retinue of moonshees, writers, and servants, but without secretaries, advisers, or attachés, to interfere with his plans or to share his responsibility. His salary was to be 2000 rupees a month, or £2400 a year, over and above all the mission-expenses.

Seldom has a youth of twenty-three had so good an opportunity to distinguish himself as this mission to Lahore afforded to Metcalfe. He knew it; he nerved himself up to do his best; and the result more than answered the highest expectations<sup>o</sup> that his friends had formed. The history of the mission, from the time of its leaving Delhi in August 1808, to its successful close by a treaty with Runjeet Singh in April 1809, is narrated in detail by Mr. Kaye. It is sufficient here to say, that after delays and duplicities innumerable on the part of the Rajah, who moved about from spot to spot, dodging the envoy as long as he could, and, even when he seemed to be caught, managed again and again to slip away like an eel, the patience and firmness of the young European baffled the wily Sikh, held him fast, and pinned him down to a treaty which fully settled all pending difficulties, and which for thirty years continued to regulate the relations between the British Government of India and the Sikhs of the Punjab. This treaty, one of the most important in the



history of India, was concluded at Umritsur on the 25th of April 1809.

The success of so important a negotiation at once raised Metcalfe to the highest rank among the junior Indian officials of the time; and Lord Minto and the Council set him down for the first vacant Residency. This chanced to be the Residency at the Scindiah's Court—the very office formerly held by Jack Collins. Hardly had he settled, however, into the duties of this Residency, when the transference of his friend Seton to the government of Prince of Wales' Island made it possible for Lord Minto to offer him, for a time at least, the far more congenial and dignified situation of Chief Resident at Delhi. To Delhi, accordingly, Metcalfe returned in 1811; and for a period of seven years—that is, from the twenty-seventh to the thirty-fourth year of his age—he remained at the imperial city, discharging in an exemplary manner the multifarious duties of his post. The general nature of these duties Mr. Kaye indicates as follows:—

“ So Charles Metcalfe, now at the age of twenty-six, found himself the incumbent of an appointment coveted by the oldest officers of both services—an appointment which, in respect of its importance, its responsibility, and its distinction, was not exceeded by any other in India below the seats at the Council-board of government. The duties of the Delhi Residency were onerous and complex. The Residents at other Courts were simply diplomatists. They were bound to confine themselves to the political duties of their situation, and to refrain from all interference with the internal administration of the country in which they resided. But the Delhi Resident was at once a diplomatist and an administrator. It was his duty not only to superintend the affairs of the pensioned Mogul and his family, but to manage the political relations of the British Government with a wide expanse of country, studded with petty principalities, ignorant alike of their duties and their interests, and often in their ignorance vexatious in the extreme. It was his duty, too, to superintend the internal government of the Delhi territory, to preside over the machinery of revenue collection and the administration of justice, and to promote by all possible means the development of the resources of the country, and the industry and happiness of the people. . . . He had social duties to perform, as well as those of diplomacy and administration. The Resident was a great man—he had a Court of his own, and a large monthly allowance from Government to support it in a state of becoming splendour. He kept open house. He had what was called a ‘family’—all the officers attached to the Residency, with their wives and children, were members of it. In the Resident's house all passing travellers of rank found ready entertainment.”—*Kaye*, vol. i. pp. 333, 334.

To all these duties Metcalfe addressed himself with zeal and

industry equal to his ability. At no time were the relations of the British Government to the Court of the Mogul more firmly and yet more delicately managed; at no time were the interests of the populations subject to the Delhi Residency more sedulously cared for, or the laws enforcing order and obedience among these populations more mildly administered, than during the seven years in which Metcalfe was Resident. At no time, either, were the hospitalities of the Residency more liberally maintained. Old Indians still recall the days they spent at Delhi, during Metcalfe's Residency, as among the most pleasant of their eastern recollections.

Yet, during this—in some respects, perhaps, the happiest portion of his Indian career—Metcalfe was only doubtfully happy. Besides the inevitable cares and annoyances of his situation, varied and increased occasionally by a misunderstanding with his superiors, he seems to have suffered not a little from low spirits. In his letters to friends at home there is often a tone of sadness, as if, after all, life in India seemed to him only a kind of banishment from the more genial world of family ties and friendship. With all his talents as a man of business, and all his strength of character, he appears to have possessed singularly acute feelings, and a singularly gentle and affectionate nature. He had come out to India deeply in love with a beautiful girl, whom he had met shortly before his departure; and the image of this first object of his boyish affection, irrevocably lost to him, seems never to have been effaced from his memory. In various letters written during the period of his Delhi Residency, he announces his resolution never to marry, and anticipates the time when, having returned to England, he will be shunned in society as a sallow Indian bachelor, and left to his solitary walks and his solitary curry. One cause of his melancholy seems to have been a conviction that he should never see his parents alive again. His fear proved true. Sir Thomas and Lady Metcalfe both died during the last years of their son's residence at Delhi, having survived just long enough to see him on the path to a distinguished Indian fame. The baronetcy descended to the elder brother, Theophilus John, who had married in the east, and who, not long afterwards, left China and returned to Britain.

It was not, however, only as administrator of the affairs of the Delhi Residency that Metcalfe was busy from 1811 to 1818. As a man well acquainted with the political state of India generally, and feeling a strong interest in whatever occurred in any part of it, he frequently corresponded with Lord Minto, and after Lord Minto's departure in 1813, with his successor, Lord Moira, as well as with his personal friends in Calcutta and elsewhere, on political matters not specially restricted to the business

of his own political Residency. It was about the time of Lord Moira's appointment to the Governorship that symptoms began to manifest themselves, more particularly in Central India, which augured that the policy of peace and non-interference, persevered in for eight years, must speedily come to an end.

"The most peaceful rulers who ever governed our Indian empire have left to their successors a sad heritage of political convulsion, military strife, and financial embarrassment. It seems as though, in the eastern world, the moderation of our rulers could bear only the bitter fruit of war and conquest; that forbearance in one year were but the antecedent of compulsory violence and aggression in another; that the most steadfast resolutions to go so far and no farther, formed, in all honesty and all wisdom, by the least ambitious of our statesmen, could only pave the way to new victories and new additions of territory to an empire already 'overgrown.'"—*Kaye*, vol. i. pp. 383-384.

In accordance with this apparent law of our Indian history, the Governor-generalship of Lord Moira was one of war and disturbance, of the breaking up of old arrangements, and of the establishment of new ones at the cannon's mouth. First, there was a war with Nepaul, occasioned by the ravages committed by the Goorkhas on our borders (1814-15); and hardly had this been concluded, when it became necessary to have a new settlement of accounts with the four great Mahratta chiefs of Central India—Scindiah, Holkar, the Peishwah, and the Rajah of Berar—whose relations to each other, to the British Government, and to the minor Indian states, had, since the sudden winding up of 1806, fallen into a state of disorder and confusion, rendered more distracting by the appearance in the midst of them of the new marauding power of the Pindarrees. It was natural that, in such a crisis, great weight should be attached to the views of so experienced a politician as Metcalfe, whose position in the midst of the chaotic elements gave him the best opportunities of judging what was fit to be done; and, accordingly, both by written minutes forwarded to Calcutta, and by personal intercourse with Lord Moira, during his lordship's military progress, in 1815, through the upper provinces, we find Metcalfe busily indoctrinating the Government with maxims and principles such as the following:—

"Our power in India rests upon our military superiority. It has no foundation in the affection of our subjects. It cannot derive support from the good will or good faith of our neighbours. It can only be upheld by our military prowess; and that policy is best suited to our situation in India which tends in the greatest degree to increase our military power by all means consistent with justice."—*Paper on the situation of affairs in November 1814, submitted by Metcalfe to Lord Moira; quoted, Kaye*, vol. i. p. 392.

" I rejoice at this partial abandonment of the non-interference system. But I want to see it openly renounced as absurd and impracticable, in our present situation. Let our policy be guided by justice and moderation, but let us take every fair opportunity of securing and aggrandizing our power. . . . It is curious to observe how frequently we are compelled, by policy, to deviate from our *fixed* principles. [He then cites instances in which the Indian Government had been obliged to deviate from the non-interference policy, in spite of the strongest desire to adhere to it.] It only remains to renounce a system from which we are always compelled to deviate. Our power in India is so strangely constituted, that unless we take advantage of all fair opportunities to increase our strength, we may meet some day with unexpected reverses, and have our power shaken to its centre, if not overturned. It is doubtful, I think, how long we shall preserve our wonderful empire in India; but the best chance of preserving it must arise from our making ourselves strong by all just means—not from an absurd system, which would affect to look on with indifference at the increasing strength of others, and to trust for our existence to the unattainable character of unambitious amiable innocence and forbearance."—*Letter from Metcalfe to an official friend, November 3, 1814; quoted, Kaye, vol. i. pp. 394, 395.*

" The error seems to belong to the Government at home, which has been resolved to make everything bend to a desire to keep down the expenses, as if our expenses could be regulated at our pleasure; as if we could control events so as to render them subservient exclusively to economical and commercial views. The most effectual remedy would be—and a most necessary one it is—to reverse the system of government, and to make views of economy and retrenchment secondary to those of safety and power. Let us first adopt measures for the security and strength of our dominion, and afterwards look to a surplus of revenue. If retrenchments be necessary, let them be made anywhere rather than in that branch of our expenditure which is necessary for our existence. Let us cherish our military establishments above all others, for on them our power entirely depends."—*Memorandum on the state of Central India, submitted to the Governor-General; quoted, Kaye, vol. i. pp. 443, 444.*

We have culled these sentences from among many others of a similar tenor, as exhibiting Metcalfe's matured opinions on the most general questions of our Indian policy, at the time to which they refer. We see in them how apt a pupil Metcalfe had been in the Wellesley school, and how firmly he adhered to the principles of that school. It is unnecessary here to relate the stirring events of Indian history, in the midst of which, and with the intention of contributing to their proper conduct and settlement, these views were put forth. Suffice it to say, that Lord Moira, himself similarly inclined, was much impressed by Metcalfe's representations; that Metcalfe's more special propositions as to the mode of dealing with the various elements of the

chaos—Scindiah, the Pindarrees, Holkar, &c.—also met with acceptance, and were embodied in Lord Moira's policy; and that, consequently, the important measures of conquest and pacification, which signalized the rule of that Governor-General, and which make the years 1817 and 1818 memorable in the annals of our Indian empire, were conceived in the spirit of Metcalfe's ideas, and even in part according to the letter of his suggestions. As Resident at Delhi, Metcalfe had also personally a share in the diplomatic arrangements involved in the new settlement.

Having conducted Metcalfe to a point in his life when his title to the character of a fully developed Indian statesman was universally recognised, and his rise to the highest offices in our Indian empire was only a question of time, we may pass over the remaining steps of his Indian career more cursorily. In October 1818 he quitted, with much reluctance, his Residency at Delhi, and accepted, as a more central and conspicuous position for the exercise of his talents, the post of private secretary to Lord Moira—then just raised to the higher dignity of Marquis of Hastings, this post being purposely rendered more worthy of his acceptance by being conjoined with the analogous office of General Political Secretary to the Supreme Government. In his new position, however, Metcalfe does not seem to have found himself so comfortable as he had anticipated, and in 1820, after various other projects for his employment in a field wide enough for his merits, he allowed himself to be nominated to the Residency of Hyderabad in the Deccan.

The duties of this office were, in some respects, like, but in others very unlike, those of the Delhi Residency. The Nizam, or native sovereign of that large tract of Southern India known as the Deccan, was our ally, and in so far our dependent; but he was no mere pensioner and puppet, like the Mogul. He managed the internal affairs of his own government, or had them managed for him, by native ministers; and what the British Resident had to do was to look after the external relations of the State, as the ambassador of the paramount power, and at the same time to exercise such influence, generally, on internal affairs, as could be acquired by moral authority, and by an understanding with the British officers in the Nizam's service. When Metcalfe accepted the Residency he was told that the work would be easy, but he was far from finding it so. What with the Nizam himself, a weak and capricious potentate; what with the two rival ministers, Mooneer-ool-Moolk and Chundoo-Lall, who divided the Nizam's power, and invariably pulled opposite ways; and what with an English banking-house established at Hyderabad by some speculators, and which, from being

a mere commercial establishment, had, by means of large loans to the Government, on the security of incoming taxes, and other such transactions, actually got into its hands the political mastery of the State—the affairs of the Deccan were one mass of corruption and confusion. In no part of India, with equal resources, was the condition of the population more wretched; and in no part was the wretchedness of the population so clearly owing to vicious administration. Thrown into the midst of such an imbroglio, Metcalfe set to work, with his usual zeal and singleness of purpose, to perform his own part in restoring order. His industry was excessive; he was never at leisure. At last he discovered the root of the evil. He wrote to head-quarters, exposing the practices of Palmer's banking-house; showing that much of the misery to which the population of the Deccan was subjected arose from the connexion subsisting between the Nizam's Government and this establishment; alleging the injury to the British name and influence in India, likely to arise from the supposed complicity of the British Government with transactions so grasping and nefarious; and pointing out what he thought the simplest and easiest means of remedy. Although he was careful, in all this, to avoid personal attacks and imputations as much as possible, he found that he had roused a nest of hornets. The partners of the banking-house were men of note and distinction, and they had numerous friends in India and at home, who, without being sufficiently acquainted with the facts, were zealous in their favour. The Marquis of Hastings himself was related by marriage to one of the principal partners. The result for Metcalfe was that his proceedings were misrepresented, his position at Hyderabad rendered extremely disagreeable, and his friendly relations with Lord Hastings changed into mutual coolness and estrangement. For a time he had to bear up against obloquy, not only in India, but also in political circles at home; and, though in the end, events proved him to have been in the right, and raised his reputation for purity and efficiency higher than ever, it was with pleasure that, in 1825, he left the scene in which, for nearly five years, he had been so laboriously and so disagreeably occupied. Lord Amherst, who had succeeded the Marquis of Hastings as Governor-General, had found it necessary to make some changes in the administration of the Upper or North-west provinces of India, in order to carry out which he esteemed it of the utmost importance that Metcalfe should leave the Hyderabad Residency, and return to his old post at Delhi, nominally with his old title as Resident, but with his duties considerably modified. He was then no longer plain Charles, but Sir Charles, Metcalfe, having succeeded unexpectedly to the family baronetcy, by the death of his elder brother



in 1824. Accordingly Metcalfe, after visiting Calcutta, returned to Delhi. He was then forty years of age.

Metcalfe's second Residency at Delhi lasted but two years, (1825-27.) But these two years were years of importance,—a war of no ordinary magnitude being then in progress against the Rajah of Bhurtpore. Metcalfe's conduct during the transactions of this war—transactions on the success of which, as many thought, depended the security of our Indian empire against another general insurrection—was of a piece with his whole previous career; and it was partly in testimony of admiration of his behaviour at this crisis, although at the same time as the proper reward for his long preceding course of distinguished service, that the Directors, in 1827, conferred on him a vacant seat in the Supreme Council of India. At the time when this honour—the highest in the regular line of Indian service—was conferred on Sir Charles, he was forty-two years of age.

The salary of the office to which Metcalfe, after twenty-six years of Indian service, had thus worked his way, was £10,000 a-year. Its duties consisted in sitting at the Council-Board with the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, and one other member of the Indian civil service, and, with these three colleagues, discussing all matters connected with the government of India. Mr. Kaye's account of the nature of the office is at once authentic and graphic:—

“To be a member of the Supreme Council of India, is to be almost anything that the incumbent of the office pleases to make himself. It may be to live in a state of somnolent bewilderment, idly dreaming of a prodigious array of State affairs flitting obscurely before him; to be haunted by shadows of public business which he seldom even attempts to grasp; to give a few ill-considered opinions in Council, and out of it to write a vast number of ill-shaped initials on the back of State papers, which are sent round for his perusal. Or it may be to perform the functions, zealously and indefatigably, of an overworked public servant, scorning delight and living laborious days, amidst the mass of business that crowds upon him for its discharge; to begin early and to end late, and yet never to feel that his duties have been adequately performed; to write much and to read more; to combat others' opinions, and to enforce his own; to be continually emulating the penal servitude of the Titan, and forcing the great rock of public business up the ascent only to see it roll back again to his feet. It may be, on the one hand, the *otium-cum* of the park-girt palace, or the river-side villa; or, on the other, the stern joyless life of the galley-slave, all comprised in the one word—work. . . . Attended by the secretaries, the Governor-General meets the members of Council on certain given days—say twice—in every week. All the multiform concerns of Government requiring adjustment in the different departments of State—in the political, the

military, the financial, the judicial, &c.—are then cursorily discussed and decided. But the real business is done at home, on the other days of the week, when the Government messengers are continually presenting themselves at the houses of the members of Council, bearing certain official-looking, oblong boxes, containing State papers to be examined and minuted by the councillors. Rough-hewn by the secretaries, important despatches, or minutes and memoranda on which despatches are to be based, are sent round for inspection and approval. Then the member of council either writes his initials on the draft, and passes it on without further comment, or he seats himself down to his desk, and draws up an elaborate minute on the subject. These minutes take the place of speeches delivered by the members of popular assemblies. They contain an expression of the individual opinions of the writer, supported by such facts and such arguments as he can bring to his aid. Thus is it, as was said by a distinguished living statesman, that ‘eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs.’ But the paragraphs have often more of ‘eloquence’ in them than the halting sentences which make up the oral discourses which would appropriate the name. Now, it is just in proportion as the contents of these boxes of State papers are examined and commented upon by the member of Council, that his life is one of dignified ease or interminable toil.”—*Kaye*, vol. ii. pp. 161-163.

The reader may guess in which of the two classes of councillors—the otiose or the busy—Sir Charles Metcalfe enrolled himself. From his biographer’s account, we judge him to have been one of the most conscientious and laborious members of Council that India ever had. The whole government of India, as Mr. Kaye hints in the above paragraph, is conducted by writing—minutes and letters taking the place of Parliamentary speeches; and Sir Charles Metcalfe was an indefatigable minute-writer. On almost every subject he would form his own opinion, independently of the Governor-General and his other colleagues in Council; and, as it often happened that in this opinion he stood alone, he considered himself bound, on all such occasions, to give his reasons in full, and to argue the point with his colleagues. This plan he pursued during the remainder of Lord Amherst’s governor-generalship, and also, with even greater laboriousness and strictness, during that of Amherst’s successor, Lord William Bentinck, (1828-1834.) At first, the relations between this celebrated nobleman and Sir Charles Metcalfe were somewhat stiff and formal; they soon learned, however, to appreciate each other, and even while differing in matters of policy, to be warm and intimate friends. A sentence or two, quoted either from Mr. Kaye himself, or from the extracts given by Mr. Kaye from Metcalfe’s minutes and correspondence during this period of his career, will serve to indicate some of his general notions on the vexed questions of

our Indian administration. One sees in them the remains of the old Wellesley spirit, considerably modified, however, by age and experience.

*Metcalfe's notion of the instability of British rule in India.*—"True to the faith of his younger days, he always consistently opposed any diminution of our means of military defence. . . . He was wont familiarly to say that we were sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, and that the explosion might take place any day when we were least expecting it. His writings, public and private, whenever they touch upon the general question of our rule in the East, are all more or less pervaded by this one leading idea. He was, to use his own words, ever 'anxiously alive to the instability of our Indian empire.'"—*Kaye*, vol. ii. pp. 187, 188.

*Disposition to retrenchment, and scepticism as to large schemes of material improvement undertaken by Government.*—"But, in proportion to the clearness with which he recognised the necessity of an undiminished expenditure in that one direction [the military service] was the zeal with which he pushed his proposals for retrenchment in every other quarter. He used to say, half jestingly, half sorrowfully, that he was afraid his colleagues would regard him as a Goth. He was sceptical, indeed, of the advantages to be derived by the people of India from some of those grand material improvements on which, in these days, the greatest possible stress is wisely and properly laid, as agents of enlightenment and civilisation. It must not be forgotten, however, that a quarter of a century of the most wonderful progress that the world has ever seen, has elapsed since Charles Metcalfe, who was in many respects before the age in which he lived, wrote and recorded minutes questioning the benefits to be conferred on India by steam-ships, telegraphs, and roads. In these departments, and in many others—as mints, surveys, and grants to the Agricultural Society—he initiated proposals for the reduction of the expenditure. He was eager to pare the exuberance of all costly overgrown establishments, and to abolish all offices of questionable advantage to the State."—*Kaye*, pp. 188, 189.

*Notion that the village community is the permanent and fundamental molecule of native Hindoo society, and that the village system ought to be sedulously kept up.*—"The village communities are little republics, having nearly everything that they want within themselves, and almost independent of any foreign relations. They seem to last where nothing else lasts. Dynasty after dynasty tumbles down. Revolution succeeds revolution. Hindoo, Patan, Mogul, Mahratta, Sikh, English, are all masters in turn, but the village communities remain the same. . . . If a country remain for a series of years the scene of continued pillage and massacre, so that the villages cannot be inhabited, the scattered villagers nevertheless return whenever the power of peaceable possession revives. A generation may pass away, but the succeeding generation will return. . . . This union of the village communities, each one forming a separate little state in itself, has, I conceive, contributed, more than any other cause, to the

preservation of the people of India through all the changes and revolutions which they have suffered, and is in a high degree conducive to their happiness and to the enjoyment of a great portion of freedom and independence. I wish, therefore, that the village constitutions may never be disturbed, and I dread everything that has a tendency to break them up. I am fearful that a revenue settlement, separately with each individual cultivator, as is the practice in the Ryotwar settlement, instead of one with the village community, through their representatives, the head men, might have such a tendency."—*Extract from a minute of Metcalfe's, dated Nov. 1830, quoted by Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 191, 192.*

*Notion of the best system for the British administration of India.*—"Were I myself to venture on a proposal to new-modify our civil administration, I should recommend, as the arrangement in my mind best suited to the character of our native subjects, and best calculated to promote their happiness, the division of the country into small districts, in each of which a European officer should be superintendent, uniting all authorities in his own person, and having under him native officers for the administration of the district in all branches—several of these districts to be formed into a division under the control of a superior officer or commissioner, exercising united authority in all branches; and the commissioners to be subordinate to one general superintending authority at the Presidency."—*Minute, July 1831, quoted as above, pp. 192, 193.*

*Distinctions of privilege, &c., in India.*—"I regret the distinctions which exist in laws, rights, privileges, and communities, among the several classes of subjects inhabiting the territory under British rule in India, and I think it desirable that all exclusions and disabilities under which any class may labour, whether European, East Indian, or native, should be removed and abolished as soon as possible."—*Minute, July 1831, quoted as above, p. 193.*

*Interference and non-interference with native States.*—"As a diplomatic agent, I have had a part in carrying into effect both interfering and non-interfering policy; and the result of my own experience has left two strong impressions on my mind; *first*, that we ought not to interfere in the internal affairs of other States if we can avoid it; and, *secondly*, that if we do interfere, we ought to do so decidedly, and to the full extent requisite for the object which we have in view."—*Minute, August 1835, quoted as above, p. 196.*

*Persia, Russia, and India.*—"Were we to expect any essential aid from Persia, in the time of our own need, we should most assuredly find ourselves miserably deceived and disappointed. If ever Russia be in a condition to set forth an army against India, Persia most probably will be under her banners."—*Minute, June 1828, quoted as above, p. 197.*

*Notion that the Indus is the proper boundary of our Asiatic Empire.*—"Had he (Metcalfe) remained supreme in India, not a man would have been moved across the Indus."—*Kaye, vol. ii. p. 200.*

For the seven years (1827-1834) during which Sir Charles

Metcalfe occupied a seat in the Indian Council, under the successive supremacies of Lord Amherst and Lord William Bentinck, he was incessantly recording such opinions as the above, with many others of a more particular character, in written minutes, and labouring to carry them out in practice. Add to these official duties the social duties devolving upon him in virtue of his high station, and an idea will be formed of the busy life he led at this time. With £10,000 a year of official salary, a considerable fortune accumulated out of the savings of his previous service, and the family property attached to his baronetcy in addition, Metcalfe had ample means for sustaining the hospitality proper to his rank in the East. His disposition accorded with his means. His spacious residence in the river-side suburb of Calcutta was perpetually full of visitors, whom he entertained in a princely manner. "His dinner-parties were the best, and his balls the most numerously attended in Calcutta; and everybody said, that such noble hospitality was almost without a parallel even in the most lavish of times." Still the satrap remained a bachelor,—kind to all, and with a singular tenderness of personal attachment to his male friends, but unflinchingly faithful, in the feminine department, to the memory of the long-lost beauty that had won his boyish heart more than thirty years before at a ball in Portland Place.

At length came the crowning honour of Metcalfe's Indian career. He had been appointed Governor of the newly created Presidency of Agra; he had, as Senior Civil Member of Council, acted in Lord William Bentinck's place during that nobleman's illness: but it was not till March 1834, that, in consequence of Lord William's return to England, he succeeded, by virtue of an Act of the Home-government, providing for such an emergency, to the office of Governor-General of British India. He was then forty-nine years of age. The appointment was only provisional, until the Ministry and the Court of Directors should agree as to Lord William's successor. For a considerable time, however, it did not seem improbable that Sir Charles Metcalfe would be appointed permanently. There was a strong party in his favour at the India House; and it was only the determination of the Melbourne Ministry, then in office, to make the Governor-Generalship a political appointment, as heretofore, that prevented the India-House authorities from carrying their object. Various candidates were talked of, and among them Lord Palmerston; and the office was still vacant when the Whigs were turned out of the administration, and Sir Robert Peel's short Government came in. In 1835 the new Ministry appointed Lord Heytesbury to the Indian proconsulate. But he had not sailed when Melbourne and the Whigs again came in, his

appointment was cancelled, and Lord Auckland nominated in his stead.

To Lord Auckland, accordingly, Metcalfe, in March 1836, resigned the supreme government, after having exercised it for two years. These two years, however, had, in some respects, been the most brilliant in his career of Eastern statesmanship. It so chanced, that during Metcalfe's provisional tenure of the great Indian proconsulate, a question of vast importance in the administration of that part of the world, which had been long ripening under his predecessors, came up for final decision. This was the question of the liberty of the Indian press. The first journals which had sprung up in British India in the Warren Hastings times had been reckless, scurrilous, and licentious in the extreme—mere literary garbage, suited to a not very scrupulous or moral state of society. The only security against libel and outrage in the Indian papers of that day was a cudgel or a bribe in cash. Under Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore the Indian press became more respectable; and local news and weak politics of a harmless nature sufficed for its purpose. During the graver times of Wellesley's administration, when the French were intriguing in India, and our rule seemed tottering, newspapers were an intolerable nuisance to the men in power; and the little Marquis established a strict censorship, and made no scruple of laying hold of a troublesome editor and shipping him home. The same despotism was kept up in Lord Minto's time; and though Lord Hastings was more liberal and lax, unfortunate gentlemen of the press were still liable to deportation. John Adam, who exercised the provisional administration between Lord Hastings and his successor Lord Amherst, was a civilian of the old Tory school, to whom the notion of a free press seemed an absurdity. He ruined editors, right and left; and smashed Mr. Buckingham. To evade his summary style of proceeding with British subjects who edited or were connected with newspapers, journals were issued in the names of natives, who could not be deported. And so, by various shifts, the press contrived to live. Lord Amherst was obliged to relax the stringent regulations of Mr. Adam. Lord William Bentinck, a Liberal to the core, went farther; he encouraged the press, snapped his fingers at its attacks on himself, and thought its freedom an immense good. It was reserved, however, for Sir Charles Metcalfe to give to the emancipation of the Indian press the force and the form of law. He had always theoretically taken the liberal view of the question; he had, as a member of council, protested against the only act of Lord William Bentinck's government, infringing the freedom of the press; it was with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that, in 1835, he availed



himself of his position, as temporary viceroy, to abolish the old Press Regulations, and establish a new press-law similar to that of England. That the opportunity for so popular an act of statesmanship occurred during Metcalfe's proconsulate was a piece of good luck. Still his firmness in using the opportunity, when it was by no means an axiom either in Downing Street or in Leadenhall Street, that the Indian press should be free, entitles him to all the credit he actually received. That credit was not small. He was applauded in Calcutta as the liberator of the Indian press; and a public library and literary institution was erected to commemorate the event, under the name of Metcalfe Hall.

Although disappointed of the viceroyalty in full, Metcalfe was quite prepared to remain in India in any position which would not degrade him below that he had already attained—in other words, which would leave him second only to Lord Auckland. He did not feel, however, that this condition was fairly complied with. It is true, he had received from the Crown the honour of a Grand Cross of the Bath, to be added to his hereditary baronetcy; and he had likewise been a second time and a third time nominated to the provisional viceroyalty, in case of accident to Lord Heytesbury or Lord Auckland. But his governorship of Agra having been changed into a deputy-governorship, by the abolition of the Agra presidency, he felt himself entitled to the first vacancy that would restore him to his lost rank; and his claims in this respect having been overlooked, by the appointment of Lord Elphinstone to the government of the Madras presidency, he thought himself justified in requesting some explanation on the subject from the India-House Directors. The explanation was not given; and in August 1837 Sir Charles Metcalfe resigned his connexion with the Indian service. In February 1838 he embarked for England, after an unbroken absence of thirty-seven years. He was then in his fifty-fourth year. Banquets, addresses, and testimonials of all kinds signalized his departure from India.

Behold, now, our elderly, but not old, Indian restored to his native land, walking once more amid scenes familiar to his boyhood, and almost forgetting, amid their novel impressions, the long years which he had passed, since he last saw them, amid the scenes and objects of the tawny East. From Clifton, where he resided for a few weeks with a married sister, he came to London. It was during the bustle of the Queen's coronation; and, though he saw some old friends, and, among them, the Marquis of Wellesley, people in general were too much occupied to look after an ex-Governor-General of India, or to take any trouble about giving him a welcome. He removed to his family

property at Fern Hill, and set up house as a retired nabob. Familiar as he was, however, with princely Eastern expenditure, the expenses of a gentleman's establishment in England were such as to terrify him, and he meditated breaking up his large household and subsiding into lodgings or hotel-life in London, as a comfortable bachelor. His great object was to get into Parliament—a field of action in which, he trusted, he could work congenially, and also distinguish himself. Although he had gone out to India an enthusiastic admirer of Pitt, and though his father had been all along a consistent Tory of the old school, the tear and wear of Indian life had taken all his British prejudice and exclusiveness completely out of him; and, had he appeared on any hustings, it would have been as a Radical of the most pronounced school. He was against the corn-laws, church-rates, and Protestant ascendancy in Ireland; and in favour of an extended suffrage, vote by ballot, short parliaments, and the exclusion of bishops from the House of Lords. With these sentiments, and with £100,000 at his banker's, he would not have been long in finding a constituency to suit him; he was already negotiating with one or two; and parties interested were already anticipating the somewhat curious phenomenon of a Radical ex-vice-roy of India in Parliament, when the Whigs relieved themselves of the probable inconvenience, and at the same time did an excellent service to the State, by begging Metcalfe to go out and govern Jamaica for them. He sailed for Jamaica in September 1839.

Probably no more difficult task could have been devolved on a man than the government of Jamaica at that moment. Six years had elapsed since the Negro Emancipation Act; the provisional apprenticeship-system was over; and the great party-war between the ruined planters, who saw their estates relapsing into wilderness, for want of labour, and the negroes, now in the enjoyment of plenty, without the necessity of labouring more than they liked, was raging virulently throughout the island. The stipendiary magistrates and the ministers of religion, above all the Baptist ministers, took the side of the negroes; and backed them in their continually increasing claims as against their former masters. Metcalfe's predecessor in the government, as the representative of the feelings and wishes of the mother-country at this crisis, was naturally on the same side. In these circumstances, the Representative Assembly of the island, composed of planters and their agents, declared themselves in permanent opposition to the government, and had recourse to a system of dogged inertia,—that is, refused to pass any measures, or to transact any business not indispensable for cash purposes,—until the grievances of the planters should have been redressed. The

Whigs at home had no option, in this dilemma, but to suspend the constitution of the island, and vest the rule in the Governor and his council of twelve, to the exclusion of the Assembly. Sir Robert Peel, indeed, turned them out on this measure; but, as he was unable to form a ministry, they returned to office, and a mild modification of the original bill passed. The real want, however, was a man to be sent out as governor, in whose hands the unconstitutional powers which the bill authorized would be safe. Sir Charles Metcalfe was chosen; the feeling being, that a man who had, in his official career among the whites and the dark-skins of the East Indies, shewn such skill and tact and temper, could not feel himself quite out of his element among the whites and blacks of the West Indies. It was not expected that he or any other man could, as Governor of Jamaica, solve the great social and economical questions which were then distracting the island—that he could provide a remedy for the want of labour, and so take the sting of present local disaster entirely out of the measure which the spirit of universal philanthropy had forced upon the island for the behoof of the rest of the world. All that was expected, all that was possible, was, that by judicious and firm conduct, he should tide over the present difficulty; temper disaster as much as possible to the one party, and correct and abate as much as possible the high-handed exultation of the other; and so fairly commit the solution of the problem to the action of time and circumstance. And this work he performed most successfully. He remained in Jamaica not more than one year and a half, (October 1839—May 1841); but during that time, so strenuously did he devote himself to the task of soothing and beating down party-spirit, and so dexterously and gently did he use his power, that the unconstitutional authority with which he had been vested in case of necessity hardly made its appearance at all, and the affairs of Jamaica began once more to flow in the channel of order and routine. His chief difficulty was with the Baptist missionaries; but even with them his suavity and his firmness produced their effects; and when he left Jamaica, the gratitude and respect of all classes followed him. It was felt that what it had been possible for a man in his situation to do towards expediting the solution of the grand question of the day, he had done; and, moreover, his special enactments for the reform of the judicial and administrative system of the island had been neither few nor small. At this day his memory is cherished, both by the blacks and the whites of Jamaica, as that of perhaps the best governor they have ever had.

At the time of his second return to England in 1841, Sir Charles Metcalfe was fifty-seven years of age. He was still

hale and hearty, and, notwithstanding his long residence in hot climates, had the appearance of a bluff Englishman, who had many more years of life in him.\* He again looked forward to closing his career as a Radical member of Parliament and leading man in home-politics. The only sign about him which could have caused any alarm to himself or his friends was, that an ulcerous affection of the face, which had first made its appearance during his last years in India, for which he had consulted Sir Benjamin Brodie on his return from the East, and which, notwithstanding the local application of caustics, zinc-ointments, and other remedies, had grown worse during his residence in Jamaica, had now apparently become confirmed and ineradicable. He did not anticipate any immediate danger, however; and while submitting to painful medical treatment for the chance of cure, went about as usual. As before, the official personages of the metropolis were somewhat slow in seeking out the returned proconsul who had done so much for them and the country; and he began to feel as if he were ungratefully treated. An invitation to dine with the Queen—on which occasion he met Sir Robert Peel for the first time—set all right; and Sir Charles Metcalfe, with his Jamaica experience added to his Indian, was again at the beck of the Crown for any service of sufficient dignity to which he might be thought competent. It was not long before he was again called upon to undertake a difficult proconsulate. The Whigs, three years before, had sent him to save Jamaica; and the Tories now, taking no account of his dormant Radicalism, sent him to save the Canadas. The offer of the Governor-Generalship of Canada was made to him in a letter from Lord Stanley, as colonial secretary, in January 1843, and he immediately accepted it.

The month of March 1843 saw the ex-governor of our East Indian empire, and our largest West Indian dependency, making his way on sledges, and wrapped in furs, through the snows of an American winter, to the seat of his Canadian government. "Governor Metcalfe, you'll admit, I think, that this is a clever body of snow for a young country," was the salutation made to him by a Yankee functionary on his way through the United States to Kingston. The difference of climate between his new and his former governments, was but a metaphor of the deeper difference he was to encounter in the matter of the political and social relations in the midst of which he was now called upon to act. He had dealt with sleek soft Hindoos and hot Mahometans in India; he had dealt with thick-headed blacks, and cunning

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\* We regret that Mr. Kaye has not prefixed to his work a portrait of Metcalfe—an omission of importance in such a biography. A map or two in the Indian part of the book might also have been of use.

creoles, and enraged white planters in Jamaica; he was now called upon to deal with a far more unmanageable population of pure whites—English, Irish, Scotch, French, and American, in their origin—full to the brim of theories of “responsible government,” scarcely less irreverent in reality towards the British Crown than their Yankee neighbours, and as accustomed to vent their opinions and their virulence against each other through the press and public meetings. The real question in Canada, in fact, was, whether the Governor-Generalship, as the tie between the dependency and the mother country, should be anything or nothing; whether Canada should be governed by an Executive Council of ministers put in office by the majority in the Canadian House of Representatives, and changed according to the state of parties in that House, just as the ministry is changed in Britain—the Governor-General accommodating himself to these changes, and shifting from party to party, as he best could; or whether the Governor-General should possess in himself an element of power and prerogative capable of penetrating to the country through the conflict of parties. It was to solve this question in the way in which the Home-Government wished it solved—in other words, it was to retain the Canadas as a portion of the British empire—that Metcalfe was sent out. He had hard and delicate work of it; but, on the whole, he succeeded. It was not long before he came to a rupture with the leaders of the dominant Canadian party—Sullivan, Morin, Aylwin, Lafontaine, Baldwin, and others—men of Irish, French, or American origin, and thoroughly democratic ideas. He refused to cancel an appointment he had made, and they resigned their offices as councillors. Canada was excited from end to end; the Parliament was prorogued; vehement speeches were made and articles written against “old square-toes,” as the Governor was called; but “square-toes” though mild was firm, and persisted in maintaining that he could not, as representative of the British Crown, allow Canada that kind of “responsible government” which consisted in government by a leading faction. To prove his impartiality, he would not throw himself into the hands of the Conservative party who would have carried him through the crisis; but gathered around him a few men who acquiesced in his views, and consented to conduct the government under him. He was obliged at length to dissolve the Assembly. The result of the new elections, however, being in his favour, the victory was his; and, for the time at least, Canada was saved to Great Britain. Here, also, as in the case of Jamaica, all that Metcalfe did, or could do, was to smooth over a temporary crisis, and leave the solution of the problem actually involved to the ripening agency of time. He had not been sent out to set at rest the

question as to the degree of self-government which Canada should enjoy; he had been sent out expressly to retain, for the time, on behalf of the mother country, a certain negative or restraint on the tendency of the colony towards independence; and the skill with which he performed his appointed task is not the less to be admired that the task was temporary, and that, since he was Governor, Canada has been allowed to go on more freely in her own way. Moreover, considering his circumstances at the time, there was something heroic in the patience and bravery with which he fought out so harassing a business. At the time when he was resisting the attacks of the energetic Canadian democrats, and abating the fury of the opposite faction, and transacting all the work of his office when that work was doubled, he was, to his own knowledge, dying by inches. The cancer in his face had made such ravages, that the only question was how many months longer his painful life could possibly be protracted. The torture of new medical operations was borne in vain; at length, his articulation was affected, and he could hardly go out. In one of his letters he writes, "there is a hole through the cheek into the interior of the mouth." In the midst of these sufferings, the extent of which was not known to the ministers at home, letters brought him the intelligence that, by the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, the Queen had been pleased to bestow on him a peerage in consideration of his eminent services. The news reached him early in 1845; and a few months later, feeling his end approaching, he begged leave to resign his Governorship. The Government at home hastened, with many expressions of sympathy, to relieve the dying man; he remained at his post till his presence was no longer necessary; and in December 1845, he again set foot in England.

A few months of lingering and painful decay were now all that remained of the life of Lord Metcalfe. In the spring of 1846, his closed carriage was to be seen in the drive in Hyde Park, and the fashionable world taking their pleasure there would catch glimpses of the poor bandaged face within. Old friends vied with each other in their condolences; and testimonies of respect from public bodies, and from the scenes of his former rule, came plentifully in. Addresses from Canada were not wanting. Ill as he was, he wrote letters of reply; attended to the other duties which courtesy required of him; and even took an interest in the political affairs of the day. In July he left London for a country retreat at Basingstoke; and here, surrounded by his nearest relatives, patient and gentle to the last, and expressing, with his latest breath, the hopes and beliefs of a Christian, he died on the 5th of September, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was buried in the parish-church of Wink-



field, near his family estate of Fern Hill; and on a marble-tablet in that church is the following inscription to his memory, contributed by Mr. Macaulay—an epitaph so singularly exact in its terms, that in the pages of general history no other epitome will be needed of the life of Charles Metcalfe:—

“Near this stone is laid Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, a statesman tried in many high posts and difficult conjunctures, and found equal to all. The three greatest dependencies of the British Crown were successively entrusted to his care. In India, his fortitude, his wisdom, his probity, and his moderation, are held in honourable remembrance by men of many races, languages, and religions. In Jamaica, still convulsed by a social revolution, he calmed the evil passions which long suffering had engendered in one class, and long domination in another. In Canada, not yet recovered from the calamities of civil war, he reconciled contending factions to each other and to the mother-country. Public esteem was the just reward of his public virtue, but those only who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship could appreciate the whole worth of his gentle and noble nature. Costly monuments in Asiatic and American cities attest the gratitude of nations which he ruled; this tablet records the sorrow and the pride with which his memory is cherished by private affection. He was born the 30th day of January 1785. He died the 5th day of September 1846.”

There are many reflections which the survey of a life like that of Lord Metcalfe is calculated to suggest. We shall indicate one or two which present themselves to us as perhaps the most obvious.

In the first place, then, the survey of such a life is calculated to bring impressively to notice the fact—otherwise known, indeed, but which we often forget—that there is always going on, over the world, an immense quantity of negotiation or business, necessary for keeping society peacefully and healthily together, and requiring for its due performance a vast amount of aptitude and talent; and yet transacting itself so much as a matter of course that we hardly take any retrospective account of it, or of the merit involved in it. There are two views as to the manner in which this mass of negotiation, business, administration, official activity, or whatever we choose to call it, has come to exist. Some regard it as the accumulated result of a necessary action of men upon each other towards the production of rule and system, and hold that, inasmuch as there will always be superiority somewhere, and as this superiority will always be impressing itself upon what is inferior, and altering old arrangements, and making new ones, the necessity of official and administrative agency in the world will never cease. Others hold that all official business and machinery are of purely negative value—that

is, that their end is not to add anything positive to society, but only to act preventively, so as to diminish the tendency which exists in each part of society to violate the liberty of the rest; and that consequently, as society advances, and the habit of mutual non-interference becomes more ingrained in the human constitution, there will be no work left for our cumbrous machinery of law, government, and official management, and it will cease to exist. According to this view, all governing and official arrangements are simply devices necessary in a rude state of society for preserving the equilibrium; according to the other they contribute positively to civilisation. But, whichever view is adopted, it is clear that, in the present stage of the world, a vast quantity of official and administrative agency is necessary for the cohesion of society in every part of the globe—more necessary in some parts than in others, but necessary in all. In other words, in no part of the world which we are acquainted with can a civil service be dispensed with—that is, an apparatus for submitting the mass of men to a central authority, for giving to events as they arise a certain predetermined direction, for bending human wills and regulating the social movement. For the purposes of mere cohesion, if for nothing more, every society must set apart a portion of its members, and invest them professionally with the functions of the civil service, retaining more or less power to call them to account. In every community a certain number of men must sit at desks, write letters, hold conversations, negotiate agreements, and the like, in behalf of the community as a whole, and towards certain ends which the community is supposed to aim at. Look at Metcalfe's life. Is it not clear that when he was sent to negotiate with the Sikh chief, Runjeet Singh, so as to fix the relations of British India to the Punjab—or, again, when he was placed at Delhi in the midst of a debris of Hindoo chieftaincies and principalities, among which he was to act for British interests—or, again, when he was similarly placed in the Deccan—or, again, when he was a member of the Supreme Council of India, impressing his notions, by means of minutes, on the face of the whole peninsula—or, again, when he was Governor-General—he was, in each and all of these situations, performing work absolutely indispensable at the time, if Indian society was not to be allowed to fly to pieces? So in Jamaica, and so in Canada. There were in these countries real exigencies for which an immediate outlay of activity was required; and from an idea of his fitness for these exigencies Metcalfe was chosen first to govern the one and then the other. And Metcalfe was but one of a thousand scattered Englishmen and Scotchmen all labouring in a similar manner, some in swamps and jungles, some in cities, some with the tongue, some

with the pen, in this same business of colonial government and administration. In Mr. Kaye's book we meet with the names of many Indian contemporaries of Metcalfe—Sherers, Malcolms, Bayleys, Coles, Swintons, Russells, Elphinstones, Edmonstons, Adams, Lushingtons—all engaged, along with him, some in one department, some in another, some with *éclat* and others in comparative obscurity, in managing for British purposes the thousand-fold elements of that motley-tawny population of Hindoos and Mohamedans, the temporary rule of which Britain had undertaken. The tide of time has rolled over these men and all that they did, so that only old Indians associate with their names any accurate notion of what their tasks were and how they performed them; and yet we know that, as certainly as a particular sulphate consists of a particular acid induced on a particular alkali, so certainly would the present state of India not have been what it is but for the infusion of the life-long activity of these very men, and no others, into the last half century of its history. And this, accordingly, is the great point—that, as a civil service everywhere exists, so the functions of that service may be performed ill, well, or indifferently. However low we estimate the power of individuals as compared with the action of general causes and tendencies, we cannot but allow that it may have depended on the fact that it was Metcalfe, and no one else, that went in the year 1839 to govern Jamaica, that that island was not plunged into the horrors of a war between blacks and whites; and that it may have depended on the fact that it was Metcalfe, and no one else, that was sent in 1843 to govern Canada, that that colony has not thrown off allegiance to Britain, and set up as a republic, or attached itself to the American union. This it is that makes a good biography of an efficient civil servant—such as Mr. Kaye's "*Life of Metcalfe*"—so valuable an addition to our literature. We have had plenty of lives of naval and military commanders, the brilliant nature of whose exploits, and the greatness of the changes in which they assist, attract the eye to them; but it is a good sign that we are beginning to be aware of the importance of that steadier and less obtrusive species of social management which the civil service represents, and that accounts of men eminent in this service are beginning to be in demand. American literature has more works of this kind than our own.

But, farther, the life of Metcalfe illustrates the fact, that excellence in the civil service, superior skill in the business of administration, negotiation, and the like, is to be acquired by, and cannot properly be acquired without, a special education and training. This, indeed, is a truth which might readily be known without demonstration. Government, administration,

negotiation, are particular exercises and applications of human faculty, and, in so far, are capable of being erected into professions, and made matters of apprenticeship and discipline. The mere power of sitting at a desk for so many hours a day, and writing or copying so many folios, does not come by nature or by academic culture; it is a power which only drill can give. So with the art of negotiating a bargain, intimating a decision, or terrifying a Sikh or a Caffre chief. Long ago, Socrates used to insist on the fact that there was an art of governing, capable of being specially learnt, just as there was an art of steering a ship known only to those who had acquired it. At the present day, however, when society teems with politicians, and when many a man who cannot govern his temper thinks he could with ease govern Canada, this truth is well-nigh forgotten. The business of governing is like that of writing leading articles or driving a gig—all men think they can do it, till they try it. The life of Metcalfe is calculated to supply a corrective to this error. With very superior natural endowments, there can be no doubt that Metcalfe owed his acknowledged skill and dexterity as an administrator and diplomatist to the circumstance that he had been apprenticed in his seventeenth year to administration and diplomacy as a profession, and that during his whole life he had been subjected to a training in this profession, rising gradually from subordinate to higher places, and carrying all his experience and power of self-control along with him. It is even worthy of remark, in this connexion, that he always stuck, as resolutely as he could, to one line of service—avoiding the revenue and judicial departments, and keeping to the political, as that for which he had a taste, and in which he wished to excel. It is, then, a fact of consequence, that, though the civil service in all its branches will flourish best when it is best stocked with general faculty, yet that faculty must be trained within the service itself, and trained differently for different branches of it. Society can stand much better the trained action of official mediocrity, than the random action of genius unaccustomed to harness. Hence—and Metcalfe is an instance in point here, too—there is something perhaps provisionally advantageous in that habit which still so largely exists in Britain, of drawing our legislators and governing officials from a limited number of families, constituting a kind of hereditary governing caste or aristocracy. The mere thought of being born to the profession of governing is, in itself, a part of the necessary training. A young Marquis of A., a young Lord B. C., or a young Sir D. E., looking forward from his childhood to Parliament and official life as his profession, imbibes certain traditions which are of use to him, and, indeed, in many cases, undergoes a special drilling, which, how-

ever dull he is, makes him more at home in his hereditary business than a man of equal or even of better parts, not so trained, would be. Metcalfe was not exactly born a member of the British governing caste; but he was born a member of the colonial governing caste. His father was an East India Director; he was pushed into the Indian service as a matter of course; and his subsequent career was the result of a comparative trial of his qualifications for that service as compared with those contemporaries who were pushed into it in a similar manner. Perhaps he owed something of his success during the earlier part of his career to his father's wealth and position in the India House; but, on the whole, his promotion seems to have been fairly earned by desert. His reputation, at all events, among his coevals, was always that of a first-class man. How he would have fared under a more open system of initial admission into the service we cannot say. This, indeed, is the chief improvement which the movement for a reform in our civil service promises—that, with a command of the best natural talent, and the highest accomplishments to be found in society at large—and not as hitherto in certain portions of it either aristocratic or connected with the aristocracy—provision will also be made for the special training of that talent and those accomplishments for the uses for which they are destined. As soon as this change extends itself to the higher offices, the reform will be complete, and a governing caste in the present sense will exist no longer.

Again, the life of Lord Metcalfe is interesting, as presenting to us, for closer study, a specimen of at least one fine type of the official or administrative character. There is no doubt that Metcalfe was not a man of profound, original, or very comprehensive genius. Never, in the course of all that Mr. Kaye quotes from him, do we alight upon one large generalization, one massive thought, one brilliant or piercing perception of what lies below the surface, one trace of a great or daring spirit. He was not one of those men of action whose action is based on a reserve of great general principles respecting men or things, or is dictated by a swift and splendid inventiveness. Among his contemporaries in the world of statesmen, and even among his contemporaries in Indian and Colonial administration, there were men greater than he in these respects. The passages we have quoted from his Indian minutes give the measure of his intellect as a man capable of generalities, even in the particular fields of his labour; and they exhibit a sound force of understanding, and nothing more. Notwithstanding what his biographer says of his letters and minutes, they seem to us sensible, and though clear and well written, somewhat diffuse performances, not much removed above cultured commonplace.

On the whole, we should not call Metcalfe, from what we can learn of him, a great statesman, or even a great proconsul. He had neither a sufficient stock of large conclusions, nor sufficient daring and inventiveness, to have enabled him to grapple with the great problems either of British or Colonial society. But as a negotiator—as a man appointed by others to do certain official work, the limits of which were prescribed by higher authorities—or even as a man capable of dealing with difficulties and obstacles in administrative practice—he presents a singular combination of qualities. A sound and strong understanding, the culture of a gentleman, unimpeachable integrity and conscientiousness, generosity and liberality of dealing, great industry and powers of work—these are qualities essential in all men placed as he was; and he had them in a high degree. There was, moreover, a fine peculiarity in his character, visible through all these, which distinguished his whole career, and in which, perhaps, consisted the secret of his success. Mr. Kaye defines this peculiarity by the word *straightforwardness*. In some respects the word is well chosen. Candour, absence of mystification, straightforwardness, is a marked characteristic of all that we hear of Metcalfe, and of all that came from his pen. He tells plainly the state of the case when he is sending information about any matter; he never conceals his differences of sentiment in writing to a friend; he criticises his superiors freely; and if there is any misunderstanding with his superiors, he persists in clearing it up. There is also a strong sense of what is due to himself, and a prompt sensitiveness to indignity and injustice. Were we, however, to specify what seems to us to have been Metcalfe's finest and most effective peculiarity, as a public man, we should say it was his firm suavity of temper. From first to last we see in him a decided opinionativeness, and from first to last we see this conjoined with extreme sweetness and gentleness. To this gentle opinionativeness he owed much of his success. If he had an opinion—and he had one on almost every subject that came in his way, thus proving that he was fitted for practical life—he adhered to it firmly; but he never lost his temper in maintaining it. "He never cavilled about a trifle," was Lord William Bentinck's character of him, "and he never yielded to me on a point of importance." This it was that made him so excellent as a negotiator, and that fitted him so peculiarly for the various conjunctures in which he was tried. His triumphs were not so much those of great faculty, as of a sound firm head, and a sweet temper. People respected him, and were drawn to him affectionately, even when he was standing out against them and keeping to his point. In this respect he is a man to be studied by all those who have faith in the maxim



of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. Unopinionative people have no business to engage in active life, for active life consists in impressing on society what one has no doubt about; but suavity in the mode of carrying out one's opinions is more rare than the opposite. Metcalfe was great in this, and hence he saved Canada.

The last remark suggested to us by Metcalfe's life may be summed up in the phrase—we will coin a Benthamism for the sake of brevity—transferability of official aptitude. Metcalfe served thirty-seven years in India; thence he was removed to Jamaica, and called upon to act in a society and amid circumstances very unlike those of India; and, finally, with the tinge of two torrid climes on his cheek, he appeared in furs amid the snows of Canada. Here was a regular gradation of difficulty; and yet, in Mr. Macaulay's words, he was found equal to all the conjunctures in which he was tried. The lesson is that, differ as communities and societies may in race, customs, religion, and all other such respects, there is yet a certain general knack, or art of governing men, which may be carried hither and thither like a portmanteau. Of this transferability of administrative talent, our Colonial history has furnished various examples, but none more striking than Lord Metcalfe.

- ART. VI.—1. *Medical Notes and Reflections.* By Sir HENRY HOLLAND, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., &c., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician-Extraordinary to the Queen, and Physician in Ordinary to His Royal Highness Prince Albert. London, 1840. 8vo. Pp. 638.
2. *Chapters on Mental Physiology.* By Sir HENRY HOLLAND, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., &c., founded chiefly on Chapters contained in “*Medical Notes and Reflections*,” by the same Author. London, 1852. Pp. 302.
3. *Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their Relations to the Vital Force.* By KARL BARON VON REICHENBACH, Ph. D. Translated and edited, at the express desire of the Author. By WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. Parts 1 and 2. 8vo. London, 1850. Pp. 456.
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5. *Isis Revelata.* By J. C. COLQUHOUN, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1844.
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7. *Lectures illustrative of Certain Local Nervous Affections.* By SIR BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Bart., F.R.S. 8vo. London, 1837. Pp. 88.
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14. *Zoistic Magnetism, containing Original Views and Investiga-*

- tions respecting this Mysterious Agency.* By the Rev. W. SCORESBY, D.D., F.R.S., &c. London, 1849. 8vo. Pp. 144.
15. *Letters on Animal Magnetism.* By WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c. London, 1851. Pp. 528.
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THERE is no department of knowledge in which so little progress has been made as in that of Mental Philosophy. The human mind has been studied as if it were independent of the body, and, generally speaking, by philosophers who possessed a comparatively small share of physical knowledge. No attempt, indeed, has been made to examine its phenomena by the light of experiment and observation, or to analyze them in their abnormal phases, when modified by external influences, or by the various

conditions of that complex and mysterious organization on which life and its functions depend. The science of mind, therefore, if it can be called a science, cannot boast of many indisputable truths, or many admitted laws. Without data, without axioms, without definitions, it proposes problems which it cannot solve; it draws corollaries from assertions which are not proved; and however ingenious have been its cultivators, their ingenuity has been more displayed in overturning the speculations of their predecessors than in establishing their own. Nor is this a result which ought to surprise us. Viewed as material by one inquirer, as spiritual by another, and by others as mysteriously compounded of both, the human mind escapes from the cognizance of sense and reason, and lies, a waste field with a northern exposure, upon which every passing speculator casts his mental tares, choking any of the good seed that may have sprung up towards maturity.

During the last century, however, the attention of physicians and physiologists has been directed to new classes of mental phenomena, which have excited much difference of opinion, and in the inquiries and discussions to which these phenomena have given rise, a new light has been thrown on the mysterious agencies from which they spring. The high pretensions of mesmerism, in which blindfold man fancies he sees the distant in space, and the remote in time; and those of phrenology, in which he scans what is spiritual through screens of bone and folds of epidermis, have been reduced to their proper level, and the few truths which they really embrace have taken their place among the sober results of inductive science. But no sooner had these mental errors been exploded, and the moral atmosphere cleansed from their noxious exhalations, than new heresies arose, more fanatical in their character, though fortunately less powerful in their grasp—heresies resting, in some cases, on slender foundations of truth, but in others on the morbid suggestions of diseased and distempered imaginations. We allude, as our readers will see, to phreno-mesmerism, electro-biology, table-turning, spirit-rapping, and all those influences yet unnamed, which are supposed to reside in the human body, and to control, not only the corporeal and mental condition of man, but to communicate to dead matter new qualities and powers.

When these different heresies were occupying the public mind, and raging with epidemic fury among all ranks of society, but most virulently among the educated classes, it was in vain to appeal to experience or to reason. The scepticism of the scientific inquirer was met by an array of facts which he had scarcely the courage to question. The child appealed to the never questioned testimony of a father, the pupil to that of his teacher,

the citizen to that of his pastor, the presbyter to his diocesan ; and a mass of evidence was thus collected which but few philosophers were able to analyze. When the scientific sceptic did venture to doubt, he was himself summoned within the magic circle, and often found himself under the same influence, and a witness to the same results by which his brother conjurors were misled. Under such circumstances, it was in vain to resist an epidemic, for which self-exhaustion was the only remedy. It accordingly assumed a variety of forms, each more wild and towering than its predecessor. Without a medium to carry it, it rushed into the unseen world, summoning the dead from their graves,—the saints from their place of bliss,—the wicked from their penal settlement,—and the very God of nature from his throne. The fury of the moral tornado was thus quickly expended. Man—credulous and worshipping man—stood aghast on the threshold upon which he had been thrown, and, with opened eye, saw scattered around him the few fragments of truth upon which he had erected his Titanic superstructures.

In venturing to describe to our readers these various forms of the mysterious and supernatural, and attempting to inquire into their true nature and origin, the writer of this article feels that he has, at least, one qualification which may fit him for the task. Accustomed to researches of a rigorous kind ;—sufficiently credulous, too, to admit the truth of well authenticated phenomena which he cannot understand, or reconcile with existing laws ;—and believing that there are mysterious influences in the spiritual and material world which have not yet been explained, he willingly studied the various mysteries of which he is now to treat, discussed them with their most devoted adherents, and took such pains to inquire into the accuracy of their results, that he has been ranked among the most credulous of their supporters.

At a very early stage of the inquiry, it was obvious that some of the most incredible results—some of those, for example, which were obtained in electro-biology, were real phenomena, though ascribed to influences that had no existence ; and notwithstanding that these phenomena were stoutly denied and denounced as tricks by physiologists and sceptics of all degrees, yet we have now the satisfaction of seeing them adopted by the most eminent and philosophical of our physicians. Sir Henry Holland has particularly distinguished himself in the investigation of that branch of mental physiology which treats of the influence of the mind over the body, and in the two interesting volumes which we have placed at the head of our list of books, he has presented us with the valuable results at which he has arrived. Instructed in modern science, in all its branches, he has success-

fully employed the lights which it bears in the elucidation of mental phenomena, and has convinced us how much might have been achieved by the metaphysician, had he been guided in his inquiries by the never flickering torch of physical knowledge. But it is not merely from their bearing on the exciting questions of the day that the writings of Sir Henry Holland possess a peculiar interest. They are replete with lessons of high instruction to the medical profession, so high, indeed, that we can scarcely consider a physician entitled to practise his profession, who has not drunk deeply in the lessons of wisdom and experience which these volumes contain. Free from the technical discussions which can be relished only by the practitioner, the general reader will find in the "Medical Notes and Reflexions" of our author, information not only interesting but useful to him, either in reference to his own health, or to that of others of which he is the guardian. It is only, however, to that portion which relates to mental philosophy, that we can at present call the attention of our readers, and we shall find it of peculiar value in reference to the different subjects of which we have to treat.

In the discussion of questions of a medical nature, we must not expect that kind of evidence which we are accustomed to demand in questions of law or of physical science. The principle of life, and the action of the mind on the bodily organs, introduce new and complex relations, which expose all our reasonings to new sources of error. Sir Henry Holland justly states, in his preliminary chapter on this interesting subject, "that it is the want of a right understanding of medical evidence which makes the mass of mankind so prone to be deceived by impostors of every kind; whether it be the idle fashion as to particular remedies, or the worse, because wider, deception of some system professing to have attained at once what the most learned and acute observers have laboured after for ages in vain;" and he subsequently mentions the important fact, "that during the last twenty years, omitting all lesser instances, he has known the rise and decline of five or six fashions in medical doctrine or treatment; some of them affecting the name of systems, and all deriving too much support from credulity, or other causes, even among medical men themselves." The same difficulties which are thus inherent in all medical questions, are increased tenfold in the examination of those sciences falsely so called, which are treated in the works under our consideration. If medical men, highly educated, and occupying a distinguished social position, have been seduced from the sober paths of their profession into new and ephemeral systems which fashion sanctions and imposture sustains, we need not wonder at the temporary success of wilder theories where the illiterate and the



inexperienced are the adepts, and where other conjurors, male and female, tamper with the laws of the moral and material universe, and lay claim to influences and powers which the Almighty has never, but in his Word, granted to the wisest and the best of his creatures.

One of the most important topics discussed by Sir Henry Holland, and one which we shall find very applicable in the future, is the influence of mental attention, or of the direction of consciousness, either voluntarily or involuntarily, on our bodily organs. The effect of concentrated attention in increasing the intensity of our ordinary sensations, has been recently studied by various physiologists, but its influence over our bodily organs had only been casually noticed. Independent of the effect of mental emotion upon the heart and the organs of circulation and respiration, the simple centering of the consciousness upon that organ often quickens and disturbs its action. It will give, as Sir Henry Holland observes, "a local sense of arterial pulsation where not previously felt; and excite or augment those singing and rushing noises in the ears which probably depend on the circulation through the capillary vessels." In the acts of yawning, coughing, and sneezing, the same influence is distinctly exhibited. In like manner a sense of weight, oppression, uneasiness, and nausea, is produced in the stomach; and the organs of deglutition and articulation are similarly affected, as is shewn in the occasional difficulty of swallowing, and in the act of stammering. To the same principle Sir Henry ascribes "some of the alleged facts in Homœopathy, such as the long train of symptoms, sometimes amounting to hundreds, which are catalogued as proceeding from infinitesimally small quantities and substances inert or insignificant in other manner of use." The local sensations for which the patient thus seeks "generate one another, and are often excited by the mere expectation of their occurrence." In illustration of the same principle, Sir Henry refers to those changes produced in what are called the ocular spectra of luminous objects, when the eyes are closed. These changes often take place involuntarily, and it is the opinion of some writers of authority that these coloured spectra pass from a positive to a negative state till they gradually fade away. The case which Sir Henry Holland mentions, as observed by himself, of a picture of the window wholly disappearing for a short time, and being recalled for a short time, though less vividly, by the attention being directed to it, is one which in many thousand trials we have never seen, and we are disposed to think that it was the more persistent negative or reverse image which he saw. When the light is very strong so as powerfully to affect the eye, the positive or direct image of the object is instantly recalled, and our author might

have advantageously referred to the remarkable results obtained by Sir Isaac Newton and others upon this interesting subject. Having looked upon the sun in a looking-glass, and studied the coloured spectra which were thus produced, Sir Isaac "brought his eyes to such a pass that he could look upon no large object without seeing the sun before him, so that he durst neither write nor read ;" but to recover the use of his eyes, he shut himself up in a dark chamber for three days together, and used all means to *divert* his imagination from the sun. "For if I thought upon him," he says, "I presently saw his picture though I was in the dark, but by keeping in the dark, and employing my mind upon other things, I began in three or four days to have some use of my eyes again ; and by forbearing to look upon bright objects, recovered them pretty well, though not so well but that *for some months after*, the spectrum of the sun began to return as often as I began to meditate upon the phenomena, even though I lay in bed at midnight with my curtains drawn. But now I have been very well *for many years*, though I am apt to think if I durst venture my eyes I could still make the phantasm return *by the power of my fancy*."\*

The influence of concentrated attention upon our muscular structure or action, is a branch of the subject of peculiar interest. There can be no doubt that it gives rise to new and specific sensations, "communicates movement to objects with which the muscles are in contact, and even unconsciously renders such movement conformable in direction to the expectation entertained." Hence we are led to the explanation of the divining rod, of the movements in the magnetoscope, and of various phenomena exhibited in the mesmeric or electro-biological state, and in those singular conditions of the body in which the organs of sensation are more strongly impressed by the internal operations of the mind, than by the direct action of external objects.

From this very interesting subject Sir Henry Holland proceeds to consider the mental functions and phenomena in their continuity, or as a series of states passing continually into one another without those lines of arbitrary demarcation which language has imposed upon them. In illustrating this principle by examples from each class of familiar mental phenomena, our author requests the reader to place himself in the crowded street of a city. Objects of sight are painted upon his retina. The tympanum of his ear vibrates with various sounds : odours ever varying, excite his olfactory nerves, and he is every moment jostled by the passer by. One only of each of these sensations is dis-

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\* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Isaac Newton*, vol. i. pp. 236-239, now in the press.

tinctly present to his mind. In order to prove this, let him try to attend *at once* to the figures of *two* persons before him; or to *two* distinct sounds, and he will find it impossible. Or if he “passes suddenly into a train of inward thought, all the external objects then crowded around *utterly disappear*. . . . Every sense sleeps while the mind is thus awake and active within itself.” An example more familiar in sedentary life is equally illustrative of this important principle. You are engaged in abstract study—the vessel of the mind is moored to some exciting idea. The clock strikes, and you do not hear it. A friend enters, and you do not see him. He addresses you, and you do not hear him. He tries to rouse you, but he fails; and till the mental anchor is weighed and the vessel floats freely on the ocean of thought, you are unable to hold converse with your friend. In these cases we are not satisfied that the external objects *utterly disappear*. The auditory nerve, we are persuaded, vibrates to the sound of the clock, and the unseen friend is painted on the retina. The sound is heard, and the image is seen, but no attention is paid to either. It is only, we conceive, when the same nervous filaments are called upon to carry simultaneously to the brain two different sensations, that there is an entire disappearance of one of the external objects.

That the mind possesses the power, by volition, of regulating the succession of its states, or of selecting and arranging the objects of its perception, or of its thoughts, has been satisfactorily shewn by Sir Henry Holland. This power he illustrates by the fact, that when we look at the pattern of a paper-hanging or of a carpet regularly figured, the eye will, sometimes, by separate acts of attention, perceive in succession different patterns, each pattern being made up of different lines. We have often made this experiment, but we never saw the fact produced by lines. It succeeded with us only when the successive forms were of different colours. When the colours of a carpet, for example, were *red* and *green*, the red pattern would alone be visible, and then the green alone. This experiment, we believe, will succeed only when the mind is otherwise occupied than with the carpet, and the attention casually directed to it. The separation of the patterns is very momentary, owing to the inability of the eye to maintain the vision of objects not seen along its axis.

Having thus shewn, that each object or act of consciousness excludes momentarily all others, however closely they may precede or follow it, Sir Henry proceeds to point out the changes which disease often produces in the succession of these acts of the mind. In some cases, of course, a considerable time, sometimes a minute, elapses “between a question asked at a patient and his reply.” In extreme old age there is a similar slowness

in mental operations, and frequently, as in disease, they are attended with much difficulty ;—" as if a certain time for concentration of nervous power" were necessary before the intended act could be begun. This condition of the mind has been referred to by Locke, when he remarks, that there is a kind of restiveness in almost every one's mind, sometimes without perceiving the cause, boggling and standing still, and not able to get a step forward.

These interesting views are well illustrated by our author, in two long and valuable chapters on Sleep, Dreaming, Insanity, which we would recommend to the careful perusal of our readers. We can only notice those points of the subject which have a more immediate connexion with the topics of which we are to treat. Bichat considers sleep as the sum of separate sleeps, each separate sense and mental faculty being at the same moment in different conditions, so that some may be deemed awake while others are wholly wrapt in sleep. Sir Henry Holland considers this opinion as " coming nearest to what may be termed a just theory of sleep," and, consequently, it may be described as consisting of a succession of states in constant variation,—" the variation consisting not only in the different degrees in which the same sense or faculty is submitted to it, but also in the different proportions in which these several powers are under its influence." That the particular character of sleep, both when produced, and during its progress, depends on the manner in which it is produced, is a proposition well illustrated by our author, and exhibited in the various phenomena of Somnambulism, Mesmerism, Electro-biology, Trance, Catalepsy, &c. We are less acquainted with the mental condition of the somnambulist than of any of the patients in the other states which we have mentioned. When sleep is produced by the passes of the Mesmerist, or by concentrated attention upon an object, as in Electro-biology, it varies greatly, both in kind and degree, from that state of simple drowsiness under which the patient sees, and hears, and speaks, and walks, to that more complete condition in which he reclines helplessly upon his couch, and can scarcely be roused by the most exciting stimulants. In his curious and valuable experiments on *Hypnotism*, of which Electro-biology is a plagiarism, Dr. Braid has placed it beyond a doubt, that no influence whatever passes from the operator to the patient, a result of vast importance, as we shall see, in withdrawing this class of facts from the region of the supernatural.

The question has often been asked, why some dreams are distinctly recollected, and long preserved by memory, while others are but imperfectly, or not at all remembered. Sir Henry Holland mentions two probable causes, namely, that, in the case of

well-remembered dreams, the sleep is less complete in kind—that peculiar condition of brain less marked, upon which imperfection of memory, if not also the exclusion of sensation, appears to depend.” To this cause he is disposed to look for “the interpretation of the old notion of the *somnia vera* of approaching day. The physical state of sleep is then less perfect ;—trains of thought suggested, follow more nearly the course of waking associations, and the memory retains them, while certain and more composed dreams are wholly lost to the mind.” Another cause of well-remembered dreams, mentioned by our author, is, “that the images and thoughts of some dreams are actually stronger and deeper in their impressions than those of others.” But though he regards this as an expression “too vague for use,” we are disposed to think, that it is the primary cause, while the first is only a secondary cause of well remembered dreams. Dreams are often deeply imprinted on the memory, from the degree of terror or pleasure which they inspired,—from the sagacity or absurdity which characterized them,—or from the visual form which they had created. But though dreams are frequently forgotten, they are often recollected at some distant time, and are then referred to some previous state of our being, in place of being regarded as the mere shades of former dreams, which some association, acting like the fluid which brings out a photographic picture, has distinctly restored. In the rest of this interesting chapter, Sir Henry treats of the causes which prevent, or favour, or produce sleep, and the reader will here find many important facts, both interesting and useful. The influence of the state of the atmosphere upon sleep and dreaming, which he describes, and which we believe was never before noticed, well deserves the attention of the meteorologist, as well as of the physician.

Before quitting the subject of sleep and dreams, we venture to suggest some views which deserve at least consideration. Regarding the mind as ever active, and incapable of sleeping, and its operations during sleep, as influenced by the condition of the organs, through which it acts, we do not require to maintain with Bichat, that “each separate sense or mental faculty” is at the same moment in different conditions, some being in different degrees awake, or in different degrees asleep. It is in the condition of the different parts of the brain, or intermedium by which the mind communicates with the organs of sense, that we must seek for the explanation of our dreams. The mind itself being incapable of fatigue is equally active, and equally vigorous during the night and during the day. We dream as much in the daytime as we do at night ; but in consequence of the occupation of the mind and the influence of external objects, these dreams produce little or no impression, and were we to make the

attempt to seize and record them, we should find them more or less characterized by all the peculiarities which mark the visions of the night. Do we not now find ourselves daily in the east, looking at the embattled field, surveying the sanguinary plain, watching the crisis of the siege, witnessing the massacre of a friend, weeping at his funeral, or triumphing with him in his deed of glory? And are not these dreams of the very same nature as those of sleep, more ephemeral, indeed, in their duration, and more easily effaced by new and more direct impressions made upon the organs of sensation? But there is another class of dreams which occur previous to the approach of sleep, and when the mind is in full activity, and the body in a state of thorough repose.\* These twilight dreams, as we may call them, are brighter than those of the day, and less real than those of the night. The mental perceptions are more distinct, the creations of the imagination more brilliant, and every operation of the mind more perfect, when undisturbed by the influence of external objects.

As intimately connected with the topics which we are to discuss in this article, we must notice Sir Henry Holland's interesting chapter "on the brain as a double organ," in which he ably traces some of the probable or possible effects of this exact doubleness of parts upon the sensorial functions and the general economy of life. The division of this organ into two equal portions forms a singular contrast with the unity or individuality "of consciousness, or perception, volition, memory, thought, and passion, which characterizes the mind in its healthy state;" and yet this very unity is explained by the almost exact symmetry in the form and composition of each hemisphere, or the muscular relation of each to the organs of sense and voluntary motion on each side of the body, and in the structure of the nervous connexions which exist between them. To this doubleness of the nerves, and other organs of animal life, our author ascribes many disturbances in the mental faculties, and he considers it probable that some of them may depend on changes in the relation of parts to which a strict unity of action belongs in the healthy state. Paralysis of the organs of sense and voluntary motion affords numerous examples of the effects of this double structure; but even when the external organs are not paralyzed or defective, there is often a difference in the sensibility and voluntary power of the two sides of the body. Sir Henry knew a case where blisters, and all external stimulants, acted more powerfully on one side of the body than on another; and there are examples

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\* At this time the mind is peculiarly fitted for abstract investigations, and solving difficulties which would embarrass it at any other time. We would recommend it to the abstract philosopher to take his difficulties to bed with him.



both in man and the horse, of perspiration taking place only on one side of the body. These and other cases in which morbid actions and secretions occur more frequently in one side of the body than another, may, according to our author, be reasonably attributed "to variations in the two sides of the brain, or perhaps also to some diversity in that part of the system of the spinal cord most directly associated with the sensorial functions." One side of the brain has been found more affected with atrophy than the other, and what is very remarkable, Cruveilhier mentions a case in which one hemisphere of the brain was wholly reduced by atrophy to half the dimensions of the other, without any disturbance of the mental faculties. As the functions of memory and association depend on organized structure, and are partially subject to the intellect and will, Sir Henry is of opinion that they must be affected in various ways, by dissimilar action in the two hemispheres of the brain. From these considerations he is led to the opinion, that many of the forms of mental derangement are due to the incongruous action of the double structure. When lesion or active disease affects one side of the brain only, the unity of action of the two sides may be disturbed; but even where there is neither disease, nor injury of structure, there may be a sufficient inequality in the two actions to derange the trains of thought in a variety of ways. In certain states of mental derangement, and in some allied cases of hysteria, our author has observed the operation, as it were, of two minds, the one correcting the aberrations of the other. In some cases there seemed to be a double series of sensations; but the incongruity is observed chiefly in the moral feelings. "We have often had occasion," says Sir Henry, "to witness acts of personal violence committed by those who have, at the very time, a keen sense of the wrong, and remorse in committing it; and revolting language used by persons whose natural purity of taste and feeling is shewn in the horror they feel and express of the sort of compulsion under which they are labouring." This curious fact he is disposed to explain "by the presence to the mind of real and unreal objects of sense, each successively the subject of belief, the phenomenon itself possibly depending on the doubleness of the brain and of the parts ministering to perception." This explanation, however, he does not think satisfactory "when complete trains of thought are perverted and deranged, while others are preserved in sufficiently natural course to become a sort of watch upon the former," and the only conjecture which he thinks applicable in such instances is, that "the two states of mind are never strictly coincident in time," the mind passing with inconceivable rapidity from one train of thought or feeling to another. In this point of view he refers the cases in question to what has

been called *double consciousness*, "where the mind passes by alternation from one state to another, each having the perception of external impressions, and appropriate trains of thought, but not linked together by the ordinary gradations, or by mutual memory." Sir Henry regards the relations of these two states (of which he has seen one or two singular examples) to the phenomena of sleep, of somnambulism, reverie, and insanity, as abounding in conclusions, of the deepest interest to every part of the mental history of man.

Having thus presented to the reader a brief abstract of those portions of Sir Henry Holland's work which will assist us in explaining the various abnormal phenomena which we are about to consider, we shall add at greater length some other views auxiliary to his, and calculated we think to throw additional light on this obscure portion of mental philosophy.

In every treatise on intellectual phenomena, our organs of sensation are supposed to have fulfilled their highest purpose when they have conveyed to the brain the impressions which they receive from external objects. The ideas which thus enter the storehouse of the mind are reproduced in the acts of conception, memory, and imagination; but by what means they are reproduced, through what channel they are presented to us, and in what position and direction they appear in absolute space, are questions the solution of which has not been attempted. According to the views which we have been led to form, the organs of sense are the channels by which these ideas are reproduced;—the retina and the other nervous expansions are the tablets to which the mind conveys them through the appropriate nerves, and these reverse impressions give to the ideas of the mind the same external locality as that of the objects from whose agency they were originally derived. The membranes of sensation, therefore, are the mystic boundary between the worlds of matter and of mind. They receive the impressions of external nature, and convey them to the mind, and by a similar process they take back and give an external existence to those ideas which the mind desires to be reproduced for intellectual and social purposes. The nervous expansions, therefore, in the organs of sense, are the seats of two kinds of impressions, the one *direct* and proceeding from external objects, and the other *reverse* and proceeding from acts of the will.

In the healthy condition of the mind and body, when the organs of sensation are the faithful interpreters of the external world, the relative intensity of the two classes of impressions is nicely adjusted. The ideas of memory and imagination are feeble compared with those of sensation, and, in reference to visible objects, both classes of impressions are painted on the

retina with different degrees of vivacity. When in the midst of society, or surrounded with the beauties of the natural world, we summon up the scenes of former years, we become for a moment insensible to external objects. The mental picture, as transient as it is feeble, soon disappears, and the mind is again under the dominion of surrounding impressions.

The affairs of life could not be carried on were the memory to intrude bright representations of the past into the domestic scene, or scatter them over the external landscape; and our powers of reason and of judgment could not be exercised, if the dazzling phantoms of the imagination were to be mixed up with the sober realities of our existence. The two opposite impressions, indeed, could not be contemporaneous: The same nervous filament which is carrying the forms of memory from the sensorium to the retina, could not at the same time be carrying back the impression of external objects from the retina to the brain. The mind cannot perform two different functions at the same instant, and its occupation with one of two classes of impressions necessarily produces the extinction of the other; but so rapid is the exercise of mental power, that the alternate appearance and disappearance of the two contending perceptions is no more recognised than the successive observations of external objects during the twinkling of the eye. Hence we have a sort of physical explanation of *double consciousness* already referred to. When in electro-biology the operator tells the patient that there is a horse standing before him in a drawing-room, the horse is distinctly seen, while the pictures behind it on the wall are invisible; but when the mental picture of the horse on the retina disappears, the pictures again become visible.

But though in ordinary minds the relative intensities of direct and inverse impressions on the retina are nicely adjusted to the purposes of life, yet there are various causes which disturb that adjustment, and give predominance even to the weaker influence. In darkness and solitude, when the external world is almost closed to the senses, the workings even of ordinary minds are depicted in more vivid hues, and in the state between waking and sleeping, the slumbering senses are often roused by the glare of the pictures which flash upon them from within.

These views will be better understood if we consider in detail those classes of phenomena which the mind exhibits, when it is under the influence of causes which weaken the impressions of external objects, and give a preponderance to the ideas of memory and imagination. These phenomena are exhibited in various states of the mind,—

1. When it is under the influence of some predominating excitement of grief or of joy.

2. When it is in a state of reverie or abstraction.
3. When it is in an intermediate state between sleeping and waking.
4. When it is in the act of dreaming, and in the condition of somnambulism.
5. When from some derangement in the vital functions, it is subject to spectral illusions ; or,
6. When it is liable to occasional insanity, or in a state of hopeless derangement.

1. When the mind is raised above the ordinary tenor of its emotions by any overwhelming excitement, all its operations share in the general elevation ; and all its impressions rise in intensity. Objects that used to excite the highest interest and fix the deepest attention, cease to exert their wonted influence, while the new idea with which the mind is conversant, wields over it an uncontrolled dominion. Excluding all other ideas by its vivacity and persistency, it acquires power by the very exercise of it, and those nerves which have been thus habituated to carry strong and vivid perceptions, will often resist the most anxious efforts to make them vibrate to more sober impulses. If sudden prosperity be the cause which excites us, the gilded visions of the future throw the past and the present into the shade, and the new objects which are to administer to our happiness are presented to our imagination in distinct outline and vivid colours. They stand out from the back ground of ordinary life as things already realized,—as objects which the sight actually *sees*, and the *touch* actually feels.

If affliction, on the contrary, lays its cold hand on the heart, a leaden hue is thrown over the brightest scenes of nature ; the object which suffers, or the object which is removed, is ever present, to fill the anticipated or the real void. It is seen, it is heard, it is felt ; its mental delineation is carried back to the past : it is shed over the present : it is wafted to the future ; and in all the impressions which the mind thus derives from the affections, the objects which it has summoned to our view are depicted in all the reality of life. Under the circumstances, however, which we have been considering, the mind is not in a condition to recognise the physical character of its pictures.

2. When the mind is in a state of *reverie* or *abstraction* it is often so completely engrossed with the objects of its contemplation, as to be insensible to all surrounding impressions. The victim of mental abstraction neither sees, nor hears, nor feels ; and he may even be shaken without losing hold of the train of thought on which his faculties are so intensely concentrated. Light falls upon his eye, sound vibrates through his ears, and he is often unable to recall their impressions after his mind

has been unbent. During this trance of reason the objects which have fixed his attention have a reality and a presence with which he is unable to invest them on ordinary occasions, but still they have not that physical character which may be recognised in other states of the mind.

3. In the intermediate state *between sleeping and waking* the mind is in the most favourable condition for examining the nature of its representations. In the darkness and stillness of night the reasoning faculties are capable of developing their highest energies; and problems may then be solved and difficulties surmounted which, at any other period of the day, would be impregnable. A very striking example of this is displayed in the history of the celebrated engineer, James Brindley, who was so truly illiterate, that he is said to have been unable to read or write. By his unrivalled powers of abstraction and memory, he drew his plans in his mind with such vividness, that he often executed them without committing them to paper. When he was engaged in any very difficult and complex undertaking, he was in the habit of retiring to bed, where he often remained for two or three days, till he had thoroughly completed his design. So singular, indeed, was the structure of his mind, that the spectacle of a play, in London, disturbed to such a degree the balance of its mechanism, that he could not for some time resume his usual pursuits.

At the time which precedes or follows sleep the mind is frequently in a state approximating to that of dreaming. When perfectly conscious of being awake, forms and shapes of various character often appear in the most vivid outline; and, in some cases, a dream has just commenced, while, in others, it has not terminated, when we are in the full possession of our senses. In such cases, we have made many experiments on the pictures thus presented to us, and we have always been led to the conclusion that they are formed on the retina. They follow the motions of the retina, like all impressions on that membrane; and we have sometimes seen them in the morning projected on the bed-curtains and on the walls, and co-existing with the impressions of external objects. It requires some practice to make such experiments, but we are confident that it is in the power of any person sufficiently interested in the pursuit, to obtain the most conclusive evidence that the mental pictures presented to us under the circumstances above stated, are actual images or impressions on the retina, conveyed to it by the agency of the mind, and seen externally by the law of visible direction.

4. In the acts of *dreaming* and *somnambulism*, when the external organs are either asleep or inactive, the creations of the mind acquire the same brightness, and inspire the same convic-

tion of reality, as if the objects which they represented were immediately before us. We see the forms, the colours, the movements of organic and inorganic life;—we enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, and our powers of reasoning, and even of composition, are often judiciously exercised. The impressions thus made upon the organs of sense have often such an overpowering influence that they are recollected in almost their original brightness, after the lapse of many years, and even at the end of a long life.

The phenomena of dreaming have been supposed to be the consequence of disturbed sleep, and to be exhibited only during waking and sleeping, but no person who has studied the subject can entertain such an opinion. Dreams are the operation of the immaterial principle, which never slumbers, and they are recollected only when some powerful association recalls them, or when they shake by their reality and power the frail tenement of their victim. On some occasions, indeed, the creations of the mind are so exciting, and so closely related to our strongest affections, that the frame which they disturb will start from the most deathlike repose to enjoy the imagined Elysium, or to avoid the Scylla and Charybdis of the fancy.

These operations of the mind are carried on as vigorously and as extensively during the day. During the intervals, or in the midst even, of exciting pursuits, the mind is busy with its creations, and it is only because they are effaced by stronger impressions that they are not observed and recollected, like those which take place during the inaction of the body.

It is impossible for any person to study this class of phenomena without arriving at the conclusion that the pictures which we contemplate in dreaming are really impressions on the retina, which receive an external locality, like all analogous affections of that organ, in virtue of the law of *visible direction*.

5. The next class of phenomena in which the operations of the mind are exhibited physically are those of *spectral illusions*.

This subject, which has only recently attracted the attention of philosophers, is one of deep interest; and we regret that our limits will not permit us to give more than one or two examples of it. These spectral apparitions are neither the result of fear, nor of a disordered intellect. They present themselves even at mid-day to persons of sound minds and well-regulated imaginations, and they shew, in a very striking manner, the power which even a slightly morbid condition of the body exercises over the mind. One of the earliest and best described cases of spectral illusions was that of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin, which occurred in 1791, and has been described in several English works. Mrs. Hamilton, Coleridge, and Sir Robert Liston, were subject to th



same influence; but the following two cases of a young lady of high acquirements, whom we personally knew, from whom we obtained the particulars, and who at a much later period of life became the patient of Sir Henry Holland,\* possess a peculiar interest. In one of these cases, the spectral apparition presented itself to this lady in her own drawing-room, in the midst of a circle of her friends. On the 11th of October 1830, the figure of a deceased friend appeared to be moving towards her from the window at the farther end of the room. It approached the fire-place, and sat down in the chair opposite to that which the lady herself occupied. The prevailing sentiment in her mind was a fear that the company might observe her staring at vacancy in the way she was conscious of doing, and might suppose her to be deranged. Under this fear, and recollecting a story of a similar effect in Sir Walter Scott's work on Demonology, which she had lately read, she summoned up resolution to seat herself in the chair occupied by the figure. The apparition remained perfectly distinct till she sat down in its lap, when it disappeared. On the 26th of the same month, about two o'clock, when the lady was sitting near the window beside her husband, he heard her exclaim, "What have I seen!" and upon looking at her, he perceived a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the avenue to the house: As it approached she felt inclined to go up stairs to prepare to receive company; but, as if spell-bound, she felt herself unable to speak or to move. When the carriage arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postilions, and of the persons inside, take the ghastly appearance of skeletons, and other hideous figures. The whole scene then vanished, and she uttered the exclamation above-mentioned.

6. The last state of mind, in which its own ideas predominate over external impressions, is that in which it is subject to occasional insanity, or when it is in a state of hopeless derangement.

In the states of the mind which we have already considered, the spectral phantasms which present themselves to the patient, though clothed with all the attributes of real objects, are yet merely illusions of sense, not illusions of reason. Though the coercive power of the will cannot exorcise them, it yet holds a firm rein over the intellectual and moral powers. When the mind, however, is under the influence of derangement, the equilibrium of its faculties is more or less destroyed. The visions which haunt it are viewed as real existences. The will has lost all its control over the other faculties; and with its intellectual

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\* *Chapters on Mental Physiology*, p. 116.

rudder unshipped, the frail bark of human reason, obeying every frenzied impulse, founders amid the storms and eddies of its own creation. In every case of mental alienation, the ideas which successively rush through the mind are embodied in external phenomena which the senses take cognizance of, as if they were real existences, and which are therefore necessarily the result of reverse impressions made upon the nerves of sensation.

Having thus described the leading facts respecting these various conditions of the mind in which its own ideas and creations predominate over external impressions, we shall now proceed to make some general observations which these facts necessarily suggest.

When two different objects, or classes of objects, solicit our notice, the one in which we feel the deepest interest will fix our attention, whether they be objects of perception or reflexion, or whether they belong the one to one class, and the other to another. Persons unaccustomed to carry on mental operations are entirely under the dominion of external impressions, while those who have surrendered their minds to abstract research, or who live in the regions of fancy, are more under the influence of mental agencies. Between these two classes of persons is a third, who, though trained to study, are yet so conversant with the pursuits of active life, that the operations of the mind, and the influences of external objects, are kept in due subordination to each other.

As it is by an act of the will that the mind directs the organs of sensation to the accurate examination of objects, in order to obtain a perfect perception of their qualities; so it is by a similar act that the mind directs its attention to the ideas thus furnished, and maintains its influence over its trains of associations and reflexions. The co-existence and proper equilibrium of these two acts of the will—of what we may call its directive power over the organs of sense, and of its coercive power over trains of thought, may be regarded as the attribute of a sound and powerful mind.

This balance of the powers of volition is seldom the accompaniment of a lively and active fancy;—and in persons whose imagination is highly sensitive and morbid, the mind exercises a very feeble coercive power over the train of its associations. Ideas, consequently of an exciting kind, which the peculiar temperament of the individual has been accustomed to cherish, intrude themselves spontaneously among his thoughts, and though the links which connect them may be wanting, or perhaps unrecognised, yet the new current, bearing the floating wrecks of fancy and of reason, sweeps in full spring-tide over

the mind, obliterating almost the perceptions of surrounding objects, and carrying its surges into the very bays and inlets of the senses.

The next point which demands our attention is the locality of the illusion, or, to speak more correctly, the place of its production. That the eye is the seat of the visual illusions, and the ear of the auricular ones, cannot be doubted. Spectres which are seen, and which have a position in front of the eye, must surely be seen by the exercise of ocular functions,—that is, they must be impressed on the retina. Spectres which are effaced by closing the eyelids, must owe their visibility to a function of the eye, which is affected by the closing of the eyelids; and spectres which follow the eyeball in its ascending and descending movements, and which accompany the patient into another room, must surely be impressed upon that part of the organ of vision which can alone receive images, and which alone has the power of giving them an external existence.

The conclusion to which we are led by these facts and observations is, that in spectral illusions, at least, if not also in reverie, dreaming, and particular species of insanity, the mind actually transfers its ideas and creations to the nervous expansions of the organs of sensation; and hence it follows, that there must be a power of the mind, whether voluntary or involuntary, by which this act of transference commences, and also a physical mechanism by which it is completed.

This being admitted, we shall now consider how far the same conclusion is true of the ideas of a well-ordered and sound mind in the healthy exercise of its functions.

Memory is the leading faculty of the mind, upon which all our mental operations depend. It has been justly said, though in different words, that if the most gifted being were to spend a thousand years in the observation and enjoyment of the natural and moral world,—in tasting all its luxuries, in admiring all its wonders, in listening to all its music, and in imbibing all its wisdom,—he would, without the faculty of memory, be but like a sheet of white paper that had been carried round the world to receive through a camera obscura its most enchanting views, or like the walls of Westminster Abbey after the commemoration of Handel. Possessing, however, this cardinal faculty, the gifted traveller is able to record, or to remember, all his perceptions, and to draw them forth at pleasure, from their secure deposit, as materials for the other operations of his mind.

Oral and written language, the one appealing to the ear, and the other to the eye, minister most powerfully to this faculty. Visible perceptions may be recollected by the articulate sounds of the terms which express them, and the term itself will be

brought to mind when the object which it represents appears; and in like manner we may recollect sentences by means of our recollected visible perception of their local position in the page upon which they are placed. Our illustrious countryman, Sir James Mackintosh, whose memory was of the most extraordinary kind, was able to repeat *verbatim*, at the close of his life, whole pages of books which he had read when at college; and in doing this he always saw before his eyes the very page of the edition from which he quoted, and therefore the locality of the paragraphs and words of the quotation.

The eye and the ear are, therefore, the principal instruments by which the acts of the memory are performed, and the power of this faculty in any individual is proportioned to the distinctness and force of the impression, and also to the frequency of its repetition; that is, to the precision and force with which the nerve conveys the sensation to the brain; and to the number of times that it has conveyed the very same sensation. This mode of describing the act by which the mind receives the ideas of memory might, without any other evidence, suggest the theory, that memory reproduces these ideas by sending them back through the same nervous filaments which conveyed them to the brain; that is, by a reverse process, commencing at the perceptive extremity, and terminating at the sentient extremity of the nerve. But we shall submit this proposition to other tests of a more rigorous kind.

When a portrait painter sits down to delineate the likeness of an absent friend, he copies from a picture which has been fixed in his mind by one or more perceptions. This picture he is said to see in his mind's eye. According to the theory above mentioned, it is seen in his body's eye. Now it is just possible that both these statements may, to a certain extent, be true. If the mind's eye represents objects in a fixed direction, that direction may be coincident with the direction given by the eye itself, and yet the optic nerve and the retina may be in no respect concerned in giving the mental phantasm this special locality. But as the direction of the eye, even when the brain is fixed, may occupy every possible radius of a hemisphere, it would be a strange supposition to make, that the mind's eye could take all these various directions, in subordination to the motions of the eyeball, without a physical intermedium. Those who object to the theory in question, therefore, must maintain, that the pictures of the mind have a quaquaversus or ubiquitous direction; that is, that the mind can place them in any direction it pleases, independent of the motion of the eyeball. But if the mind has such a power, it certainly does not use it. No mental picture was ever seen above the head, or behind the back, or beneath

the feet. The only refuge, indeed, for those with whom we are arguing, is to maintain, that the mental pictures have no locality, and the eye no concern whatever either in their production or in their contemplation. This opinion, however, may be put to the test of observation, for if we close our eyes, and summon up a panoramic scene, containing various striking objects lying in different directions, and at distances from each other, rendered familiar to us by frequent observation, we shall find that the eyeballs actually move over the mental landscape, in order to take cognizance of its parts, exactly as it would do over the real scenery.

But, to draw the argument still closer, let us take the case of a very vivid impression upon the retina, such as that described by Sir Isaac Newton, where the recollected image of the sun brought back a real spectrum, and where every effort was required to prevent its frequent return. The spectrum, too, was reproduced on the retina of the eye on which the solar light did not fall, and the part of both retinas, where the image of the sun was revived at midnight, and in absolute darkness, was the part in one eye on which the sun's image actually fell, and the corresponding part of the other eye.

It seems difficult to view this experiment in any other light than as an *experimentum crucis*, especially when coupled with the results to which we were led by the phenomena of spectral illusions. But independently of this character, it is calculated to throw some light on the manner in which objects are fixed in the memory, and reproduced by the nerves of sensation. We learn, in short, from Sir Isaac Newton's experiment, that a physical impression on the retina may be so strong, that the coercive power of the will is incapable of preventing its reproduction as a mental picture; and when Sir Isaac could not prevent his imagination from conjuring up the sun's image, he was precisely in the state of a person subject to spectral illusions. The extreme brightness of the original impression did in the one case what was done in the other by the infirm or excitable state of the nervous system. When the original cause of the strong impression was such as not to affect the mind, as in Sir Isaac's case, and in that of Nicolai, Sir Robert Liston, and others, the spectres occasioned no alarm; but when, as in some cases of insanity, the mind is overset by a sudden and overwhelming calamity, or the health impaired by severe disease affecting the nervous system, not only is the coercive power of the will destroyed, but the mind is unable to discriminate between real and false impressions.

It would appear, then, that the power of reproducing past perceptions is proportional to their original force, and to the

frequency with which they have been conveyed to the mind ; and it is not difficult to understand how nervous filaments, that have been vigorously put in action by an overpowering physical impression, or repeatedly influenced by a number of weaker impressions, should more readily retransmit that impression, and retransmit it, in opposition to the will, to the nervous expansions, than if they had never performed any such function.

With the aid of these principles, we are in a condition to give a rational explanation of many of the perplexing phenomena to which we shall call the reader's attention in treating very briefly of the following subjects :—

Human Electricity.

Mesmerism, or Animal-Magnetism.

Electro-Biology.

Phrenology.

Phreno-Mesmerism.

Magnetoscope.

Divining Rod.

Table Turning.

Spirit Rapping.

Spirit Writing.

Communication of Physical  
Qualities to Matter.

Second Sight.

Apparitions.

Coincidences.

Epidemical Manias.

1. *Human Electricity.*—Various electrical phenomena have been long observed in the human body during the combing of the hair, the rubbing of the breast and arms, and the pulling off of silk stockings and other parts of the dress. These phenomena were produced simply by friction ; and it has been placed beyond a doubt, by experiments made by Saussure, when he was perfectly naked, and confirmed by Volta, Landriani, and the Abbé Bertholon, that no electrical indications are ever given out by the human body that may not be accounted for by ordinary principles. It has been proved, however, by Matteucci and Dubois Reymond, that there are electrical currents in the frog and in all other animals, whether cold or warm blooded. According to Matteucci the intensity of the current increases in proportion to the rank the animal occupies in the scale of animals, while the persistency of the current diminishes in the same proportion. We have seen the beautiful experiments which he performed by making a galvanic series of the half thighs of frogs, each half thigh having one end placed upon the middle of the other half thigh. The current produced in a battery of this kind not only deflected the needle of the galvanoscope, but decomposed iodide of potash.

These interesting researches have been pursued with great success and simultaneously by M. Matteucci, and M. Dubois Reymond, who has invented the following apparatus for exhibiting human electricity by its action upon a very delicate galvanoscope.



Having fixed to the two ends of the galvanoscope two plates of platina, perfectly homogeneous, he plunges these plates into two vessels filled with salt water, and he introduces into these vessels the two corresponding fingers of his two hands. At the first immersion of the fingers there is always a more or less marked deviation of the needle, the deviation of which does not follow any law, and is therefore probably owing to something heterogeneous in the skin of the finger. When there is a wound in one of the fingers the deviation is stronger than usual. When this irregularity has disappeared, and the needle has returned to zero, the operator forcibly stiffens or contracts all the muscles of one of his arms, and immediately the needle begins to move, sometimes through a space of  $30^{\circ}$ , indicating by its direction an *inverse* current of electricity, or one passing from the hand to the shoulder. Strong persons produce the greatest effect, and sometimes no effect is produced by particular individuals. We had an opportunity of witnessing this and other curious experiments, which were exhibited at the Royal Institution in May 1852. The galvanoscope used by M. Dubois Reymond consisted of a wire 16,752 feet, or  $3\frac{1}{3}$  miles long, and  $\cdot 0055$  of an inch in diameter. The wire made 24,160 turns on the frame upon which it was coiled.

This beautiful instrument has been improved by Mr. Rutter, who has given a description and drawing of it in his volume on Human Electricity. The improved instrument is much more sensitive than that of M. Dubois Reymond. Although Mr. Rutter uses only 1000 feet of wire, and employs only pure water in the vessels, yet children of both sexes of only twelve years of age can deflect the needle with as much force as adults.

The result of all these experiments is a very important one. They prove the existence of electrical currents in the human body; but they shew, at the same time, that the electricity is too feeble to be communicated by ordinary contact either to another person or to material bodies, whether they are non-conductors or conductors of electricity.\*

2. *Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism.*—The phenomena and the pretensions of mesmerism are too well known to require very special notice. In order to produce the mesmeric state, the mesmeriser makes certain passes or movements of his hands before the face and along the body of the patient, and continues these movements till sleep is produced. By such a process the mesmeriser acquires an influence over the actions and even the thoughts of the patient. Somnambulism or sleep-walking is in-

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\* Mr. Rutter mentions an experiment in which "the muscular current can be passed through a second person included in the circuit."—P. 128.

duced. Sensations and impressions of a particular kind are greatly increased in intensity, while there is a perfect insensibility to others. Pain ceases to be felt, and the most painful operations may be performed without the knowledge of the sufferer. When these effects of mesmerism are witnessed for the first time, the sceptical observer, though at first surprised, speedily attributes them to collusion between the parties; while the credulous receive them with avidity, and willingly admit the pretensions of the mesmeriser to work still greater wonders. The effects which we have just enumerated are doubtless real. They have been established by incontrovertible evidence; and we shall presently see, when we treat of hypnotism and electrobiology, that they may be referred to principles either well known, or capable of being rigorously established.

But the mesmerist is not satisfied with the limitation of his powers to results like these. He professes to possess an influence within himself,—a magnetic or some analogous force which he transfers to his patient, affecting him without his being conscious of it. The mesmeriser is thus placed *en rapport* with the person mesmerised. He can read his thoughts,—he can, by his *silent* will, set him to sleep at any distance, and without his knowledge. He can breathe a dream into a glove, and generate the dream in the person to whom it is sent; and he can, by the attractive power of his hand, raise a prostrate mesmerised patient several inches from the floor on which he lies. No less remarkable are the supposed powers of the mesmerised patient. He, or rather she, by the power of *clairvoyance*, can read through opaque media—decyphering words in boxes and nutshells—telling the thoughts and the actions of persons at a distance whom she never saw—penetrating into the past—scanning the present—and predicting the future. The most common, however, of these pretensions, is to describe the interior and exterior of houses which they never entered or saw, to name the pictures, and tell the position of the chairs, tables, and other articles of furniture. But this is not all. They can see the interior condition of the person whose hand they hold, descry the morbid parts of his frame, and, blindfold, select from a homœopathic medicine-chest the very medicine which is to cure the disease. They are agonized with the sufferings of their second self, and, like the Siamese twins, their nerves vibrate to the same sensations. We have seen and studied many of these pretensions. We have doubtless been perplexed by the apparent success with which some of them were attended; but in many we saw only successful guesses, and in others the most shameful trickery and collusion.

We will not insult our readers by the detail of any of the ex-

posures which have been made of these pretensions, and shall only attempt to give an explanation of any of those cases which perplexed and surprised us. In all such, when the parties seemed to be honest, the results were mere coincidences,—events in accidental juxtaposition, which, as we shall see, play a greater part in the miraculous and the supernatural than is generally believed.

Some years ago mesmerism placed itself on a higher pedestal in the hands of Baron Reichenbach, who has attempted to carry mesmerism within the domain of physics. He ascribes all the phenomena of animal magnetism to a new force, called *od*, or the *odylic* force, which “has its seat in all the investigated, most dissimilar amorphous matter, the heavenly bodies themselves included, and takes its place, therefore, as a perfectly universal and all-pervading force of nature.” The patients upon which the Baron made the experiments upon which his theory is founded, were chiefly females under thirty, subject to catalepsy, palsy, and other nervous and spasmodic affections. These sensitive persons experienced sensations and attractions of a particular kind in the vicinity of crystals and magnets. The acuteness of their senses was greatly exalted, and they were then in a condition to perceive light and flame-like appearances upon magnets and crystals, the strength and distinctness of the perception increasing with the sensibility of the observer and the darkness of the place. In one very sensitive person, a magnet drawn along the arm produced a pricking or shooting sensation, and a small volcano was seen to issue from its poles, even in the bright light of day. The same flames occasionally appeared to issue from common nails or hooks of iron fixed in the wall. Several of the Baron’s patients observe large masses of light over new graves, and particularly in grave-yards that are much used. This fiery light was sometimes four feet high, and is regarded as “the luminosity of the imponderable effluvia from the chemical decomposition of corpses.” We have been present at experiments with sensitive persons with the view of confirming these results; but though large crystals of quartz and powerful magnets were used, no lights were distinctly visible. In certain states of the stomach lights of various colours pass over the retina; and even when these do not really exist, we can easily conceive that they may be produced by the fancy. It is certainly strange that the lights observed by the “sensitives” of Germany have not been perceived by those in other countries. In speaking of these experiments, Sir Henry Holland refers to a class of cases where the nervous temperament in young girls “begets a habit and intense desire of imposture, which may well be called a moral insanity;” and he adds the remark of Bacon, that “delight in

deceiving and aptness to be deceived, imposture and credulity, do for the most part concur." If any of the facts which are supposed to establish the existence of an odyllic force are *real* phenomena, philosophers would have no difficulty in obtaining a confirmation of them, and in receiving them as truths in physical science; but no distinct and unequivocal fact has ever been submitted to them, and the theory of Reichenbach is but a nebulous dream overhanging the bright region of physical truth.

3. *Hypnotism and Electro-Biology*.—When Dr. Braid of Manchester was attending a mesmeric exhibition in 1841, in which it was maintained that the animal magnetism of the mesmerist was communicated to the patient, he was much struck with the fact that the latter could not open his eyes. He regarded this as a real phenomenon, and he instituted a series of experiments, which proved that "the continued fixed stare of the patient at any object, by paralyzing nervous centres in their appendages, (the levator muscles of the eyelids,) and destroying the equilibrium of the nervous system, produced the phenomenon referred to." In order to *hypnotize* the patient, or put him into the sleepy state, Dr. Braid "takes any bright object, generally his lancet-case, between the thumb and fore and middle fingers of his left hand, and holds it from eight to fifteen inches from the eyes, at such a position above the forehead as may be necessary to produce the greatest possible strain upon the eyes and eyelids, and enable the patient to maintain a steady fixed stare at the object." The pupils of the eyes at first contract and then dilate to a considerable extent. They then assume "a wavy motion;" and if at this moment "the fore and middle fingers of the right hand, extended and a little separated, are carried from the object towards the eyes, most probably the eyelids will close involuntarily with a vibratory motion, or become spasmodically closed." If, after the lapse of ten or fifteen seconds, we gently elevate the arms and legs, the patient, *if he is intensely affected*, will retain them in that position. If not "desire him, in a soft tone of voice, to retain the limbs in the extended position, and then the pulse will speedily become greatly accelerated, and the limbs in process of time will become quite rigid and involuntarily fixed. It will also be found that all the organs of special sense, excepting sight, including heat and cold, and muscular motion or resistance, and certain mental faculties, are *at first* prodigiously *exalted*,—such as happens with regard to the primary effects of opium, wine, and spirits. After a certain period, however, this exaltation of function is followed by a state of depression far greater than the torpor of *natural* sleep." From this state of torpor the organs of special sense and the rigidity of the muscles may be *instantly* restored to the opposite

condition, by directing a current of air from the mouth upon the organ which we wish to excite to action; and "by mere repose the senses will speedily merge into the original condition again." An abrupt blow or pressure will de-hypnotize a rigid part; but no fact has more perplexed Dr. Braid than the singular effect of a slight puff of wind.

In 1842, when the British Association was assembled at Manchester, we saw more than once the almost incredible phenomena exhibited by patients of all classes under the influence of hypnotism; but not being personally acquainted with any of the parties, a certain degree of incredulity still attached itself to the subject; and it was not till we saw the phenomena exhibited by persons in whose honour and truth we had the most perfect confidence, that we regarded the results exhibited by Dr. Braid as real phenomena.

The discoveries of Dr. Braid seem to have crossed the Atlantic, and to have been very generally received. They were brought back to England several years ago, under the name of *Electro-Biology*, by Dr. Darling and Mr. Lewis, who, abandoning the sound views of Dr. Braid, referred the phenomena to influences proceeding from themselves. Instead of looking at an object in the hands of the operator, the patients of Dr. Darling looked at a metallic disc of zinc and copper, as if a galvanic influence proceeded from their mutual action. Mr. Lewis made the patient, or the whole of an assembled company, stare at himself, and, looking round him, he generally saw *one*, if not more, influenced by the act. The medical men of Edinburgh and others at first regarded the effects thus produced as the result of collusion; but when persons of the highest and gravest character became subject to the electro-biological influence, they were compelled to abandon their position, and seek for another cause of the phenomena.

Our narrow limits will not permit us to describe individual exhibitions which we have witnessed. The general results, however, must be briefly noticed: An electro-biological patient cannot open his eyes when he is told he cannot. He cannot rise from his chair. He cannot sit down upon it. He cannot keep his seat when he is told the chair is getting hot. He coughs and he sneezes when he is told he cannot avoid doing it. He tastes water as wine or bitters. He sees a horse in a drawing-room, without seeing the piano which stands upon the same spot, or the pictures on the wall behind the imaginary horse. He will take a stick for a fowling-piece, and after shooting a partridge with it, he will pick up the bird and put it in his pocket. If he is told in a particular way, by seizing his arm and rubbing it, that he has no sensation in that arm, you may prick it and

pinch it without his feeling any pain. He cannot tell his own name. He cannot spell the most familiar words. He cannot speak without stammering, and he cannot add 2 to 3; and yet he can do all these things when he is told he can. One of the most remarkable results is, that if his brother is seated beside him, and he is told that it is another person, even a lady, he instantly loses the vision of his brother, and sees the lady distinctly in the chair. We are disposed to think, from some results which we saw, that if he had been told that his brother was Napoleon, he would not have seen him in the chair, owing to the improbability of a deceased person being alive.

Such being the admitted facts in electro-biology, how are we to explain them? Are they produced by an electric or magnetic power residing in the operator, and transmitted to the patient? or are they produced, as Dr. Braid first suggested, and as is now admitted by the most eminent of our medical practitioners and physiologists, "by the concentrated mental attention of the patient acting on his own physical organism, and the changed condition of the physical action thus induced reacting on the mind of the patient?" Dr. Braid also endeavoured to prove, "that by the patient concentrating his attention on any part of his body, the functions of that part would, to a certain extent, be altered or modified, according to the predominant idea and faith which existed in his mind during the continuance of such fixed attention." In order to illustrate and extend this explanation, let us take the case of the patient who in our presence saw and examined a fine bay-horse in Dr. Gregory's drawing-room. The patient *willingly* submitted to the operation of being biologized, and was not disposed to resist the influence or the suggestion of the operator. Though his eyes were open he was in a dreamy state, or a state of somnolence, such as is occasionally produced by ordinary sleep. When the operator asked him if he would purchase a fine bay-horse, and requested him to examine it, he saw the horse in his mind's eye, or, as we have already shewn, in his body's eye, painted on the retina by the reverse action of his mind, and by the law of visible direction he saw it placed in front of him. The picture of the piano, which the horse concealed, made no impression on his retina, because it was obliterated by the more deeply impressed picture of the horse. He therefore saw the bay-horse as distinctly as if it had been before him. He was told that it had a splint in one of its legs, and he stooped and felt its ankle, which happened to be the leg of the piano. In some cases of spectral illusion the mental picture is seen mingling itself with the picture of external objects, the mental figures often rising out of the gilt frames of pictures on the wall, till one or other gains the mastery. The powerfully-expressed suggestion of the operator



that there was a horse before him, made the picture of it predominate over that of the piano; but when the operator took the patient out of his trance, the suggested picture disappeared, and the piano took its place. In this way we may explain all the illusions to which his senses were subjected.

The insensibility of the patient even to pain, his inability to speak, run, or walk, arose from that wonderful power which the mind exercises over the body, in altering all its sensations and functions. We all know that diseases may be endured, and morbid affections modified or removed by the concentrated attention of the patient. The performance of the most painful operations in surgery, as described by Dr. Esdaile in the two works in our list, when the patient is in the mesmeric state, places this influence beyond a doubt. In the state of hysteria in females, diseases of the knee-joint may be produced solely by the mind, "the joints being affected with pain, and a great degree of morbid sensibility, attended occasionally with some degree of tumefaction." In these cases, abscess and destruction of the joint never ensued, and the patients complained no more of their knee when they recovered from hysteria.\* Sir Benjamin Brodie informed the writer of this article, that many examples of this influence of the mind had occurred in his practice. In the interesting work now quoted, he remarks, that "the liability to hysteria among females is one of the severest penalties of high civilisation;" and he "does not hesitate to declare, that at least four-fifths of the female patients which are commonly supposed to labour under diseases of the joints, labour under hysteria and nothing else." The views of Sir Henry Holland, which we have already stated, "on the effects of attention on bodily organs," throw much light on this branch of our subject; and we are disposed to think that the medical practitioner does not avail himself sufficiently of this singular power in the cure of disease;—we do not mean of hypnotism, or the mesmeric state only, but of the ordinary influence of the patient's mind, directed by the energetic suggestion of his physician.

The importance of hypnotism, as a curative agent, has been placed beyond a doubt by Dr. Braid in his curious treatise "on Hypnotic Therapeutics." In certain cases, indicated by experience, he uses hypnotism alone, in others in conjunction with medicines; but in the great majority he does not use it at all. His general principle is, that *natural functions may be either excited or depressed, according to the faith and confidence of the patient*, or to express it otherwise, by means of a *fixed dominant idea*. In this way he has cured many cases of tic douloureux, nervous

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\* *Lectures Illustrative of certain Local Nervous Affections.* By SIR BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Bart., p. 34.

head-ache, paralysis, rheumatism, chronic gout, epilepsy, tonic spasm, St. Vitus's dance, hysteria, spinal irritation, distortion, natural somnambulism, &c. Even in affections of the eyes hypnotism has been found successful when other means had failed. By accelerating the circulation Dr. Braid has cured chronic cases of opacity of the cornea, and acute cases by retarding the circulation; and we have lately received from him a very interesting case in which almost total blindness was cured by the hypnotic process. Physiologists of high rank have called the attention of the medical world to Dr. Braid's process as one of the most effectual methods of curing disease.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we must mention the influence of concentrated attention in enabling persons not in the biological or hypnotic state to perform acts of which they would otherwise be incapable. The remarkable experiment described by Sir David Brewster, in his *Treatise on Natural Magic*, in which a heavy individual lying on his back may be lifted with the greatest facility by four persons on the points of their fingers, is ascribed by Dr. Braid "to the extraordinary influence of dominant ideas in producing muscular action in accordance with themselves, without any conscious effort of volition" on the part of the lifters. Mesmerists had ascribed this effect to an electric power passing from the hands of the lifters, and maintained that the body could not be lifted if a board were interposed between it and the hands of the lifters; but no such explanation is necessary. The fact that the lifters applied their strength simultaneously, when the chest was kept filled with air by the closing of the *rima glottidis*, and when the lifting muscles had a point of support on the distended chest, is a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon, though the expectant attention no doubt contributed to the effect.

4. *Phrenology and Phreno-mesmerism.* In introducing these two subjects at present, we do not propose to discuss them at any length. In previous articles we have expressed our utter disbelief in the facts and principles of phrenology.\* The determination of the intellectual and moral qualities of individuals, as obtained from the magnitude and form of the skull, may be effected as well by palmistry or the shape of the hand, by the handwriting of the individual, or by toe-ology, a process by which a clever authoress has jocularly proposed to determine them by the form of the human foot. Very wonderful coincidences have been obtained by all these methods, and might be obtained from any other part of the human frame. Sir Henry Holland has written a brief, candid, and able chapter on this subject, which we recommend

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\* Vol. iii. p. 503.

to the study of the reader. M. Baillarger, one of the latest students of the brain, has, by a new method of unfolding and measuring its surface, been led to the opinion, *that there is no relation whatever between the intelligence of animals and the extent of the cerebral surface.* But, independent of this, the periphery of the brain, as Sir H. Holland remarks, is singularly devoid of any indications of that division of it into separate portions or faculties which phrenology requires; and we may add, that if such a division did exist, and if the development of those portions were indicative of mental qualities, the form of the external bone would not make us acquainted with them. It is a curious fact, that our late able and accomplished friend, Mr. Sheriff Colquhoun, who believed in magic, witchcraft, and animal magnetism in their most extreme forms, pronounces phrenology to be a pseudo-science, which, after forty years' study, and the examination "of the heads of hundreds of individuals, notorious for the manifestation of particular faculties and propensities," he pronounces to be absurd and dangerous.\*

If phrenology has no foundation in theory, and still less in practice, what can we say of *phreno-mesmerism of which it is the root?* That touching particular parts of the head will make a hypnotized patient laugh, pray, sing, steal, and fight, is a doctrine which we do not scruple to rank among the wildest and most dangerous that has ever been propounded, and we cannot but express our astonishment that it should be maintained by Dr. Braid, who has shewn so much sagacity in rejecting the less extravagant pretensions of the mesmerists. Sir Henry Holland and other physiologists have not condescended to denounce phreno-mesmerism, and we shall content ourselves with having ranked it among the extravagancies of modern credulity.

5. *Trance, or human hybernation*, as it is called by Dr. Braid, is a form of profound sleep or catalepsy, in which "all the vital functions are reduced to the minimum of what is compatible with continued existence and restoration to their former activity." This peculiar condition of the human frame is so nearly allied to the mesmeric, or hypnotic, or biological state, that those who believe in the one cannot reject the other. The condition of trance can be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we cannot convey a better idea of it than by giving, after Dr. Cheyne of Dublin, the following account of the case of Colonel Townsend of Bath, a gentleman of a high and Christian character:—

"Colonel Townsend could die or expire when he pleased; and yet by an effort, or some how, he could come to life again. He insisted

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\* *History of Magic, &c.*, vol. i., Preface, pp. lix-lxi.

so much upon our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last *we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him.* This continued about half an hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily, and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and, after some farther conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."

In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion, Colonel Townsend actually expired.

Various cases of this species of voluntary trance have occurred in India, and have been described by trustworthy observers. Fakerees and others have been buried alive for long periods, sometimes six weeks, and have been taken up and restored to their usual health and activity. Dr. Braid has collected a number of interesting and well authenticated cases of this kind; but our limits will not allow us to refer to more than one of these, which was seen and carefully investigated by Sir Claude Wade, a gentleman of whose high character, great talents, and acuteness as an observer, we can speak from personal knowledge. The Fakeer was buried alive at Lahore in 1837. Sir Claude Wade did not arrive till a few hours after his actual interment; but he had the testimony of Runjeet Singh, and the most credible persons of his court, that he was buried and the building sealed up, and guarded night and day by four sentries, who were relieved every hour. A daily report of the state of the building was made by the officers of the Court. The mud wall having been dug away; the seal removed from the keyhole of the padlock, Sir Claude and Runjeet Singh descended into a sort of cell, where there was a wooden box four feet long by three broad.

The seal and padlock of the box being opened, the Fakeer was seen placed upright in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over his head. The Fakeer's servant took the body out of the box, and when the bag, which was mildewed, was torn open, they examined it sitting with their knees almost touching it. "The legs and arms were shrivelled and stiff, the face full, and the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse;" a medical attendant could discover no pulsation in the heart, temples, or arm. The Fakeer's servant began the process of resuscitation by pouring warm water over the body, gradually relaxing its arms and legs, Runjeet Singh and Colonel Wade taking each a leg, to restore it by friction from its contracted state. During this time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake, about an inch thick, on the top of the head, a process which he repeated twice or thrice. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton with which they were stopped, and, after great exertion, opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and while holding his jaws open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with his right—in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upwards, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet. His eyes when opened by friction, with clarified butter or *gee*, were quite motionless and glazed. Upon applying the hot cake for the third time, the body was violently convulsed. The nostrils became inflated: respiration ensued, the limbs began to assume a natural fulness, but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. He then swallowed some *gee* placed on his tongue, and immediately the eyeballs became dilated, and recovered their natural colour. Recognising Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, he said in a low sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, "Do you believe me now?" Runjeet replied in the affirmative, and invested the Fakeer with a pearl necklace, a superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of silk, muslin and shawls. Not more than half an hour elapsed from the opening of the box till he recovered his voice, and in another half hour he talked with all around, though feebly, like a sick person. According to the Hindoo physiologists, *heat* constitutes the self-existent principle of life, so that "if the functions of the other elements are so far destroyed as to leave that one in its perfect purity, life could be sustained for a considerable length of time, independent of air, food, or any other means of sustenance."

Other cases of the same kind are related, in one of which the body was merely wrapped in a cloak, laid, without a coffin, in an ordinary grave, and covered with earth. After many days the body was taken up and restored to life by the same process.

6. *The Magnetoscope or Odometer.*—The history of the mag-

netoscope or odometer, which depends on the same principles as its precursor the divining-rod, is curious. It appears from a passage in Ammianus Marcellinus,\* as quoted by M. Chevreul, that, so early as the fourth century, a ring suspended by a thread was an instrument of divination. This pendulum, after due consecration, was made to oscillate in the intervals between the letters of the alphabet; and those at which it successively stopped formed heroic verses, which were the answers to the questions that were put to it. In a work published in Paris in 1582, entitled *Les Bigarrures du Seigneur des Accords*, the chapter headed *Des Faux Sorciers et de leurs Imposteurs* contains the following passage,—“Others have a trick in which they seem to attach a ring of gold or silver to a fine thread, which they suspend in a glass half full of water, and having dipped it three times, and repeated as many times in a low voice the following verse of a psalm,—‘Lo, thou hast loved the truth, shew me the hidden things of thy wisdom,’ the ring will then strike upon the glass whatever be the hour of the day.”

Schottus, in his *Physica Curiosa*,† printed in 1662, and Kircher, in his work *De Mundo Subterraneo*, printed in 1678, mentions this pendulum as used for finding the hour of the day. In the eighteenth century it was revived by a French officer; and, in 1798, under a scientific form, by M. Gerboin,‡ Professor of Special Medicine at Strasburg. Gerboin ascribed the motions of the pendulum to an *organo-electric* force, which was *expansive* in some persons, and *contractive* in others: the touch of a person possessing the *contractive* quality inverting the direction of the pendulum, while it moved from left to right in the hand of one possessing the *expansive* quality.

M. Ritter§ repeated these experiments with a pendulum consisting of a string twelve or eighteen inches long, suspending a cube of iron pyrites. When held above the poles of a magnet, above water, or different metals, or different parts of the human frame, it oscillated in different directions, and with different degrees of force.

These curious experiments attracted the attention of M. Chevreul, a distinguished member of the Institute of France, who repeated them in 1813, and discovered their true cause. M. Ørsted, the celebrated discoverer of electro-magnetism, who was then in Paris, was disposed to place confidence in the pendulum; but when M. Chevreul had published his experi-

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\* Lib. xxix.

† Lib. xii. p. 153.

‡ *Recherches Expérimentales sur un nouveau mode de l'action électrique.* 8vo, p. 356. Strasbourg, 1808.

§ *Recherches Physiques intéressants*, in the *Feuille du Matin*, No. 26, Jan. 30, 1807. Tubingen.



ments in 1833, in a letter to Ampere, the Danish philosopher ceased to believe that the pendulum was moved by an influence residing in the bodies over which it was held.

We regret that want of space prevents us from giving an account of M. Chevreul's experiments, but we are persuaded that every person who intelligently peruses his interesting volume will adopt his conclusions. He has shewn that when we hold the pendulum between the fingers, the muscular motion of the arm causes the pendulum to oscillate, and its oscillations to increase, by the influence which the sight exercises in putting the operator into the peculiar state of a *disposition or tendency to motion*. In like manner, the pendulum will stop when we *have* simply the *thought of trying if such a thing will stop it*. "There is then," says M. Chevreul, "an intimate connexion established between the execution of certain movements, and the act of thought which is relative to it, though this thought is not yet the will which commands our muscular organs. It is in this point of view that the phenomena which I have described seem to have some interest for psychology, and even for the history of the sciences: They prove how easy it is to mistake illusions for realities, whenever we are occupied with phenomena in which an organ performs a part, and that in circumstances which have not been sufficiently analyzed."\*

The experiment with the pendulum has, we believe, never been extinct. We have seen it, fifty years ago, often succeed, and as often fail, in striking the hour of the day. It was lately revived in Germany, and shewn to Dr. H. Mayo by Herr Caspari, with some variations. Mr. Rutter of Brighton investigated the subject; but instead of holding the pendulum between his finger and thumb, he suspended it at the extremity of a rod of brass, and touched a brass knob at the other end of the rod. The magnetism or electricity of his body passed, according to the theory, into the pendulum, and caused it to revolve in a circle of greater or less size from *left to right*. When a lady operated, the pendulum moved from *right to left*, and when the pendulum was revolving from *left to right*, under the influence of Mr. Rutter, it would stop and revolve in the opposite direction by placing the glove or handkerchief of a lady upon Mr. Rutter's arm. We were invited to see these experiments by a distinguished party who wished our opinion. We accordingly went to Brighton, and certainly witnessed phenomena of the most extraordinary description—phenomena produced either by electrical currents, male and female, or what was more probable, by an *involuntary* impulse given to the pendulum by Mr.

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\* *De la Baguette Divinatoire, &c.*, pp. 157, 158.

Butter, whose talents and character protected him from all suspicion of collusion with his instrument.

The magnetoscope, as the instrument has been called, was improved by Dr. Leger, who, in order to remove all suspicion of the pendulum being influenced voluntarily by himself, added another pendulum at the extremity of the brass rod, but connected with it by whalebone, or dead animal matter, along which it was believed the human electricity would not pass, while it would carry freely to the second any mechanical impulse that he might be supposed to give to the first pendulum. This second pendulum always stood still while the first moved, so that the spectator drew the conclusion that no impulse of a mechanical kind was given to the first, seeing that the second remained at rest. If there was imposition in the case, we cannot but admire the ingenuity of using the second pendulum at the end of a piece of whalebone.

With this instrument Dr. Leger proposed to determine the amount of moral and intellectual qualities in any individual seated beside him. Placing a finger of his right hand upon the knob of the magnetoscope, and a finger of his left hand on any phrenological organ, the degree of its development was measured by the *extent* of the oscillations of the pendulum. Certain organs made it revolve from right to left, others from left to right, some rectilineally, from north to south, and others from east to west. When the 36 organs, including 10 propensities, 10 sentiments, 12 intellectual faculties, and 4 reflective faculties, were thus examined, and their intensities expressed numerically, 5 being the average of each, it was not difficult to deduce the character of the patient. The writer of this article went frequently to Dr. Leger with many persons of high rank and talent, and though Dr. Leger did not know their names, and had never, from being a stranger, seen one of them, the account which he gave of them was truly marvellous; and in a letter which we received from Colonel Chesterton, he mentions his astonishment at the accuracy of the results obtained by Dr. Leger, after examining the criminals and other persons under his charge, of whom the Doctor could know nothing. The same regard for truth which induces us to make these admissions, compels us to state that a distinguished nobleman whom we had accompanied to the magnetoscope, went a second time in a different costume, disguised with false moustaches, and obtained a character, both moral and intellectual, essentially different from the first!

A belief in the indications of the magnetoscope involves not only a belief in phrenology, and in animal magnetism, but, what no natural philosopher can admit—in a physical influence

passing into the pendulum, and communicating to it rotatory and oscillatory movements. But even if we believe that such influences do exist, and communicate such motions, the admitted fact *that the motions cannot take place if the operator shuts his eyes*, would decide the question. That a picture of the pendulum on the operator's retina could produce the influences and the motion, no rational man can believe. The movements are produced solely by the expectant attention of the operator, if he is honest, involuntarily directing all the movements of the pendulum. The same explanation applies to all those experiments in which the human hand is employed to suspend rings, and shillings, and books, which all move in the direction we wish or expect, or, as Dr. Braid expresses it, "under an unconscious muscular influence, arising from dominant ideas in the minds of subjects."

7. *Table-turning and Table-talking*.—Those who believed in the rotation and oscillation of rings and pendulums could not fail to believe that the same influence might turn tables; and had the pretensions of the table-turners gone no farther, the experiment might, like the shilling striking the hour, have long remained as an amusement for the nursery and the drawing-room. But when, under their influence, the tables obeyed their will and commands, lifting up their legs and striking the age of any of the operators,—discovering things that were hid or lost, by moving to the spot where they were to be found,—pretending to be the result of Satanic agency, "disclosing," according to the Rev. E. Gillon, "Satanic wonders and prophetic signs," moving with all other books but the Bible, which instantly stopped them, and bringing messages from heaven and hell to gratify the morbid curiosity of the credulous, it was time that science should rush into the magic circle, and exorcise the demon that had usurped it.

That the hands of the table-movers acted upon it mechanically, and in the direction of the motion, was proved by an exhibition, which we witnessed, that, when the hands of even a professional table-mover, Mrs. Haydon, *were smeared with oil, the table could not be put in motion*. The same truth was established by repeated experiments, in which tables could not be moved when the operators were careful to prevent their hands from doing anything more than simply resting upon their surface; but it was placed beyond a doubt by the experiments of Mr. Faraday,\* who proved that whenever a table was turned, the hands of its movers exerted upon it a force in the direction of its motion.

When table-turners make the experiment honestly, which we

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\* *Athenæum*, 1853. P. 801.

believe is often done, they involuntarily exercise a muscular force under the influence of the same principle which guides the finger of the operator when placed upon the magnetoscope.

It is with difficulty we can bring ourselves to notice the extravagance of those who maintain that tables have moved at the will of an individual seated at a distance from them;—that hats can be lifted up by the attractive power of hands not in contact with them, and that the human hand can impart to any object, which it grasps, such an attractive influence for all other objects of the same material, of the same nature, or the same form, that it will lead or draw its possessor to such objects, even when they are concealed from his view.\*

8. *Spirit-rapping and Spirit-writing.*—Among the moral epidemics of the day, none is more remarkable than that of spirit-rapping,—an importation from the United States, where it has for some time been raging with a fatal influence, gratifying with lying intelligence the prurient curiosity of fools, and driving into bedlam the half insane, who have received distressing news from the world of spirits. In order to get information from the spiritual world there must be a *medium* of communication, and this office is assumed generally by some artful or presumptuous female, who feels herself qualified for the task. At the beginning of 1853 there were no fewer than 700 mediums in the town of Cleveland, and 1200 in that of Cincinnati. In 1853, Mrs. Haydon, an American lady of great sagacity and penetration, exhibited in London her powers as a medium. When she was seated at a little distance from a table upon which there was placed an alphabet, the victim of curiosity put certain questions to her mentally, which a departed spirit was to answer. This answer was communicated by raps upon the table, while the finger of the victim passed over the alphabet. If the answer, for example, was YES, a rap was heard when the finger came to Y, which was written down. The finger again ran over the alphabet, and raps were successively heard when it reached E and S.† The same process was followed when the answer was NO, or a complete sentence. Many remarkable answers were thus obtained by several persons of character and intelligence, which at first produced a great sensation. When we submitted to the operation, however, it was an entire failure. Mrs. Haydon's success consisted in observing some pause in the finger when it reached the proper letters, or some act or movement of the victim when these letters were touched. When

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\* This doctrine is maintained in the last book in our list, No. 28.

† In 1848, when this mania began in America, in the house of a Methodist family of the name of Fox, the letters of the alphabet were pronounced by the person who wanted information.

the experiment was made by persons who paused on other letters than those which formed the right answer, Mrs. Haydon always failed.

Some interest has been attached to the discovery of the process by which the *rap* was produced. As everybody expected it from the table, it always appeared to come from it, on that principle of ventriloquism, according to which a sound made in one place may be heard as if it came from another to which the attention is directed. It was believed in America, that tables were made on purpose, but as Mrs. Haydon held her *séances* in private houses, a table of a particular construction was not required. The process, however, which is a very curious one, has been recently discovered and explained by Dr. Schiff of Frankfort-upon-Maine. He had noticed that the rap proceeded from the body of a young girl, who was performing the part of a medium, and he succeeded in demonstrating experimentally that a similar noise could be produced by the repeated displacement of the tendon of the *peroneus longus* muscle in the sheath in which it slides in passing behind the external *malleolus*. Dr. Schiff, indeed, succeeded in producing upon himself the very same sound which he had heard from the spirit rapper. When the fibrous sheath in which the tendon of the *peroneus longus* slides is feeble or relaxed, the sound is more easily produced; and Dr. Schiff has shewn that the sound may be made without any appreciable motion in the foot. When the little toe presses upon the external *malleolus*, where the noise is produced, the alternating and repeated displacement of the tendon having a very brisk motion of ascent and descent is very distinctly felt. After Dr. Schiff's memoir had been read at the Academy of Sciences, he made the experiment at the request of the members, and the sound was distinctly heard at the distance of several yards, without any motion being observed in the feet.\*

Akin to spirit-rapping is the still stranger practice of *Spirit-Writing*. A medium, anxious for information from the spiritual world, sits down with a pen in hand, and thinks intensely upon some departed spirit from whom he wishes instruction, or advice, or consolation. His pen then records on the paper, by an involuntary effort, the desired intelligence, which, as we have been informed by those whom we have seen practise the art, is often unintelligible, and sometimes ill-spelt and bad grammar. In this case, certainly, when a suitable despatch is in this way recorded, the expectant attention must have guided the recording pen.

9. *Apparitions, &c.*—In our list of books we have placed a

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\* *Comptes Rendus, &c.*, vol. xxxviii. pp. 1063, 1064.

very interesting volume, by Mr. Nethen Radcliffe, which treats of apparitions and various forms of the supernatural, and another on magic, by Joseph Ennemoser, to which the translator has appended numerous stories of apparitions. In the work of Mr. Radcliffe, which may be safely put into the hands of the young, a rational explanation is given of the principal phenomena which he describes: In that of the German author there is no limit set to our credulity—no spot upon which faith can alight and truth inquire. The reader finds himself in a world of magic, and he will be fortunate if he does not believe himself to be a conjuror. The visions of the Old Testament and the miracles of the New, are mixed up with the legerdemain of ancient soothsayers, the witchcraft of recent times, the hallucinations of religious fanaticism, animal magnetism, vampyre graves, fairies, spirit-rapping, and all the delusions of modern necromancy. The wise may read this book with advantage; we would willingly conceal it from the young and the ignorant.

It would be an endless and unprofitable task to attempt to classify and explain the various apparitions which have been recorded in history. The largest portion of these have been the offspring of illusions of the eye and the ear, and have been well explained by persons conversant with the laws of vision and acoustics. Another class of apparitions originate in real phenomena, but whenever the circumstances of the case have been rigorously studied, the apparition has been found to be either a biped or a quadruped, which accident has placed in some abnormal position. There is, however, a third class more difficult to dispose of, namely, those which have been seen by more than one individual. In such cases the organs of sense are less likely to be imposed upon,—the supernatural appearance of real living persons is less likely to be misjudged, and two minds are less likely than one to dwell long upon the same object. Two, and even more persons, however, may be equally deceived by illusions of sense,—by the false appearance of real objects, and may, from the concurrence of unusual circumstances, have their minds impressed with one exciting idea, or with the mental picture of one individual. In the cases under our consideration, two persons are said to have seen the apparition of a friend, who was afterwards found to have died about the time when the apparition was seen. In order to decide upon such a case, we would require to examine rigorously the parties, and to ascertain what they did see, and what was the date and nature of the event which the apparition was supposed to accompany. We all know how such stories change their form when they are re-told and believed; and we might be disposed to listen to them, if they had been employed for any useful purpose—to startle the ungodly



in his unhallowed orgies, or arrest the criminal in his vicious career.

10. *Second Sight and Presentiment.*—In the apparitions perceived by what is called Second Sight, persons are seen at a distance, though “at that moment dying or dead,” “not in a faint light, but in their natural aspect and colour, not by one terrified peasant, but by two or more self-possessed and educated men. Nay, some of these *are said* to have spoken, and to have done so for a purpose.” The story of Lord Lyttelton has been cited as a case of second sight, but such of our readers as have perused a previous Article in this Journal\* will arrive at a different conclusion. In a recent case of second sight communicated to us by the gentleman who saw it, two fishermen whom he knew were seen by him in his evening walk. He accosted them in passing, but learned from his servant, next morning, that the two men had been drowned in the bay during the night. We believe that our informant saw what he described, but we equally believe that some cause or other had turned his mind to these men, while it was in that state which is favourable to reverie. If this gentleman had noted down all the cases in which he had had distinct visual impressions of his friends, without these impressions being accompanied with any remarkable event, he would have regarded the sight of the fishermen and their death as a simple coincidence. At the present moment, during the prevalence of war and pestilence, are there not many relations and friends of ardent temperaments who may mentally see the dreaded events which actually take place, and many more who have as vivid a perception of events which never happen? This remark leads us to say a few words on the subject of coincidences.

11. *Coincidences.*—A philosopher of distinguished eminence, a few years ago, wrote *four* or *five* letters to friends, and strange to say, they were all returned to him because the parties were dead. This remarkable fact led him and his family to note the coincidences of which they became cognizant, and we have reason to believe that their collection, if given to the world, would be as instructive as it is interesting. In the ordinary cases of coincidences, there is a natural tendency in the mind to place two concomitant events in the relation of cause and effect. The mind will not scruple to commit a slight anachronism to bring them together, or to modify the one or the other to make them coalesce, and just as the physical eyes are not at rest till they force the binocular pictures into coalescence, so the mental vision, bent on the supernatural, will place in the relation which it desires, events neither related in time nor in cha-

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\* See Vol. xix. No. 38, pp. 506-508. See also Radcliffe's *Friends, Ghosts, and Sprites*, p. 226.

racter. We know not what the gamester thinks when his dice necessarily exhibit numbers which defy theory of probabilities.

12. *Epidemic Manias*.—Did our limits permit we would give our readers some account of the epidemical manias of the middle ages,—of the dancing plagues, and convulsive disorders which appeared in Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, and Abyssinia, and which, in 1742, 1774, and 1791, afflicted the northern parts of Scotland, and in 1796 a portion of North Wales, and almost at all times portions of the United States.\* To this class of epidemics the female constitution is particularly liable. Hecker informs us that, in a large convent in France, one nun began to mew like a cat, and that shortly afterwards other nuns began to mew. At last all the nuns mewed, every day, and for several hours together. The Christian neighbourhood became scandalized by this daily cat-concert, which was kept up till a company of soldiers, placed at the gate of the convent, whipped the performers till they promised to mew no more. Cardan informs us that a nun in Germany fell to biting all her companions. In a short time all the nuns began biting each other. The infatuation spread, and passed from convent to convent, throughout a great part of Germany, but chiefly in Saxony and Brandenburg. It afterwards spread to the nunneries in Holland, and the biting mania did not terminate till it reached even Rome.

The history of modern credulity, as depicted in the preceding pages, is pregnant with deep instruction. In reference to the mania of table-moving, Mr. Faraday has justly ascribed the mental condition of its votaries to a radical defect in our system of education,—in the education, we may add, of those who follow the learned professions, as well as in that of the higher and middle classes of society. We do not expect that mental philosophy can be instilled into the common mind to correct mental aberration, or that we can communicate in a general education any sufficient knowledge of the structure and functions of the human frame; but there can be no difficulty in introducing into our schools a system of instruction in which the facts and laws of the material world are taught as infallible truths, essentially different from the inferences of wild and unrestrained speculation. Minds which have the ballast of established facts and laws, or a knowledge of what can be seen and handled, are less likely to be the victims of credulity and imposture than those which indulge in light literature, and in the romance reading of the pre-

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\* See Hecker's *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, p. 158, and *passim*. See also Dr. Hibbert's *Description of the Shetland Islands*, p. 344.

sent day. They have in their possession a fixed standard of truth to which they can appeal when startling phenomena and wild theories are submitted to their judgment. Who, for example, that is acquainted with the simple facts and laws of electricity and magnetism, and has seen how the electric principle passes from the human body into bodies that conduct it, and refuses to pass into non-conductors, could for a moment believe that such a principle could pass into tables and pendulums and other non-conducting materials, and impress upon them motions contrary to every known mechanical law, tossing and twisting them in all directions, as if they were the inmates of Bedlam, or frantic bacchanals under the influence of alcohol.

In these pages we have again and again impressed upon the Government the paramount duty of instructing those whom they have undertaken to govern;—but the fear of offending religious partisans has paralyzed every attempt to educate the people, and stifled every demand that has been made to uphold the educational institutions of the country. To expect from such temporary advisers of the Crown any salutary measure of public instruction—to expect it from the combined action of an uneducated vision-hunting and conjuror-worshipping population—to expect it from churchmen who, in imbibing the fanaticism of the middle ages, imbibe also their superstitions—to expect such things would be to expect truth from error or light from darkness.

Will it be believed in a future and a wiser age, did not the page of history record it, that in the middle of the 19th century, in one of the intellectual centres of Europe, books have been written and greedily devoured, in which the great system of worlds, to which we belong, is said to be self-created from an universe of dust, in which man with his immortal soul, is struck from a speck of albumen by an electric spark, and in which his divine form, the pride of the sculptor, and the theme of the poet, is developed from the brainless monad and the grinning monkey?\*

Will it be believed that the master of one of the most enlightened colleges in the world persists in teaching that the solar system is a clumsy piece of mechanism, in which the creative power has blundered through excess of energy, and that the whole universe—the firmament stretched out by the understanding of Jehovah, is a sublime failure—its noblest planets but cinders and water, and its stars sparks of vapour and chippings of planets with which the Almighty has littered his azure dominions?†

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\* *Vestiges of Creation.*

† See a very able examination of “The Essay of a Plurality of Worlds” in the *British Quarterly*, No. 39, p. 34, a well conducted and eminently Christian review.

Such gigantic heresies seldom come alone. We have now before us, from Oxford, a valuable pendant to the Cambridge speculation,—another downward step in the intellectual degradation of science. In this presumptuous volume, called *Alastor, or The New Ptolemy*, the exactness of the physical sciences is denied and ridiculed,—the discoveries of Newton and the writings of Herschel are assailed,—gravity is declared to be nothing but electro-magnetism, and “the fixed stars aggregates of the same element, combined and rarified till perfectly balanced where they have been observed since the commencement of human observation!” When such *ignes fatui*—such monstrous exhalations of the mind, take root in Cambridge and Oxford, it is time that our northern Universities should guard their youth against the philosophical pestilence which threatens them. The Mormonism of the religious world is not more baneful than the doctrines of the electro-albuminous origin of life—the development of man from monkeys,—the creation of the universe by blind law,—the formation of planets out of mud, and of stars out of steam.

How different are the sentiments and how noble the efforts of that higher class, who seek to elevate the popular mind, by gathering in the rich harvest of mental produce which art and literature and science have accumulated; and of dispensing the intellectual manna to those masses of immortal beings who are perishing for lack of knowledge. “All that science has discovered,” says Dr. Biber, in his eloquent lecture at the opening of the Panopticon, “all that art has achieved, the history and literature of the human race, is a treasure to be dispensed, and that without being diminished, to all mankind. That, of this universal treasure, the common property of the human race, each human individual is entitled to receive and to enjoy a share,—is a truth which is happily now recognised beyond the possibility of contradiction. Too long has that truth been ignored; too long has knowledge, the pursuit of science, of art and literature, been considered as the exclusive property of the few. To the masses of mankind the history of man has remained a sealed book,—the treasures of human culture accumulated through the lapse of ages have been to them as if they were not. . . . . To lend a helping hand in leading men through the outer court of the temple of knowledge, in which the wonders of creation searched out by man, and the results of man’s own creative powers are displayed, to the door of that inner sanctuary where the voice of God himself is heard,—is the high privilege, as well as the solemn and responsible duty of all who have it in their power to contribute towards the attainment of so desirable an end.”

Adopting these views, and anxious that others should adopt them, we are sanguine enough to believe, that a statesman will yet arise to dispense the treasures of knowledge through national institutions, and fulfil the prediction of the poet, that Science

“ Shall be a precious visitant ; and then,  
 And only then, be worthy of her name. . . .  
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,  
 Its most illustrious province, must be found  
 In furnishing clear guidance,—*a support*  
*Not treacherous to the Mind's excursive power ?*  
 . . . . . Whate'er we see,  
 Whate'er we feel, by agency direct  
 Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse  
 Our faculties,—shall fix in calmer seats  
 Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights  
 Of love divine, our intellectual soul.”

ART. VII.—*Poetical Works of William Cowper.* Edited by ROBERT BELL. 3 Vols., 1854. [*Annotated Edition of the English Poets*, by ROBERT BELL, Author of the “History of Russia,” “Lives of the English Poets,” &c. v. d.]

It is a favourite saying in the present day, that “the tendencies of the age are essentially prosaic.” The precise meaning which these words are intended to convey may not be very clearly understood by the majority of those who utter them; but they seem to embody a general idea of the unpoetical character of the times. There is a confused notion in men’s minds, that the Practical and the Ideal not only cannot associate, but cannot co-exist one with the other—that the voice of Fact must bellow down the voice of Fiction—that the clangings of our iron must drown the harpings of our bards—that because we can travel on a straight road, at the rate of forty miles an hour, the excursions of the imagination and the wanderings of Fancy must be disregarded for evermore—that the generation which has tunnelled Box-hill can never care to climb Parnassus.

All this is in effect so often repeated, in one form or another, that its truth has been taken for granted by multitudes of men who echo and re-echo the cry; and still we are told that the age is unpoetical, and that the present generation is a generation of worshippers at the great shrine of Matter-of-Fact. But what, after all, is the meaning of the cry? Does it mean, that given up as we are to materialities—laying down iron roads by hundreds of miles; spanning immense rivers with arches of stone; flashing messages along electric wires with the speed of the lightning; covering the seas with magic fire-ships; multiplying by the same mysterious agency textile fabrics not wrought by hands, of a beauty and a splendour such as Solomon in all his glory never dreamt of—the intelligence and the inventiveness of the age expend themselves upon projects of utilitarianism, and intent upon the palpable realities before us, we have neither eyes to “glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,” nor wings to bear us up in illimitable space; that whilst we are coining one metal into another, the brain-coinage of that great ideal currency, which is more enduring than iron and stone, must necessarily be suspended? Does it mean that the aliment of poetry is vanishing from off the face of the earth—that external and internal beauty, are both ceasing to be—that inanimate nature is more formal and the human mind more prosaic; that the seasons do not alternate, nor men’s hearts pulse as they were wont; that mechanism has usurped the world, and gross



withhold the people;—in a world, that the sources of imaginative inspiration are utterly dried up?

(Or is it meant, that although the few may write poetry, the many will not read it; that our minds, hardened as it were, in a go-cart of one utilitarian pursuit or another, have no sympathy with anything of which the answer to the *raison d'être* does not lie upon the surface; that we have by one consent adopted the Benthamite doctrine that Poetry has no greater claims than Push-pin upon mankind, and in this "money-making age," arrived generally at a conclusion that it "does not pay." Is it meant that we have too much to do with the literature of fact—that what with our Blue Books and Statistics, our Mark-Lane Expresses, our Railway, our Mining, and our Building Journals, our Associations for the advancement of Science, our Sanitary Commissions, and our endless official reports on every conceivable subject, we have no time to read anything that is not designed primarily to teach us to make money or to take care of ourselves? Is it meant that all iron has so eaten its way upon earth, that the sublimest and the sweetest hymnings of the bard cannot rouse in the breasts of the many one sympathetic emotion?

In whichever direction the interpretation of the popular aphorism is to be found, we pronounce it without a misgiving, to be a rank and offensive fallacy. The smoke of a steam-vessel may sometimes obscure the sun from the loiterers upon deck; but all the steam in the world, or the material tendencies of which it is the representative, could as readily put out the sun as they could put out poetry. As long as there is sunshine; as long as there are moon and stars; sky and cloud; green fields and sweet flowers; the changing ocean, and the human heart which contains the likeness of them all, the few will sing and the many will listen. To us, indeed, this would seem to be a truism scarcely worth uttering, if it had not been in effect so often contradicted. We are utterly at a loss for a reason why it should be otherwise. There is room enough in the world both for Poetry and Steam. A man is not less likely to be endowed with "the vision and the faculty divine," or less likely to admire its manifestations in others, because his father goes up to London every day, with a "season ticket" in his pocket, from the fair hills of Surrey or the green woods of Berkshire, instead of travelling in the Brixton or Clapham omnibus along the old high road; or because he himself can rush from the smoke and din of the metropolis in a few hours,—

"To see the children sporting on the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore;"

to bury himself deep in a mighty wood, or to ascend the rugged mountain side until he steep himself in the clouds. If there be anything in poetical education, anything in the effect of external influences upon the poetical temperament, surely the agency which brings a man most readily within their reach—within the reach of all the beauties and benignities of Nature—is to be regarded as one of the best aids to the development of the Divine faculty, and in no sense an obstruction to it. It is not one, indeed, of the least benefits which Steam has conferred upon the age, that it brings the country—sea and shore, hill and valley, wood and plain, the yellow corn-fields, the winding river, the mossy turf, the fragrant wild-flowers, the song of the lark, the tinkling of the sheep-bell—within the reach of the anxious town; almost as it were, to the very doors of dwellers in the heart of our cities.\* Let those who talk about our iron roads marring the beauty of the country, because here and there may be seen an unsightly embankment, consider that there are thousands and thousands amongst us, who but for these iron roads, would never see the country at all. The Rail is, indeed, the great *open-sesame* of Nature. It is the key that unlocks her choicest treasures to the over-worked clerk and the toil-worn mechanic, and brings all sweet sounds and pleasant sights and fragrant scents within the reach of men who else would know of nothing that is not foul, unsightly, and obnoxious. What is this but to say that the Rail is a great teacher, educating both head and heart, preparing the few to utter, and the many to appreciate the utterances of Poetry.

All this may be conceded; and yet it may still, perhaps, be alleged that the age is essentially a prosaic one. An increasing addiction, it may be said, to the study of the exact sciences is as much an effect as a cause of all those great material improvements which are the growth and the characteristic of the civilisation of the nineteenth century. And it is assumed that Science and Poetry are the antagonists, not the help-meets and handmaids of each other. But most true is it of our civilisation, that—

“ Science and Poetry and Thought  
Are its lamps—They make the lot  
Of the dwellers in a cot  
So serene they curse it not.”

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\* Coleridge said, apologetically,

“ I was reared  
In the great city . . . .  
And saw nought lovely, but the sky and stars.”  
Contrast this with Wordsworth's well-known lines,  
“ The tall cliff  
Was my delight, the sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion,” &c. &c.

They do not enter the cottage, or the mansion, to jostle and to wrestle with, but to aid, encourage, and to support each other. They may rarely find expression through the same oracular mouth-piece. But their influences upon the generation at large are conjoint and co-extensive.\* The well-known, often quoted Baconian passage, setting forth that the same age which is fertile in men of action, as warriors and statesmen, is fertile also in men of thought, as poets and philosophers, might have both a more general and a more particular application. The age which produces giants of one kind produces giants of another. The same influences which operating upon one order of intelligence generate great mechanics, operating upon another will generate great poets. As with the body of an individual man, so with the body of men in the concrete, there is a sympathy between its different parts. Those salutary influences which strengthen one organ seldom fail to strengthen another. At all events, nothing can be more preposterous than to affirm that because one part thrives another must languish. The healthiness of the age manifests itself in the general development of intellectual power of all kinds. We see it alike—

“In the steam-ship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind ;”

the progress of the nineteenth century is, in a word, *catholic*.

But after all, the best reply to the vulgar assertion, that the tendencies of the age are essentially prosaic, is to be found in the simple material fact of the large amount of poetry that is written, and the large amount that is read. It is true that much poetry, or much that presumes to call itself poetry, is written, but never read. The volumes of poetry which issue from the press, never to be read, but by friends and critics,—and by them sparingly—are past counting. Of this phenomenon there are two noticeable things to be said. Firstly, that very much of this unread poetry would once have been largely read. Unread poetry is not always unreadable poetry. Many a poet, doomed in this nineteenth century to taste all the bitterness of neglect, would at the close of the eighteenth have made for himself a great reputation. There have been worse versifiers included in editions of standard British poets than those, which week after week are now dismissed by our periodical critics in a few faint sentences of feeble praise. And, secondly, that poetry must, to a considerable number of people, be its own exceeding great reward, or so much would not be written for the mere pleasure of writing it. Every allowance being made for the deluding ope-

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\* It may be remarked, too, that men of science were never more poetical, nor poets more scientific, than at the present time.

rations of hope—for all the excesses of a sanguine temperament—still the fact is mainly to be accounted for by a reference to the truth, that

“There is a pleasure in poetic pains,  
Which none but poets know.”—

And if this pleasure be widely experienced, as by its results we know it to be, at the present time, the age can not be an unpoetical one. It matters not, in this view of the case, whether the poetry be good or bad. We speak here of those poetical yearnings which may find sufficient or insufficient utterance. Whatever may be their audible expression, whether in immortal music or wretched stutterings, there is a feeling of poetry at the source of it. The existence of the poetical temperament is indicated even by the profitless effort—the impotent desire. It is something even to aspire to be a poet.

It will, perhaps, be said, that if poetry, which would once have found many readers, now finds few or none, the age is, therefore, an unpoetical one. And so it would be, if, whilst rejecting this once tolerated mediocrity, we had nothing better to fall back upon. But the generation which can boast of Wordsworth and Shelley—Byron and Crabbe—Campbell and Rogers—Keats and Tennyson,—as its cotemporaries, has no need to betake itself to such mediocrity as was erst represented by Pomfret and Yalden. Has Mr. Tennyson, the most poetical of poets, any reason to complain of a paucity of readers? Has Elizabeth Barrett sung to a people who will not hear?

And, in the meanwhile, how fares it with our older bards? Are those who have sung worthily to a past generation forgotten or neglected by the present? There is no more cogent argument to be adduced, in denial of the assumption that the tendencies of the age are essentially prosaic, than the fact that there are, at the present time, *three* different editions of the standard British poets in course of serial publication. Would there be this ample supply if there were no adequate demand? Would Mr. Bell, Mr. Gilfillan, and Mr. Wilmot waste their fine minds in the strenuous idleness of editing generation after generation of English poets, only to supply lining for our trunks? Would Mr. Parker, or Mr. Routledge, or any other publisher, sink his capital in an unfathomable well of hopeless speculation? Would Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Murray fritter away their learning and their enterprise upon new editions of “Lives of the Poets,” and other kindred works, if we had ceased to delight in poetry? Would minor publishers be, as they are, continually on the alert to pounce, hawk-like, on expired copyrights of popular poets, if the tendencies of the age were essentially prosaic?

As we write, a prospectus is placed before us, announcing a forthcoming serial issue of Byron's poems, in penny numbers, under the auspices of some lawful pirate, who knows that the speculation will be a profitable one. Already have some of the earlier poems of Southey, Scott, and others, become common property—common property, which, in a prosaic age, no one would have thought worthy of the paper and print expended on its appropriation. Of the quantity of poetry that is *printed* in the present day, no doubt can be entertained. It may, therefore, without any violence, be assumed that much is *read*.

Indeed, if there were no other evidence of the tastes and feelings of the present generation than that afforded by the edition of the English Poets, for which we are now continually indebted to the talents and energies of Mr. Robert Bell, and Mr. J. W. Parker, we should be abundantly satisfied with the demonstration. The "Annotated Edition of the English Poets" promises to be the best ever presented to the public. The name, however, suggests to us *in limine*, what appears to us to be a defect in the design of the work. We have been used, when there was less need than now of the more comprehensive designation, to read of editions of the "*British Poets*." We gather from the different title now adopted, that it is the intention of Mr. Bell to exclude from his edition the whole of our *Scottish* poetry. It is not merely as North British Reviewers that we protest against this exclusiveness. In the advertisements to the edition, it is expressly stated, that "it will include the works of several poets entirely omitted from previous collections, especially those stores of lyrical and ballad poetry in which our literature is richer than that of any other country, and which, independently of their poetical claims, are peculiarly interesting as illustrations of historical events and national customs." Is the collection of these stories to stop short at the border? Is all the Ballad minstrelsy, the growth of those tracts of country which lie to the north of the Tweed, to be ignored in a great national collection like this? Is a work which must necessarily contain the writings of so many minor minstrels to give no sign of the existence of Robert Burns?

We shall hardly be suspected of any national partiality, in claiming for our principal northern bards due recognition, in a work which we believe will take its place not only in our own but in our children's and children's children's libraries, on both sides of the Border. "In the exercise of a strict principle of selection," say the projectors of the Annotated Edition, "this edition will be rendered *intrinsically* more valuable than any of its predecessors." It is only, indeed, upon the basis of the intrinsic excellence of the collection, that such a work as this can build

up its claims to an extensive and a lasting popularity. The editor of such a work must by no means be diverted from the duty of gathering together poetry of the highest order,—

" All such as manly and great souls produce,  
Worthy to live, and of eternal use ;"

in search of what is merely curious and interesting from the extrinsic stamp of antiquarianism that is upon it. We should entertain no apprehension of such an editor as Mr. Bell falling into an error of this kind, even if he had not pledged himself to regard the intrinsic excellence of the poetry itself before every other consideration. That, in particular cases, there must always be some variance in the public taste is certain. It would be impossible for any editor, in a selection of poetical works to fill a hundred or more volumes, not to offend some prejudices and disappoint some predilections. There is a story told by Mr. Charles Butler to the effect that a party of gentlemen having agreed to write down the names of, we believe, the six most interesting books they had ever read, one name only appeared in every list. The book thus honoured was *Gil Blas*. There would not be this variance of opinion with regard to the intrinsic excellence of any number of British poets ; but it would be curious to see the lists which would be given in by a dozen intelligent men well-read in English literature, if they were invited to name the poets who, in their estimation, ought to be selected to fill a hundred volumes like those which are now before us. In respect, indeed, of this matter of selection, Mr. Bell must prepare himself to be charged with some errors both of commission and of omission. But we have little fear that starting, as he does, with the design of regarding intrinsic poetical excellence above all other considerations, he will go far wrong in respect of the general result.

"The edition now proposed," says Mr. Bell, "will be distinguished from all preceding editions in many important respects." When Cowper first examined Johnson's edition he wrote to Mr. Unwin, saying, "A few things I have met with, which if they had been burned the moment they were written, it would have been better for the author, and at least as well for his readers. There is not much of this, but a little is too much. I think it a pity the editor admitted any. The English muse would have lost no credit by the omission of such trash. Some of them appear to me to have a very disputable right to a place among the classics, and I am quite at a loss when I see them in such company to conjecture what is Dr. Johnson's idea or definition of classical merit. But if he inserts the poems of



some who can hardly be said to deserve such an honour, the purchaser will comfort himself with the hope that he will exclude none that do." The hope, however, was disappointed. The selection was the work of the booksellers, not of the editor,—and the former estimated the merits of a poet according to the existing amount of demand for his works. The great rival edition of the last century, known as "Bell's British Poets," was only so far better than Johnson's that it commenced at an earlier date, and included the works of Chaucer, Spencer, and Donne.\*

Speaking of these two editions of the British Poets as of the only ones whose completeness renders them worthy of notice, Southey says, in his *Life of Cowper*, "I know not whether Johnson's edition was more accurate" (than Bell's, of whom Mr. Croker had said that the "inaccuracy of the press was very conspicuous,") "but this I know, that unless the press be carefully compared with the last edition of a book that has passed under the author's own eye, every new edition will introduce new corruptions into the text, and of the very worst kind, by the careless substitution of words, which, without making nonsense of the passage, alter its meaning or destroy its beauty." Of the truth of this there is no doubt. The probable evil of which Southey here speaks is a real one. The projectors of the edition now before us rightly observe, that "the necessity for a revised and carefully annotated edition of the English poets may be found in the fact that no such publication exists. The only collections we possess consist of naked and frequently imperfect texts, put forth without sufficient literary supervision." That an edition of the English poets, distinguished at the same time by a judicious selection of authors, a careful revision of the text, and in-

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\* "England, I believe," says Southey, in his '*Life of Cowper*,' "is the only country in which any general collection of its poets has been attempted. The first was brought forward by a noted bookseller, named John Bell. . . . He, in the year 1777, announced an edition of the poets of Great Britain, complete from Chaucer to Churchill. The more respectable of the London booksellers, regarding this as an invasion of what they called their literary property, (as by the custom of the trade it was considered to be,) resolved upon publishing a rival edition, which should have the advantage of an ostensible and competent editor, of a more correct text, and of including several authors, whose works being still copyright by law, could not be printed unless with the consent of those publishers in whom that right was vested. Dr. Johnson, as holding deservedly the highest rank among his contemporaries, was the person whom they selected to undertake this task, and to write the lives of the poets. And they also, like Bell, proposed to commence with Chaucer, and to include all the English poets down to their own time. The selection, however, was made, not by the editor, but by the booksellers; and they were directed in it by no other criterion than that of public opinion, as evinced in the demand for certain books. The poet whose works were not called for was dead to them. Departing, therefore, on that consideration, from their first intention, instead of commencing their collection with Chaucer they began with Cowley."

telligent annotation, was one of the greatest of our literary wants, will be readily admitted. This Mr. Robert Bell has undertaken to supply; whilst Mr. Parker performs his part of the compact in a manner to which the most fastidious cannot object, by issuing the edition in monthly volumes, which are a model of elegance, at so low a price, that the work, viewed in relation to the care and cost bestowed upon it, is one of the cheapest publications of the day.

As we write, some ten volumes of this edition have already appeared. It is too early a day to speak of the manner in which the duty of selection, generally, will be performed by Mr. Bell; but so far he has proceeded with judgment and discrimination. Mr. Bell's design is not merely to bring out the collected works of our principal English poets, weighing the claims of different aspirants to classic honours, as they have not been weighed by his predecessors, but to render his work also a complete collection of English Poetry. In other words, he purposes to embrace in his collection a large body of that scattered, and in some cases anonymous poetry, which is not less intrinsically excellent in itself, and has not had less influence upon the times, because it has not made the reputation, and is not historically associated with the name, of any particular man. Of the new insertions, the poems of John Oldham—a vigorous and a pungent satirist, well deserving resuscitation, may be accepted as a promising example; whilst the collection of *Songs of the Dramatists*,—the intrinsic excellence of which, however, we do not estimate quite so highly as Mr. Bell, is a pregnant instance of the careful, the conscientious, and the intelligent manner in which he is addressing himself to the performance of his difficult and responsible duty.

We have, indeed, a high opinion of the qualifications which Mr. Bell brings to his task. He is obviously a man of fine taste and cultivated mind, united with the steadier, and, we are afraid, rarer qualities, of laboriousness and conscientiousness. He is a discriminating, but at the same time a genial critic, a graceful writer, and an instructive commentator. A larger amount of cumbrous learning than he possesses would only be in his way. He is the reverse of a pedant; he has no exclusive sympathies, no narrow prejudices of any kind. He can admire and appreciate writers of the most opposite character. Here and there it is probable that the editorship of some one particular poet might more advantageously be entrusted to some particular living writer whom we might name; but we know no one among our contemporaries more likely to do justice to an edition of English Poets as a whole.

The edition before us is emphatically an "Annotated" edition

of the English Poets. It in no small measure founds its claims to popular support upon the accuracy and copiousness of the annotations it contains. The illustrative matter is indeed ample. It is of two kinds, introductory and marginal. Judging by the volumes now before us, we have little hesitation in pronouncing an opinion favourable to the manner in which this important part of the editor's duty has been performed. The notes are numerous, but not too numerous. They discharge their proper functions; for they explain, they do not encumber the text. That here and there a wrong word may have crept in, or a stop may have been misplaced, or a note omitted where one is to be desired, is something more than a probability, it appears indeed to us to be a *necessity* in such a work. It would require, indeed, superhuman intelligence, and superhuman labour, wholly to prevent the occurrence of such mischances as these. That they seldom occur in a work of such extent, demanding so rare a combination of many qualities in the individual workman, is honourable to the ability, the care, and the conscientiousness of the editor. The "Annotated" edition of the English Poets would be the greatest literary wonder of the age if no errors were discernible in it.

To the assaults of that lowest order of criticism—the word-catching, which lives on syllables—a work of this kind is sure to be exposed. Every critic knows something, or thinks that he knows something, about Dryden and Pope, Goldsmith and Cowper. Many hold opinions of their own, perhaps have some peculiar critical tenets, any variance from which they regard as an unpardonable heresy. Mere difference of opinion constitutes, in their eyes, an offence. They treat as settled points what are often open questions; and whilst dogmatically commenting upon another's errors, not seldom illustrate their own. Doubtless they have a right to their opinions, and they have a right freely to express them. But a large portion of the censure which is passed by periodical critics, upon such works as this, is in reality a mere expression of a difference of opinion, and ought rather to be delivered in a suggestive than a dogmatic tone. The acrimony of rival commentators is, however, proverbial. The *inexp-tissime dixit* is still the favourite critical formula which expresses the offence of an editor who interprets an obscure passage after a fashion differing from that which finds favour in the eyes of his critic. But these Brunckian amenities are not creditable to our periodical literature. With the editor of such a work as this every literary man should make common cause; all who have our national literature at heart should endeavour to assist his labours, and to contribute something towards the completeness of his work.

The edition of Cowper now before us, included in three of Mr. Bell's annotated volumes, may be taken as a fair specimen of the manner in which he is discharging his important duties. We do not conceive that the "bard of Olney" is one to the consideration of whose writings, and the illustration of whose career, a mind so constituted as is the editor's, is likely to bring so large an amount of enthusiasm and sympathy as to other poets whom we could name. But on that very account, we believe, that in selecting the annotated Cowper for the text of the present paper, we are dealing fairly with the work as a whole. We have no doubt that better specimens of genial and careful editing will appear in the series. Indeed, we regard the annotated Dryden, with which the series was commenced, as, on the whole, a better specimen of editorial skill. But we cannot hesitate to declare that there is no existing edition of Cowper's Poems, which we so much care to possess, as that which is now before us. It has one great advantage over all others,—that the poems are arranged according to the date of their composition, so that we have a complete picture of the development of the poetical faculty in William Cowper, and a history of the intellectual activity of the bard, at different periods of his life, at once in the most authentic and the most interesting shape. The introductory notes explanatory of the circumstances under which the different poems were written, and the influences to which the poet was exposed at the time of their composition, impart a vitality to the collection, which, taking all the pieces together, carries the reader on from one to another, and raises within him, as he advances, those emotions of sympathy which are inspired by the perusal of a vivid autobiography. It is a common remark, that the history of a poet's life is to be found in his works. But his poems, when collected, are often arranged in so clumsy a manner, or on so false a system, that they throw no light at all upon the progress of his inner life, or the development of his genius. Mindful of this, Mr. Bell has for the first time printed Cowper's Poems in chronological order; and it is difficult to say how much their interest is enhanced by such an arrangement.\*

In making frequent use of Cowper's unrivalled correspondence, the annotator has done wisely. But not less wisely in resisting

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\* "The Poems," says Mr. Bell, "are here printed, for the first time, in chronological order. It is believed that independently of other considerations, the interest connected with these pieces is much enhanced by this arrangement; especially in reference to the minor poems, which, being chiefly occasional, are to a great extent autobiographical. They enter into the history of Cowper's life; and a new light is thrown upon them, by exhibiting them in the order of the incidents to which they refer. The particular circumstances connected with their origin are explained in the introductions, and, wherever it is possible, in Cowper's own words, derived from his correspondence."

the temptation to a more liberal use of these materials for commentary. It would have been easy with a collection of Cowper's letters before him, for the editor to have multiplied note upon note. But such multiplication would have encumbered the text, and expanded the bulk of the work beyond convenient limits. It appears to us that we have just sufficient annotation, and no more, for a work that forms only a small component part of an extensive series.

The life of William Cowper has been written so often and so amply, that it was hardly to be expected that Mr. Bell should have much novel matter to introduce into the memoir which he has prefixed to the poems. It is a pleasant, a conscientious, and a reliable piece of writing; and with the introductory notes, affords a very complete picture of the life, the habits, and the character of the poet. There is a well-known peculiarity in the life of Cowper which distinguishes it from almost every other subject of biography. People are prone to ask, when a new biographer or new essayist enters upon it, "which side does he take?" The subject, indeed, has become a sort of literary battle-field—one, too, in which even larger interests than those of literature are concerned. The life of William Cowper has been written from very different points of view—one biographer regarding the views of another, to say the least of them, as dangerous heresies, and each having a large phalanx of supporters eager to condemn the work of his rival. Grimshawe wrote because he was not satisfied with Hayley; and Southey wrote because he was not satisfied with Grimshawe. Mr. Bell avoids both extremes. He is more moderate and candid than his predecessors. His sympathies are, perhaps, rather with Southey than with Grimshawe. But he has no theory to maintain. He treats of the results more than of the causes of Cowper's fearful maladies; and there is very *little* in his Memoir or his Notes to offend the prejudices of the most sensitive adherents of either party. If there be *anything*, it is rather in some casual expression, than in any studied assertion of opinion.

In truth it is a melancholy subject; but, after all, not so melancholy as some, it seems, would wish to make it. It would be the saddest thing of all to believe that so noble a mind was wrecked by that which is the very crown and perfection of human reason, and without which the intelligence of man, in its sublimest utterance, is but as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. That William Cowper was, at certain periods of his life, the victim of some miserable spiritual delusions, is a painful and undeniable fact. But these delusions were not the cause, but the effect of the derangement under which he suffered. It

has often been said that "religion drove him mad." But religion never yet drove any man mad. Even Mr. Bell, of whose candour we have spoken approvingly, seems to have fallen into this old error. Speaking of the composition of the *Olney Hymns*, he says, "A devotional labour of this peculiar description, calling him back into the solitude of study and composition, to *those spiritual meditations which had formerly unsettled his reason*, was full of danger to Cowper." But spiritual meditations did not unsettle Cowper's mind. His mind would have been unsettled had he been an atheist and a blasphemer. The only difference would have been in the manifestations of his disease.

Had Cowper lived and suffered half-a-century later, the terrible malady which, during so many years of his life, overshadowed his reason, would, in all probability, never have been a mystery, never a subject of contention between rival biographers and controversial essayists. The seat of the disease, whether in the brain or the *viscera*, would have been discovered: and we should have heard nothing of spiritual meditations unsettling the reason of the unfortunate poet. As it is, we can only grope about in dim twilight. The solution, it is true, is very easy; reason and analogy favour it—but at the best it is only conjecture. More or less of doubt and obscurity must always envelop a subject upon which in these days modern science would in all probability have thrown a flood of light.

The extent to which the diseases of the body, both organic and functional, affect the mind, is every year becoming better and better understood. Men are often victims of the most horrible delusions under the influence of a mere temporary derangement of the organs of digestion. We have no doubt that medical experience could cite scores of cases of mental aberration, analogous with that of Cowper, attended with corresponding symptoms of physical disease. In general terms it is said, and said truthfully, of the poet, that from his childhood upwards, he was constitutionally of a morbid temperament. It does not appear that there was any hereditary tendency to which the origin of his malady can be assigned, but that it was constitutional is not to be doubted. "I have all my life," he frequently said in his letters, "been subject to a disorder of my spirits." This commenced at a very early period. We cannot quite follow Mr. Grimshawe in the inference which he draws from some of the well-known lines "On the receipt of my mother's picture out of Norfolk," to the effect that even before his mother's death Cowper was subject to depression of spirits. "That a morbid temperament," says the biographer,



“was the originating cause of his depression, is confirmed by an affecting passage in one of his poems:—

“‘My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hovered thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun.’”

But the meaning of this passage is not that Cowper was a “wretch” antecedently to the death of his mother, but that that event made him a wretch even at the beginning of “life’s journey.” His sorrows seem then to have commenced. There is nothing in the passage to lead us to the conclusion that they had commenced *before*.

He might truly date his sorrows from that melancholy epoch. It is not improbable, indeed, that he owed them all to his untimely bereavement. He was a child of a delicate organization, and he required, therefore, the gentlest treatment and the most watchful care. Instead of enjoying these advantages, he was subjected, in early childhood, to discipline of a very opposite nature. His father, the rector of Berkhamstead, on the death of Mrs. Cowper, sent William to school. The delicate, sensitive boy was “taken,” as he said, “from the nursery, and from the immediate care of a most indulgent mother,” and sent to “rough it,” as best he might, among strangers.

Where Bedfordshire abuts into Hertfordshire, at a point of the great high road, between St. Albans and Dunstable, is a long straggling village or townlet, known by the name of Market Street.\* Now that the North-Western Railway runs at no great distance, almost parallel with this road, the place has a wan, deserted, melancholy appearance. But once the now silent “Street” continually resounded with the smackings of the post-boy’s whip, and the notes of the coachman’s horn, and there was something of bustle and excitement, as there was at that time in many places, once the great arteries of our traffic, but now almost without a pulse of life. In this pulseless Market Street, there was a school kept by one Dr. Pitman; and thither, at the age of six, William Cowper, motherless and forlorn, was sent to “make his way,” as it is called, against the “rolling sea” of birch and bullies.

And many a boy would have made his way against both. But poor little Cowper could not make his way at all. All the little

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\* Southey, in his *Life of Cowper*, has been at some pains to shew the conflicting testimonies of different writers regarding the geographical position of Dr. Pitman’s school—some having placed it in Bedfordshire, and some in Hertfordshire—and says truly enough, that the poet was only at *one* private school. A glance at the maps of the two counties might have assured him of the cause of the seeming discrepancy.

nerve which he carried with him to Market Street was battered out of him by a big boy, who seems to have made it his especial business to cow one who needed little discipline of any kind to bring him to a fitting state of subjection. "I had hardships of different kinds to conflict with," he wrote in after life with reference to this early training, "which I felt more sensibly in proportion to the tenderness with which I had been treated at home. But my chief affliction consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object on whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. I choose to forbear a particular recital of the many acts of barbarity with which he made it his business continually to persecute me; it will be sufficient to say, that he had by his savage treatment of me, impressed such a dread of his figure on my mind, that I well remember being afraid to lift up my eyes upon him, higher than his knees; and that I knew him by his shoe-buckles better than any other part of his dress." Commenting upon this passage, a portion of which Mr. Bell quotes in his introductory memoir, he observes, that to the brutality of this boy's character, and the general impression left upon Cowper's mind by the tyranny he had undergone at Dr. Pitman's, may be referred "the unfavourable opinion he entertained respecting schools, so forcibly expressed in the poem entitled *Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools*."

Of this there is no doubt: but might not something more have been added—might not something more have been referred to the tyranny of the big bully at Dr. Pitman's? It would be hardly possible for a child of delicate organization to undergo such treatment as little William Cowper was subjected to at the bad school in Market Street, without some abiding consequences affecting his physical or moral health—or both. What the precise nature of this treatment was does not appear. But no one knowing the many forms which school-boy cruelty assumes can doubt for a moment that it is quite sufficient to sow broad-cast, in such a constitution as little Cowper's, the seeds of that melancholy disease which overshadowed so many of the best years of his life. We are sorry to say, that there are many cases on record of similar evil treatment, attended with effects of the same melancholy nature.

Not, however, that we regard such an instance of tyranny on the one side, and suffering on the other, as anything more than an exceptional case. There has been more than a common outcry of late against "fagging systems," "monitorial systems," and other kinds of schoolboy domination. But we have no disposition to swell the chorus. We suspect that there are not many men, whether educated at public or at private schools,

who are not willing to speak feelingly, affectionately, gratefully, of the kindness shewn towards them by older boys. There is something almost parental in the tender care and chivalrous protection, which we have seen extended to the young and helpless at the scholastic institutions which Cowper conceived to be nurseries of vice and hot-beds of oppression. When the result is different, it is for the most part to be attributed to the unfitness of the preceptor. In large public schools it may be difficult to exercise a direct influence over this branch of internal discipline; but in such establishments as Dr. Pitman's nothing can be easier. The master has nothing more to do, when a young and tender child is entrusted to his care, than to place him immediately under the protection of one of the elder boys. The more openly, *coram populo*, it is done the better. Such a trust is sure not to be betrayed. We have known the happiest results to attend such a practice as this. The chivalrous feelings of the elder boy are stimulated by such an appeal to his manliness. He is proud of the charge. He rejoices in the confidence reposed in him by his master; and he studies to prove himself worthy of it. He soon learns how much pleasanter it is to protect and to cherish than to domineer and to oppress; and he has his reward in the almost filial reverence and affection with which he is looked up to, and leant upon by his youthful client.

Such kindly, judicious management as this might have saved poor Cowper. As it was, we can hardly doubt that during his residence at Dr. Pitman's the seeds of his terrible malady were sown. From the school in Market Street he was removed to the house of an oculist, where he remained for some time, under treatment for a disease of the eyes. A dreary time in all probability it was—with nothing strengthening or refreshing in the environments of his position, but much to enervate and depress. From this isolation he was thrown at once into the tumult of a public school. At the age of nine he went to Westminster. "At twelve or thirteen" he was "seized with the small-pox,"—"severely handled by the disease and in imminent danger." The virulence of the disorder cured the complaint in his eyes, but left behind what Cowper believed to be symptoms of consumption.\* That it very much increased the irritability under

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\* In the Memoir of Cowper's early life, written by himself, these apprehensions of a consumptive habit are mentioned before the appearance of the small-pox. But the narrative of his school-days is briefly written in very general language, and the allusion to the consumptive symptoms may belong to any period of his Westminster career. As the attack of small-pox occurred at the age of twelve or thirteen; and he says, with reference to the "intimations of a consumptive habit," that he had skill enough to understand their meaning, they are more likely to have occurred after than before that age.

which he suffered, and still further weakened an already weakly constitution, is not to be questioned. At this time, he says, he was "struck with a lowness of spirits very uncommon at his age." As time advanced, however, his position at Westminster necessarily improved. The most reserved and retiring boy cannot spend nine years at a public school without acquiring some confidence in himself. As he grew older, and necessarily more respected by reason of his seniority, he became more self-possessed. He formed many friendships. He took part in the active recreations of the school. These social enjoyments exercised a salutary influence upon both his body and his mind. It does not appear that during the latter years of his residence at Westminster he was otherwise than healthy and happy.

At the age of eighteen he was "taken from Westminster, and, having spent about nine months at home, was sent to acquire the practice of the law with an attorney." On attaining his majority, he took a set of chambers in the Temple, and was "complete master of himself." Here, according to his own statement, he commenced "a rash and ruinous career of wickedness." Who could doubt the effect of dissipation upon his irritable constitution? Not long after his settlement in the Temple he was "struck with such a dejection of spirits, as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of." "Day and night," he said, "I was upon the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair." In this state he "continued near a twelvemonth, when, having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, he at length betook himself to God in prayer." He had not, however, tried the effect of "all human means." Change of air and scene was subsequently recommended him, and he went to Southampton with a party of friends, and spent several months at that pleasant watering-place. It need not be said that the change had a prodigious effect upon his health and his spirits. One clear, calm, sunshiny morning, as he sat on a hill-side, and looked down upon the beautiful expanse of sea and land beneath him, the burden which had so long oppressed him was suddenly removed, and he felt an elation of spirit so delicious that he could have wept for joy. This is no unwonted phenomenon. Nor is it a bit more strange that, finding himself so much better in health and lighter in mood, he should have ceased from those spiritual exercises to which he had betaken himself in a season of sickness and despondency. These mutations are so common, that they have passed into a proverb, contained in a somewhat irreverent distich, to which we need not more particularly allude.

He went back to town, gave himself up to society, and what he afterwards perhaps in somewhat overstrained language of

self-reproach, described as "an uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence. The kind of life, however, could not have had a very beneficial effect upon his nerves. He was disappointed, too, in his affections. He was tenderly attached to his cousin Theodora Cowper; and the passion was reciprocated. But the prudent parents—

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart— forbade the union; and the cousins remained single unto death. Whether this "disappointment," which he made the subject of a poem, had any abiding effect upon his spirits, does not very clearly appear. Mr. Southey and Mr. Bell both think that it did not—quoting in confirmation of this opinion a Latin letter written subsequently to the failure of his suit, in which he speaks of "a lovely and beloved little girl" of sixteen, who had bewitched him at Greenwich. In our estimation, however, the argument based upon this passage is of no weight. The Latin letter appears to us to be nothing more than a bit of amusing badinage. Surely his account of the "*amabilis et amata puellula*," whose departure left behind so many "*lachrymas et suspiria*," was never meant to be received as the expression of a serious passion. Considering that he addressed his correspondent, a brother Templar, as "*Deliciæ et lepores mei*!" it is not very difficult to make allowance for the classical bombast wherein he speaks of his female friend. The Latin letter is curious and amusing; but it throws no light upon the real character of Cowper's love. His disappointment was, probably, one of many aggravating causes, which tended to increase his nervous irritability at this time; and we have little doubt, that if the issue had been different—if he had been united to a sensible, an amiable, and a sprightly woman, the clouds would not have gathered over him in such appalling density.

A crisis was now, indeed, rapidly approaching. Cowper's little patrimony was fast melting away under the influence of a life of continued idleness. In this emergency he remembered that he had some influential friends; and he bethought himself of the possibility of obtaining a situation under Government. The office of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords was in the gift of his kinsman, Major Cowper. The incumbent died, seemingly at an opportune moment; and about the same time the joint offices of reading clerk and clerk of the committees were vacated by resignation. Major Cowper, who was patentee of these appointments, made his cousin an offer of "the two most profitable places"—in other words, the joint office—and the latter thoughtlessly accepted it. On reflection, however, the idea of a public exhibition in the House of Lords quite overcame him,

and he sought permission to exchange his office for the less lucrative post of clerk of the journals. The exchange was effected, but the object was not obtained. Cowper was "bid to expect an examination at the bar of the House touching his sufficiency for the post he had taken." The thought of such an exhibition was so appalling, that in time it overthrew his reason.

There is nothing very astonishing in this. There are many men—men, too, in other respects not wanting in courage and confidence—who would rather forfeit a lucrative appointment than make a public exhibition of themselves, and stand an examination before such a tribunal as the House of Lords. It may be asked, then, why Cowper could not relieve his mind at once by throwing up the appointment? The answer is, that his abandonment of the office would have been a confession of incompetency, and that such a confession would have compromised his kinsman. He endeavoured, therefore, to qualify and to brace himself up for the threatened examination. It need not be said how hopeless are all such attempts. It would have been nothing short of a miracle if he had succeeded. Had his organization been far less delicate—had he never been subject to an excess of nervous irritability almost amounting to insanity—the experiment would have disastrously failed. As it was, the horror of the impending trial only increased upon him. The more he struggled to obtain light, the more hopeless was the darkness. It is unnecessary to enter into any details illustrative of this miserable period of Cowper's life. All the frightful circumstances are fully on record, as narrated by the poet himself. His excessive anxiety brought on a "nervous fever," which was somewhat allayed by a visit to Margate, where change of scene and cheerful company enabled him for a while to shake off his terrors. But on returning to London and the journals his old misery came back upon him, and he was more grievously tormented than before. He saw no escape from his agony, but madness or death. The former, as he thought, came too slowly, so he took refuge in the latter. He bought laudanum to poison himself. He went down to the Custom-House quay to drown himself. Finally, he hanged himself in his Chambers; but falling to the ground, just as strangulation was commencing, he was baffled in this last attempt. He seems then to have awakened to a sense of his guilt. But mind and body, thus cruelly exercised—thus rent and shattered and convulsed, were now giving way. It was impossible that they could much longer withstand this continued tension. "A numbness," he wrote in his own painful Memoir of these sad events, "seized upon the extremities of my body, and life seemed to retreat before it; my hands and feet became cold and stiff; a cold sweat stood upon my forehead;



my heart seemed at every pulse to beat its last, and my soul to cling to my lips as if on the very brink of departure. No convicted criminal ever feared death more, or was more afraid of dying. At eleven o'clock, my brother called upon me, and in about an hour after his arrival, that distemper of mind which I had so ardently wished for actually seized me. . . . A strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light upon the brain, without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt."

He was conveyed to a private Asylum, kept at St. Albans by Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, an excellent and accomplished man. His mental alienation was of the most terrible, but not the most uncommon kind. After what had happened, it was almost a necessary consequence that his insanity should be of the gloomiest type, and that he should believe himself beyond the pale of salvation. Under the judicious treatment of Dr. Cotton, however, he slowly recovered. His terrible delusions began in time to clear away; and after eighteen months spent in the St. Albans Asylum, he was sufficiently restored to be removed to Huntingdon, where a lodging had been secured for him by his brother. His spirit was becoming every day more tranquil. He found solace in prayer. He attended divine service. His heart was full of unspeakable gratitude and joy. The goodness of God was the continual theme of his meditations. At Huntingdon he made the acquaintance of the Unwins. The family consisted of Mr. Unwin, a non-resident clergyman; his wife; a son, intended for holy orders; and a daughter, whom Cowper described as "rather handsome and genteel." How this acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and how Cowper became an inmate of the Unwins' house, is too well known to need recital. He seems at this period of his life to have been happy and cheerful. He took sufficient exercise—even riding upon horseback. He wrote, indeed, that he had "become a professed horseman;" and nothing was better calculated to strengthen his health and cheer his spirits. But a melancholy accident brought this peaceful interval of life to a close. Mr. Unwin was thrown from his horse and killed.

How the survivors—that is how Mrs. Unwin and Cowper determined not to forsake each other, but to dwell together and to administer to each other's wants, is known to all who are acquainted with even the merest outline of the poet's life. Of this curious compact, which Mr. Bell truly describes as "an exceptional case, not to be judged by ordinary standards," we purpose to offer no opinion, further than that, beautiful as was the constancy of the friendship which was so long maintained between them, the union was in some respects unfortunate in its results to both.

But the most unfortunate thing of all was the choice of their residence. They were attracted to Olney—a small townlet on the banks of the Ouse, in Buckinghamshire—by that remarkable man, Mr. Newton, who, then at the commencement of his distinguished evangelical career, was acting as curate of the parish. He recommended Mrs. Unwin to remove to Olney, and offered to secure a house for her. To this she readily assented, and her companion willingly ratified the choice.

So in the autumn of 1767, Cowper went to live at Olney. It would have been difficult to select, from one end of the kingdom to another, a more unfortunate place of residence for a nervous invalid. The house itself resembled a prison. The principal sitting room was over a cellar filled with water. The surrounding country was low, damp, miasmatic. During several months of the year it was almost impossible to go out of doors. There was no pleasant neighbourly society. All the influences, external and internal, to which he was subjected at this time, were enervating and depressing; and they abundantly fed his disease. A slow fever began gradually to consume both Cowper and his companion, but although they suffered miserably from its effects, it was long before they began thoroughly to understand the cause.

But they saw the whole extent of the mischief at last, as the following passages of a letter to Mrs. Unwin's son, clearly indicate. Need we look any further for the source of Cowper's sufferings at Olney?—

“When you first contemplated,” he wrote, “the front of our abode, you were shocked. In your eyes it had the appearance of a prison; and you sighed at the thought that your mother lived in it. Your view of it was not only just, but prophetic. It had not only the aspect of a place built for the purposes of incarceration, but it has actually served that purpose through a long, long period, and we have been the prisoners. . . . Here we have no neighbourhood. . . . Here we have a bad air in winter, impregnated with the fishy-smelling fumes of the marsh miasma. . . . Here we are confined from September to March, and sometimes longer. . . . Both your mother's constitution and mine have suffered materially by such close and long confinement; and it is high time, unless we intend to retreat into the grave, that we should seek out a more wholesome residence.”

In another letter, addressed to Mr. Newton, he wrote:—

“A fever of the slow and spirit-oppressing kind seems to belong to all except the natives, who have dwelt in Olney many years; and the natives have putrid fevers. Both they and we, I believe, are immediately indebted for our respective maladies to an atmosphere encumbered with raw vapours issuing from flooded meadows; and we

in particular, have fared the worse for sitting so often, and sometimes for weeks, over a cellar filled with water."

To the evil effects of climate and situation, far more than to the companionship of Mr. Newton, and to the pursuits into which he was led by that exemplary divine, are we to attribute the return of his malady. Mr. Bell, with the highest respect for Newton's character, is, however, of a different opinion.—

"The change to Olney," he says, "materially disturbed the tranquillity which Cowper had hitherto enjoyed, and which was so essential to his mental health. The calm daily prayers of Huntingdon, which shed a balm upon his spirit, that at once strengthened and composed him, were displaced by more frequent evangelical worship; prayer meetings were established in the parish, at which Cowper actually assisted; he was called upon to visit the sick; to pray by the bedside of the dying; to investigate the condition of the poor of a populous and extensive parish, and to administer to their wants, which he was enabled to do by a fund placed at his disposal by Mr. Thornton, a rich merchant; and drawn gradually into the duties of a spiritual adviser, he exchanged the quiet and the leisure of the last few years,—the cheerful conversation, the mid-day relaxation, the evening walk, for the onerous and agitating labours of a sort of lay curate to Mr. Newton. The effect of this change on a delicate organization, already shattered by a disease, which the slightest excitement, especially of a religious character, was likely to bring back, could not be otherwise than injurious."

To this we cannot but ask in reply, "Is it so?"

— Is it so, Festus?

He speaks so calmly and wisely—is it so?

Our own belief is, that visiting the poor and relieving their wants is anything but a dreary and depressing occupation; and that "quiet and leisure" were not precisely what Cowper most wanted. What he wanted was active occupation,—occupation both for body and mind; something, too, to draw him out of himself. The contemplation of such scenes as he witnessed in the houses of the poor, as Newton's lay curate, must have largely awakened that sympathy with others' sufferings, which more than anything else perhaps, saves a man from dwelling upon his own. We are not sure that if we were called upon to prescribe for the worst forms of hypochondriasis, we should not recommend the sufferer to fill his purse and go out to visit the poor. Such an occupation must in itself have been salutary even in Cowper's case.\* But it was not sufficient to counteract

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\* We are entirely of opinion, however, that it was extremely injudicious to call upon Cowper—to whom a public exhibition of himself was, as he himself said, in any state, mortal poison—to take an active and outward part in the prayer

the other evil influences of which we have spoken. The marsh miasma of Olney was doing its sure work upon Cowper's irritable constitution. He was continually inhaling the slow poison of the place. A nervous fever was preying upon him. "Having suffered so much by nervous fevers myself," he wrote in 1776, "I know how to congratulate Ashley on his recovery. Other distempers only batter the walls; but *they* creep silently into the citadel, and put the garrison to the sword." It need not be explained to the dullest reader, that the citadel here spoken of is the head,—*arx formæ facies*,—and that the garrison is the brain, or the reason. We have here therefore a distinct avowal of Cowper's opinion that his reason was destroyed by the operation of nervous fever; and we have already cited an equally distinct recognition of the fact, that his nervous fever was mainly occasioned by the unhealthiness of the climate of Olney. The same atmospheric poison acts differently upon different constitutions. It has, however, one general rule of action. It attacks the weakest place. It lodges itself wherever there is a predisposition to receive it. We need take no trouble to explain why the fever which in the poorer class of inhabitants assumed a putrid type, should in one so organized as William Cowper attack the nerves and affect the brain.

When he wrote about "the nervous fever" creeping silently into the citadel, he had been nine years resident at Olney, the three last of which had been passed under the influence of the most terrible depression. Still for three years longer he continued under the same influence, but considerably mitigated by time. In 1776 the fury of the storm had expended itself, and in 1779 it had well-nigh blown over. He said afterwards, that he did not quite lose his senses, but that he lost the power of exercising them. "I could return," he said, "a rational answer to a difficult question; but a question was necessary, or I never spoke at all. This state of mind was accompanied, as I suppose it to be in most instances of the kind, with misapprehensions of things and persons, which made me a very untractable patient. I believed that everybody hated me, and that Mrs. Unwin hated me most of all; was convinced that all my food was poisoned, together with ten thousand vagaries of the same stamp." There is nothing here that may not be—indeed, that has not been—clearly traced to derangement of the physical constitution. But the disease was suffered to make progress under a mistaken sense of its import, until the enemy could with

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meetings of Olney. Mr. Gresham, who preached his funeral sermon, said, "I have heard him say, that when expected to take the lead in this social worship, his mind was always greatly agitated for some hours preceding."

difficulty be dislodged. Southey says that Mr. Newton and Mrs. Unwin, being clearly of opinion that their poor friend was torn by an unclean spirit, would not for many months seek that professional aid which before had been exercised with such salutary results.

During the season of his slow recovery, he amused himself by taming hares, carpentering, gardening, and painting landscapes; and when, in 1780, his mind seemed to have recovered its original strength, it was suggested to him that he would do well to cultivate his poetical powers. He frequently wrote slight occasional pieces; and now he was stimulated to more sustained efforts by the affectionate solicitude of his friends. They sent him to court the muses not in search of fame, but of health.

Suffering, indeed, made him a poet, as it has made many others. "Encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair," he wrote long afterwards to Mr. Newton, "and a thousand times filled with unspeakable horror, I first commenced as an author. Distress drove me to it; and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment still recommends it." But there was something wanted to give effect to the proposed remedy. Cowper himself well knew what it was. In the poem of "Retirement," he significantly says—

"Virtuous and faithful Heberden, whose skill  
Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,  
Gives melancholy up to Nature's care,  
And sends the patient into purer air."

Cowper ought to have been removed from Olney on the first appearance of his malady. But he remained there, throughout nineteen long years—at the end of which it had become intolerable to him. It is probable, however, that he would not have had sufficient energy and resolution to effect a change, but for a circumstance which in the course of the year 1786 exercised a happy influence over the remainder of his life. In that year his cousin Lady Hesketh, with whom he had been in a familiar and affectionate correspondence for a quarter of a century, arrived, on a visit, at Olney. She brought an admirable physician with her, in the shape of a carriage and horses; and Cowper, who had been, for many years, literally incarcerated in a dreary prison-house, with a companion who, like himself, was wasting away under the destroying influences to which they were both subjected at Olney, was prevailed upon to accompany his cousin on her pleasant rural drives, and was wonderfully refreshed by the recreation. She was in all respects, too, a most delightful companion. Her presence made sunshine in that shady place on the banks of the Ouse. Even

in his letters to Mr. Newton, Cowper could not refrain from chanting her praises in a full swell of gratitude :—

“ Lady Hesketh,” wrote the poet, “ by her affectionate behaviour, the cheerfulness of her conversation, and the constant sweetness of her temper, has cheered us both, and Mrs. Unwin not less than me. By her help we get change of air and scene, though still resident at Olney, and by her means have intercourse with some families in this country, with whom but for her we could never have been acquainted. Her presence here would at any time, even in my happiest days, have been a comfort to me, but in the present day I am doubly sensible of its value. She leaves nothing unsaid, nothing undone, that she thinks will be conducive to our wellbeing ; and so far as she is concerned, I have nothing to wish, but that I could believe her sent hither in mercy to myself, then I should be thankful.”

Lady Hesketh saw, at the first glance, the fatal mistake that had been committed, when Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were prevailed upon to fix their residence in the Olney Bastile. They needed little persuasion or encouragement to induce them to remove to a more cheerful abode, though without *any*, they would probably have continued to stagnate in the old place. Lady Hesketh’s warnings were quite sufficient to fix the resolution of both. In the course of June, Cowper wrote to his old friend Joseph Hill—the “ honest man close buttoned to the chin,” of the well-known “ Epistle,”—that he had determined to break his chains. “ Olney,” he said, “ will not be much longer the place of our habitation. At a village two miles distant (Weston Underwood) we have hired a house of Mr. Throckmorton. . . . It is situated very near to our most agreeable landlord and his agreeable pleasure grounds. In him and his wife we shall find such companions as will always make the time pass pleasantly whilst they are in the country, and his grounds will afford us good air and walking-room in the winter—two advantages which we have not enjoyed at Olney, where I have no neighbours with whom I can converse, and where seven months in the year I have been imprisoned by dirty and impassable ways, till both my health and Mrs. Unwin’s have suffered materially.” Many passages of similar import might be drawn from Cowper’s letters ; but after what we have already written, we need not pile up evidence to prove, that when the Olney house was selected for his residence, it was written down against him that he should never again enjoy a continuance of physical or mental health.

In November 1786, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin removed themselves to Weston. He was charmed with his new abode. He wrote playfully that the change was as great as “ from St. Giles



to Grosvenor Square." *But it had come too late.* Those nineteen dreary years in the Olney prison-house had done their sure work both upon Cowper and upon Mrs. Unwin. He had been fast subsiding again into a state of depression, when Lady Hesketh had arrived to cheer him; but although her presence delayed the attack, she could not wholly avert it; and he had not been many weeks settled at Weston when the fever which he had brought with him from Olney began to assert itself, and with it came his old despondency. The evil was perhaps precipitated by a calamity which befell the two invalids at this time. "Hardly," he wrote, "had we begun to enjoy the change, when the death of Mrs. Unwin's son cast a gloom upon every thing." This exemplary man was fondly loved by Cowper, and his unexpected death was a heavy blow to him. It fell, too, at an inopportune moment, and, doubtless, evolved the crisis which otherwise change of scene might have retarded for a time. As the year commenced he felt the fever creeping in his veins. "I have had a little nervous fever, my dear," he wrote to Lady Hesketh, "that has somewhat abridged my sleep." A few days afterwards, writing to Mr. Newton, he said with reference to another's trials, "I have no doubt it is distemper. But distresses of mind that are occasioned by distemper, are the most difficult of all to deal with." He knew this but too well, for it was his own case. To Lady Hesketh, too, he wrote again on the 18th of January, "My fever is not yet gone; but sometimes seems to leave me. It is altogether of the nervous kind, and attended now and then with much dejection." The ink with which this was written was scarcely dry, when the storm burst over him in all its fury. A terrible darkness fell upon him, which continued throughout many months. His agony was so extreme, that again he sought refuge in death. But for the timely interposition of Mrs. Unwin, he would have been laid in the suicide's grave.

In July he suddenly awoke, as it were, from a terrible dream, and returned to his usual avocations. He devoted himself to his translation of Homer, and seems to have fallen into the error of applying himself too closely to study. He took little exercise, and seldom went beyond the limits of his own and his neighbour's grounds. "I stay much at home," he wrote, "and have not travelled twenty miles from this place and its environs more than once these twenty years." His health and his spirits were subject to considerable fluctuations. Even the improved situation of Weston could not dislodge the enemy, which for nearly twenty years had been creeping into the "citadel." Nor was Mrs. Unwin more fortunate. Her health had long utterly failed her. Her faculties were becom-

ing clouded. Extraordinary delusions possessed them both. At last, in the winter of 1791, the poor lady was stricken down by paralysis; and from that time, though every effort was made to rally her, and she even consented to accompany Cowper on a visit to Hayley, at Eastham, in Sussex, she continued to grow more and more imbecile, until it was plain that she was totally incompetent to manage the affairs of her household. It need not be said that the melancholy sight of his poor friend's infirmity, which was continually before him, had the worst possible effect on the poet's mind. In 1794 he was in a pitiable state. He refused medicine; he refused food. He was continually pacing his room, backwards and forwards, like a beast in a cage. Dr. Willis was sent for and did all that his unequalled skill could accomplish. But such interposition was too late. Lady Hesketh attended on him, and ministered to his wants with the most sisterly assiduity, but nothing could raise him from the hopeless dejection in which he was sunk.

In the summer of 1795 it had become obviously necessary to make some new arrangements for the disposal of the two sufferers; and it happened fortunately that at this time Dr. Johnson of North Tuddenham, a young relative of Cowper's, who united with a sound judgment the highest rectitude of conduct and the most unfailing kindness of heart, expressed his eagerness to take charge of them; and they were quietly removed to Norfolk. He watched over their declining years as though they had been his parents. Nothing could have been more judicious than the treatment to which Cowper was subjected, but, as we have said before, it was too late. Such transient signs of revival as manifested themselves in Norfolk only indicated what might have been done at an earlier stage. In December 1796, Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper being taken to see the corpse, burst out into a passionate exclamation of sorrow, but left the sentence unfinished, and never spoke of his friend again.

He survived her more than three years, but they were years of suffering, bodily and mental. The low fever which had clung so tormentingly to him was now preying on his very vitals. "The process of digestion," we are told, "never passed regularly in his frame;" and "medicine had no influence upon his complaint." The only marvel is, that thus hopelessly prostrated he so long continued to live. "Frequent change of place, and the magnificence of marine scenery," even then, however, "produced a little relief to his depressed spirit." The remedy, indeed, was being applied when he could no longer profit by it. In 1799, his corporeal strength was rapidly declining, and early in the following year it was plain that his dissolution was close at hand. As his end approached he does not seem to have gained serenity of mind. The terrible delusions which had so long

clung to him were not now to be shaken off. He expressed, indeed, no hope to the last; but when, on the 25th of April, 1800, his soul was released from its shattered tenement, the affectionate relative who had so tenderly watched over the last dark years of the poet, thought that he could see on the face of William Cowper "an expression of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise."

Painful as is this story, it is not an unintelligible one; we believe, indeed, that it is not an uncommon one. The celebrity of the poet has imparted to it an interest and a notoriety, which do not belong to others, presenting the same features to the eye of the professional observer. These nineteen years at Olney, viewed in connexion with the melancholy antecedents of Cowper's life, were sufficient to account for anything that occurred after he took up his abode in that dreary Bastile on the banks of the Ouse. A dry, bracing air, cheerful society, regular exercise, (if possible on horseback,) occasional change of scene, and good medical advice, might have restored him to health and happiness. This is no vague conjecture. He had himself the strongest possible conviction that these were the remedies he required; and whenever the effect of any one of them was accidentally tried, he greatly improved both in health and spirits. As it was, with everything to poison the body and depress the mind, mind and body were continually acting reciprocally one upon the other, until disease was so firmly established in both, that all hope of cure was at an end.

That one—the chief, indeed, of Cowper's delusions, should be an insurmountable belief that God had turned away His face from him, and that the Redeemer had not died for him, seems to be an almost necessary result of the miserable circumstances which preceded his first attack of madness. So profound, indeed, was his mental darkness—so complete the entanglement and confusion of his ideas, during these awful periods of insanity—that he believed that God had totally and finally rejected him because he had *not* committed suicide. He read everything backward; he saw everywhere the reverse side of things. To base any theory upon these grotesque figments of a disordered brain were clearly absurd. The greatest of our female poetesses \* has beautifully and aptly compared this aberration with the wanderings of a fever-stricken child, who calls aloud for his mother, whilst her kind eyes are bent upon him:—

"Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst she blesses,  
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;  
That turns his fevered eyes around, 'My mother—where's my mother?'  
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other."

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\* Mrs. Browning.

Indeed, Cowper's despair was but a fever-born delusion ; in his healthier hours his religion was eminently cheerful :—

“The fever gone with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er him ;  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him !  
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,  
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death to save him.

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth could image that awaking,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted ;  
But felt those eyes alone, and knew, ‘*My Saviour!* not deserted!’”

He knew, indeed, that he was “not deserted.” When the enemy was not “in the citadel” he was hopeful and assured. He lived in a state of habitual thankfulness. His familiar letters sparkle with playful humour. They are the pleasantest and the most genial ever written. They indicate, for the most part, a mind at peace with itself, and a heart full of tenderness towards others. With few exceptions, they declare in every sentence the gentle loveable nature, the cheerful philosophy, and the sound good sense of the poet. For it was Cowper's hard fate, when the malady was upon him, to belie himself in every essential particular. A terrible disguise obscured all the realities of his natural self. The loving grateful heart, the clear reason, the hopeful piety, all yielded to the assaults of the insidious fever ; and he became, under its domineering influence, morose, fanciful, desponding—mistrustful alike of God and of man.

How complete the inversion was is apparent to every reader, who studies in immediate connexion with each other the life and the works of William Cowper. If there be one characteristic of his poetry more remarkable than any other, it is the sound good sense which informs it. He is, indeed, the sanest of our poets. Of “fine frenzy” in his writings there is little or none. Perhaps there is no collection in the language less likely, on its own merits, to be attributed to a “mad poet.” He was of a school the very antithesis of the spasmodic. It is the rationality, indeed, of Cowper's poems, which has rendered them so acceptable to the people of England. He had seen little of men, and was not very largely acquainted with books. But his strong natural sense, and his extraordinary keenness of observation, enabled him to triumph over these deficiencies, and there are many passages in his longer poems which have all the appearance of having been written by a well-read man of the world.

It was said by William Hazlitt, we believe, that there are “only three books worth looking into for a quotation—the Old Testament, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth's *Excursion*.” To these might certainly have been added, “The Poems of William

Cowper." With the single exception of Shakspeare, there is no poet more frequently quoted by his countrymen. He is, perhaps, more quoted than read. Many brief passages in his writings have become "familiar as household words," and are passed about from one mouth to another by men who cannot trace the lines or couplets to their true paternity. It is the simple intelligible truth of these passages that fixes them so firmly on the popular memory, and renders them so easy of reproduction. If they were more poetical, or more profound, they would be less current amongst us.

The sustained popularity of Cowper's writings is a fact very creditable to Englishmen. Within the last few months three new and handsome editions of his poems have been contemporaneously appearing. He is emphatically an English poet; he represents, indeed, the best side of the English character; but he is entirely and exclusively English. No other country could have produced such a poet; and in no other country would he have been equally popular. We take him to our hearths fearlessly, trustfully. There is scarcely a library in the kingdom containing a hundred volumes in which Cowper has no place. His poems are the earliest which English children learn by rote. They are food alike for tender nurslings and for strong men. We may not be very enthusiastic over them. They do not excite us to any prodigious heights of admiration,—perhaps they do not often stir any profound depths of emotion within us; but we always approve, we always trust, we always sympathize with, we always love, we are always grateful to the poet. It is the proud distinction of William Cowper that he never led any man astray—that no one ever studied his writings without being wiser and better for the study—that no English parent in his sound senses ever hesitated, or ever will hesitate, to place Cowper's poems in the hands of his child.

We are thankful that there is a sufficiency of good healthy English taste and feeling amongst us to keep alive the popularity of such writers as William Cowper. We are not unmindful of the claims of poets of another class. They write under different influences, and they have their reward. Even the writers of what is now called the "spasmodic school" are entitled to some consideration, and may be too severely handled. But let what schools may rise and fall—come jauntily into fashion for a little while, to be hooted down as quickly—the good English thought and English diction of William Cowper will still keep their place amongst us; and still as we speak reverently and affectionately of him who did so much to swell the happiness of others, but could never secure his own, it will be our boast that the most English of our poets was emphatically the most Christian.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Russia and Europe; or the Probable Consequences of the Present War.* By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. London, 1854.
2. *Russia, Germany, and the Eastern Question.* By GUSTAV DIEZEL. Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. London, 1854.
3. *Del Dovere d'agire. Al Partito Nazionale.* Par GUISEPPE MAZZINI. London, 1854.
4. *La Russie et l'Angleterre.* Par BRUNO BAUER. Charlottenburg, 1854.

It is now nine months since we addressed our readers on the position and probable development of what was termed "The Eastern Question." At that period every thing was in confusion and uncertainty. Hostilities had begun between Turkey and Russia, but it was as yet quite undecided whether any other powers would take part in the conflict. Every one prepared for war, but every one spoke of and hoped for peace. Diplomats were more busily employed than soldiers. Protocols and Remonstrances were flying to and fro, and couriers crossed each other in every direction, bearing propositions and counter-propositions, out of some one of which it was confidently anticipated that the basis of a pacific arrangement would emerge. The Four Powers were as yet acting ostensibly in concert; but it was still uncertain whether England and France would proceed to a declaration of war, and whether, if they did, Austria and Prussia would join them, or remain neuter, or pronounce against them. The first brief autumn campaign was over; and though no decisive or general action had been fought, success on the whole had unquestionably declared in favour of Russia; but few ventured to augur with any great sanguineness from this auspicious commencement of an unequal strife. So little did any of the statesmen of Europe believe in the power of Turkey to maintain any prolonged contest with her colossal opponent, and so anxious were all to prevent the flames of war from spreading, that the most moderate concessions on the part of the Czar would have been accepted by the Four Extinguishers, and been eagerly urged, if not forced, upon the weaker combatant.

We then pointed out that,—although it was far too early to predict the fortunes of the war, and though the results of the first campaign afforded us no sufficient data on which to anticipate the ultimate success of the Sultan when his rival should have brought all his resources to bear upon the contest,—yet that there were elements of vitality in the Ottoman Empire,



and elements of weakness in the Muscovite Empire, which had never hitherto been duly estimated. We enumerated some of these last; we reminded our readers that the great conquests of Russia had been effected by diplomacy, and not by actual fighting; and that these conquests were *annexed* merely, not assimilated. "All these things considered," we observed, "it is by no means unlikely that, if the present war continues, she may turn out to have been a gigantic imposture,—that, when tried by the severities of a real struggle, she will prove weak to a degree which will astonish those whom she has so long duped and dazzled; weak from her unwieldy magnitude—weak from her barbarous tariffs and restrictive policy—weak from the inherent inadequacy of her one-eyed despotism—weak from the rottenness of her internal administration—weak from the suppressed hatreds she has accumulated round her—weak in every thing save her consummate skill in simulating strength."

These surmises, which at the time they were uttered were considered somewhat wild and rash, have been not only justified, but surpassed by the event. The feebleness everywhere displayed by Russia, both in attack and defence, has been matter of ceaseless astonishment. Only in Asia has she been even partially successful, and there her successes have been attributable solely to the unheard of incapacity of the Generals opposed to her; while they have been at best partial, and latterly have been cancelled by the signal reverses which Schamyl has inflicted on Muscovite arms. On the Danube Russia failed in nearly all her enterprises; she failed before Kalafat; she failed at Csitate; she failed before Silistria; she was obliged to abandon all her acquisitions, and to retrace all her steps; and the termination of the campaign which *was to have* seen her victorious at Constantinople, *has* seen her vanquished, and in full retreat behind the Pruth. And this result has been brought about without a single blow having been struck at that seat of war by any troops but those of the Sultan. The Austrian army did not, and would not, enter the Principalities till the Russian forces had definitively withdrawn; and the Anglo-French army never came in sight of the enemy. We do not of course mean to say that the presence of the allied troops in Roumelia had not a great deal to do with the precipitate retirement of Prince Gortschakoff across the Danube; and that the menacing and semi-hostile attitude of the Austrians had not a great deal to do with his retirement across the Pruth. But it was the almost uniform success of the Turks that kept their enemies at bay till the allies were approaching the scene of action; it was the victories at Kalafat and Oltenitza which enabled those allies to proceed with such wise and leisurely caution; and it was the masterly

defence of Silistria, in which Turks only were engaged, which at once compelled the Russians to resign all hopes of an advancing movement, and emboldened the tentative and timid Austrians to "occupy" an evacuated nest. If Silistria had fallen, the Russians would have possessed a line of fortresses in which they might probably enough have made head against their foes by the powerful assistance of cholera and ague; and in that case they would have had no enemy in their rear, for Austria is the enemy only of the vanquished;—while the Anglo-French troops, in place of conquering the Crimea, would have had to reconquer Bulgaria, when they might have fallen victims by thousands to the pestilential malaria and the fearful heat.

The same unexpected exhibition of weakness was displayed elsewhere. Cronstadt remains unassailed, because it is impossible to take a fortress which cannot be approached. No one of course imagined that the Russian ships would venture out to sea in the face of an English fleet anxious to attack them; no one expected that Bomarsund would be able to hold out against the efforts of the allies; but neither did any one suppose that it would be taken in a few hours, and with scarcely any effective resistance. As soon as it was known that the expedition to the Crimea was resolved upon, we took for granted that the Crimea would be conquered, and that Sebastopol must ultimately fall into our hands; but assuredly no one anticipated that, after months of notice, our armies would have been suffered to land without the faintest attempt at opposition; that our first victory would have been so signal, so decisive, and so rapid; or that the greatest fortified harbour of Russia—probably the strongest in the world—would be taken on such easy terms, or in so brief a period. Sanguine as we were, we confess that the feebleness of Muscovite resistance has been a surprise to us. We remarked, nearly a year ago, that merely to ascertain whether the strength of the Czar was the strength of the giant, or only of the bully, might be well worth the expense and danger of a war; but we certainly had no idea that the information could be obtained in so clear a manner and at so slight a cost. Henceforth the prestige of Russian military power is gone; Europe need dread her arms no more; and though her diplomacy is still a danger to be guarded against, yet diplomacy, unsupported by a conviction of the invincibility of the diplomatist, is deprived of its most formidable weapons. The Czar, hitherto the great bugbear of Europe and of Asia, has been beaten on all hands. He has not only been beaten, and beaten easily, by the French and English, but he has been beaten by the Turks and the Circassians likewise; and we know now, moreover, how narrowly his forces escaped, not merely defeat, but destruction,

by the Ottomans in 1829, and how completely the treaty of Adrianople was the fruit of a mistake.

This is the first great benefit which Europe has derived from that war in the East, which, a year ago, was so much feared by all. But other beneficial consequences, scarcely less signal, have followed from it. When we wrote in February last, it was still a matter of uncertainty whether France and Great Britain would take an active part in the war; whether, as heretofore, they would confine themselves to supporting their ally by protests and remonstrances, or whether they would venture boldly and vigorously into the strife. There can be no doubt that, at that period, it was the desire of the statesmen of both countries to avoid actual hostilities. They earnestly wished to do so; they still believed it possible to do so. If Nicholas would have offered promptly any *bonâ fide* concessions, they would have been eagerly grasped at by our Government. Our people were willing to go to war; our rulers were not. But for the decided language of the Press, and the marked tone of feeling in the country, there is reason to fear that an unworthy and hollow compromise might have been patched up. Happily the Czar, proud, obstinate, and exceedingly irritated by a degree of opposition and of failure to which he was wholly unaccustomed, spurned the bridge of gold which our ministers were anxious to build for him; and left them no alternative but that of losing at once honour and popularity, or of following the national impulse, and declaring war against him. This was done on the 29th of March; and for the first time, in the history of the modern world, France and England found themselves side by side in a great European war. This fact alone was almost worth the entire imbroglio, with all its embarrassments and all its expenditure. It was precisely the alliance which the Czar had found it impossible to believe in. It was precisely the one which his whole previous policy had been directed to prevent. It was precisely the one which was most fatal to his schemes, and which he should have forestalled at any cost and by any concession. It is precisely the alliance which reduces him to comparative political insignificance. But more than this:—On a cordial union between these two advanced nations depend the peace of Europe, the progress of civilisation, the interests of freedom. They differ in many of their ideas, and in some of their objects; but they have few interests that clash, and many purposes and aims that coincide. In literature, in material advance, in wealth, in the science of administration, they stand far ahead of the rest of Europe; and, together, they may make of Europe what they please. If they remain cordially united, and embrace in one wide alliance all the other liberal and improving States of Europe,—Sweden,

Switzerland, Belgium, Piedmont—the future is fraught with the brightest certainty of progress. Prussia will not long suffer her king to drag her through disgrace; Austria cannot much longer act with the mediæval atrocity which has hitherto distinguished her administration; Italian governments will be shamed or compelled into decency, if not into humanity; and Russia may gnash her teeth in fury against blessings which she will be powerless to prevent. Now nothing so closely cements friendship as fighting against a common foe. Nothing so binds together the noble and the brave as hardships undergone in common, enterprises undertaken in common, magnificent achievements wrought in common, great deeds of heroism performed in common. Nothing so obliterates all that is painful in the recollection of past defeats, as glorious battles in which the victors and the vanquished of former days fight side by side. We firmly believe that two campaigns, of which the English and French have shared together the trophies and the toils, and in which they had daily opportunities of estimating each other's amiable and solid qualities, and been indebted for safety and success to each other's courage, skill, and honourable friendship, will do more to ensure the permanence and depth of the *entente cordiale*, than generations of the most elaborate policy or the most forbearing statesmanship.

Again. We have to thank the Czar not only for the hearty alliance of France, and for all the blessings which we believe will flow from it, but for the opportunity which he has given to Great Britain of showing the prompt and mighty strength which she can put forth on an emergency. Of late years it was supposed that our wealth and prosperity had made us indolent and easy, if not timid. It was fancied abroad, and loudly proclaimed at home, that we had suffered our army and navy to fall into a discreditable state of inefficiency; that economy was the order of the day; that our people would not tolerate heavy taxation to maintain large forces which we never used; in short, that we never expected or intended to fight again; that we were ready to bear an inordinate amount of bullying, and that possibly, after a few years more of undisturbed somnolence, we should fall an easy victim to any daring antagonist, and any vigorous *coup-de-main*. There was some truth in these surmises. There *was* some danger that we might become, not too cowardly, but too lazy, to fight when we ought; that we should get a habit of calculating too nicely whether the object in question was worth fighting for; and that we should grudge the cost of keeping up a complicated fire-engine, when no fire had been heard of in our neighbourhood for years. Happily some parties at home, by pointing out the dangers to which we were

exposed, and the inadequacy of our preparations to meet what, if not probable, was assuredly not impossible, had already done something to arouse the lion from his lethargy. But, if Nicholas had been less rash or less stubborn, we never should have been stirred into activity sufficient to afford the world the astounding spectacle it saw in April and May. In a few weeks' time we sent forth the two largest and best manned fleets that ever left our shores, and beyond all parallel the best equipped army that ever sailed from England on any expedition—both fleet and army provided with every new invention of science to which experience or judgment had given their sanction.\* In 1852 and 1853, there were doubts whether we had either ships or men sufficient to defend our own shores against a sudden descent. In 1854, we sent to an ally both land and naval auxiliary forces, which have checkmated, conquered, and despoiled his colossal antagonist. All this, too, was done rapidly, silently, and easily;—regiments were recruited and ships were manned without difficulty; volunteers flocked both to the militia and the navy; the moment there was a prospect of active service, men were forthcoming in ample numbers, and neither conscription nor impressment had to be resorted to. This magnificent spectacle will not be lost either on Europe, or America, or on ourselves. Already a great change of tone on all hands is observable. We shall not again be harassed by sinister whispers of invasion—our foes have had a forewarning with what sort of a people they will have to deal;—our transatlantic cousins will become a trifle less insolent and overbearing when they find that the fleet which “summers” in the Baltic, can without cost or effort, “winter” in the gulf of Mexico;—and our statesmen will not again need to speak with “bated breath” in the cause of humanity and justice from a dread lest the spirit of the country will not, or the energies of the country cannot, bear them out in assuming a loftier tone. The Czar has done a similar service to England and to Turkey—he has made both nations show of what metal they are made.

Nor is this all. He has also enabled us to show with how slight an addition to the burdens, and how trifling an interruption to the commerce of the country, a great war against a powerful enemy might be carried on. He has afforded us an opportunity of testing and displaying *all* our resources—both of men, money, and science. Immediately after the declaration of war came the celebrated, judicious, and well-timed Orders in Council, announcing that the old custom of issuing letters of

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\* Our Baltic fleet alone consisted of 42 ships, 2200 guns, 16,000 horse-power, and 22,000 sailors and marines.

marque would not be resorted to, (while the Americans about the same date declared their condemnation and abandonment of privateering;) that the disputed and irritating right of search would be greatly modified; and that, though most Russian ports would be strictly blockaded, yet Russian produce in neutral vessels on the high seas would be allowed to pass unchallenged; in plain words, that if merchants of other nations could contrive to procure and export Russian produce by some circuitous route, they were at full liberty to do so. The result of this wise liberality has been, not only that we have avoided all those dangerous and fretful quarrels arising out of the clashing of neutral and belligerent rights which so afflicted us in former wars, but that we shall obtain from Russia all the articles we need pretty much as usual, though more slowly and through different channels. Commerce in fact between the two countries will go on nearly as before, with this difference, that the Russians will pay more for what they import, and receive less from what they export, by the extra cost of transit; that their shippers are as idle as their ships; that their customs' revenue will suffer greatly from the stoppage of their regular ports; and that the £7,000,000 of British money which formerly fed and conducted their commerce, has been wholly withdrawn.\* We, however, have suffered but little; our merchants frequent Dantzic and Königsberg instead of Riga and St. Petersburg; and we pay somewhat more for a few of our articles of import, and look about in new quarters of the world for means of reducing their price by competition.

Further. For the first time in our recent history, we are supporting war by taxation and not by loan. Owing to Mr. Gladstone's judgment and firmness in holding out against the pressure of the monied interest, we have at length established this great principle. We are carrying on a contest on a gigantic scale, and against a colossal antagonist; we are in the first year of the war—always the most expensive, because it includes the transition from peace to strife—the *outfit*, so to speak, of our forces; we have added enormously both to our military and naval establishments; and yet we have not borrowed a single shilling, or laid on a single tax which impairs the resources of the country, fetters its industry, or is felt as a serious burden by the people.

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\* See a very valuable paper by Mr. Danson, read before the Statistical Society of London, and since published separately. From a curious and interesting article in the *Economist* of Sept. 29, it appears that while the *exports* from Russia are going on as much as usual, her *imports* (especially of heavy articles, as salt, cotton, sugar) have been considerably checked. The result is an action on the exchanges, which, if it continues, will lead to a considerable *export of specie* to Russia to redress the balance.



The army and navy estimates (paid out of the ordinary revenue; and arranged before the war broke out as what was necessary to keep our establishments in an efficient state, but on a peace footing) reached this year, £18,500,000; we already possessed an available surplus of about £1,500,000; and the doubling of the income-tax, the increase of the malt and spirit duties, and the postponement of the project of equalizing the sugar duties, afford £10,000,000 more. There can be no doubt that ten millions per annum in addition to the ordinary cost of our defensive armaments, will be found amply sufficient to meet the current expenses of the war, even if it should continue for many years. In other words, an annual tax, paid out of income, and equal only to an average of *seven shillings per head* on the entire population, is all the sacrifice we are called upon to make, in order to sustain the most extensive and sudden warlike operations ever undertaken by this country. Probably this fact has done more even than the unexampled rapidity with which our vast armaments were completed, to startle the world into a conviction of the wonderful resources and elastic energy of Great Britain. That we, who, in our last war, added no less than *six hundred millions* to our national debt,—or thirty millions a-year, should now be deliberately prepared, and should prove able to carry on hostilities on a stupendous scale, and as long as may be necessary, *out of the regular income of the year*, is a fact which of itself is almost worth a war to bring out into the light of day, and proclaim to our rivals and our foes.

Another signal gain which has resulted from the events of the last year, is the change which has taken place in the relations between Austria and Russia. For more than a generation, the latter power has been the great stay and protector of the Despotic thrones of Europe: while nearly every other country on the continent was torn by internecine struggles—by the determination of the people to obtain those civil rights, and that participation in the government, which it was the determination of the rulers not to grant—Russia alone was safe and undisturbed. The absolutism of the Czar was undisputed; the revolutionary spirit is foreign to the Slavonian character; or, at least, with Slaves it never takes the form of a rising against authority in the name and for the sake of freedom. The Russian monarch could therefore wield at any time the entire resources of his dominions, and his whole sympathies, ideas, and notions of the fitness of things, were so exclusively cast in the mould of despotism, that he was not only willing and anxious to support the prerogatives of all other sovereigns, but was unable to look upon their discontented and rebellious subjects in any other light than as criminals hostile to law and order. His whole weight was therefore thrown into the

scale of despotism ; his aid was always ready to put down liberty, and it was rendered with an unscrupulous and conscientious zeal. In the great European movement towards free institutions, which has been the key-note of history since 1815, Russia has always headed the party of absolutism and reaction ; her influence has been chiefly felt in, and exerted through Germany ; and on no one of the German states was her hold so strong or so peremptory as on Austria. Prussia coquetted with liberalism as she has coquetted with every thing else, in a manner highly displeasing at times to the rigid puritanism of the Great Autocrat ; but Austria was undeviatingly faithful to the practice as to the maxims of tyranny. To Russia she could at any time appeal for support ; from Russia she might always count on aid in any quarrel with her own subjects. Five years ago, Russia had saved her Empire from dismemberment, and her dynasty from degradation to the rank of a fourth-rate power, if not from absolute destruction ; one year ago she was still at the feet of Russia—a vassal, and almost a despised one, bound by the iron fetters, while smarting under the humiliating sense, of a mighty and unrepayable obligation. She had been baptized by the blood of her subjects into the terrible faith of despotism ; she had done homage for her crown with every sanguinary solemnity that could ratify a compact ; she had as it were sold herself to the Prince of Darkness, and was bound to do his bidding. Against the united armaments of Russia and Austria, the patriotic efforts of the Hungarians and Italians were impotent, and their sacrifices unavailing ; their hopes were changed into despair ; for it was felt that the close union between the two absolute powers of Europe made it alike impossible for Austria to grant free institutions to her people, or for her people to wrest them from her.

Now, all this is changed. The allies have become foes. Austria has thrown off the yoke and incurred the enmity of Russia, by an ingratitude almost unprecedented in its flagrancy, and a policy as unprecedented for its skill. Not only has she refused to aid her benefactor, not only has she dared to blame and to oppose him, but she has turned against him at the most critical moment, and actively, though not violently, assisted in his humiliation and defeat. She has inflicted an injury and an affront which it is absurd to imagine that Nicholas will ever forgive, or will not seize the earliest occasion to punish. Henceforth Austria and Russia may be allies, if a common peril should unite them, for a time, but they can never trust or love one another again. Partnership there may be—friendship never more.

Austria, it must be confessed, has played her game with a consummate sagacity and firmness which we were far from anti-

cipating. A year ago her position was one of the most imminent and formidable danger: it is now one of commanding strength. In 1853 it seemed almost certain that she must lose a portion of her dominions, if indeed she did not fall to pieces altogether. In 1854, she holds the scales of fortune; the fate of Russia—the extent, that is, to which it may be reduced—is in her hands; and she “occupies” the Danubian Principalities, whose possession she has so long coveted. She has superseded her rival and saviour in the “Protectorate.” And she has done all this without striking a single blow or losing a single man. Twelve months ago the preservation of her neutrality in the impending conflict seemed all but hopeless; yet on the preservation of her neutrality depended her safety, and almost her existence. If she joined Russia, as all her antecedents and her dynastic sympathies led us to expect she would, Lombardy would have risen, with the connivance or assistance of the Western powers, and she would have lost her Italian provinces at once and for ever. If, on the other hand, she had openly and decidedly joined England and France, Hungary would have risen at the instigation and by the aid of Russia, who would have thrown men and munitions of war across the Carpathian passes into Transylvania, and would thus not only have secured a warlike ally in a most critical position, but would have completely paralyzed Austria as an efficient foe. Any way she must be a sufferer. The interests of the Empire urged her to assist in repelling Russian encroachments. The interests of the Court and the dictates of gratitude urged her to connive at these encroachments, and to accept her share of the promised spoil. Whatever decision she adopted it seemed inevitable that she must lose some of her allies and one portion of her dominions. She contrived to avert both dangers by avoiding either decision. She induced the Western Powers to discourage and forbid an Italian insurrection, by saying, “You are in the right in this quarrel; I am with you at heart; and I will back your remonstrances, and support your demands by words if not by arms.” She prevented Russia from taking any hostile step against her in Hungary till it was too late, by saying, “You are in the wrong; you are causing a war which may ruin both of us; but I will make the best terms for you I can; and at all events I will not *act* against you, if you make it possible for me to avoid it.” She armed with great diligence; she negotiated with unrelenting activity; she made treaties with Prussia in order to provide against danger in that quarter under any contingency; she joined the Western Powers in urging Russia to be moderate and Turkey to be submissive; she waited and temporized to see what party would be successful; she steadily and avowedly con-

sulted Austrian interests alone ; she offered to " occupy " Servia as a neutral ; she offered to " occupy " Wallachia as a friend ; she made no hostile demonstration against Russia till Russia was too busy and too beaten to be able to do anything in Hungary ; but she kept her in such uncertainty as to her intentions that a retreat from Kalafat became strategically desirable. She did not even propose to enter the Principalities till the Russian army had resolved to withdraw ; as soon as that army paused in its retreat her army paused in its advance ; and it was not till Nicholas had retired behind the Pruth that Francis Joseph took possession of Bucharest. He has gained a great victory and made a great conquest without either having seen his enemy or having declared war against him. Austria has secured Lombardy, retained Hungary, occupied the Principalities,—and yet her last statement was that " no *casus belli* had yet occurred between her and Russia, and that she would wait to see the result of our attempt against Sebastopol." When that stronghold has been taken, and when Nicholas is effectually and irrecoverably beaten, she will then probably take heart of grace to kick the prostrate Bear, and ask for Moldavia and Wallachia as the fee of her signal services.

Her skilful policy—successful from the very concentrated intensity of its selfishness—has unquestionably disappointed the hopes of the more sanguine friends of freedom. Austria has passed through a most menacing crisis of her history, and neither Italy nor Hungary is yet emancipated, while their oppressor seems securer and mightier than ever. Still, if we can recover from our disappointment, and look at the matter calmly and deliberately, the gain to the cause of liberty has been considerable, though it be prospective rather than actually realized. The alliance between the two great colossi of Despotism is secured, and one of them has been both enfeebled and unmasked. Russia will come out of this war not only much weakened, but incalculably damaged by the discovery that she has always been much weaker than was supposed. She can no longer domineer over Germany, and frown down freedom, as she has hitherto been permitted to do, by the mere prestige of an untested omnipotence—magnified by the mists of ignorance. The great image is found to have been made of clay, and will not again be dreaded or deferred to as of yore. Not only will Russia be less able to back Austria in her game of stupid and brutal despotism, but she will be incomparably less willing. The Czar is not supposed to be a man of particularly forgiving temper ; and the sin of Austria is of that sort which precludes pardon. She has not only deserted Russia : she has thwarted her and out-generalled her ;—and she is aware that henceforth

she lives in the presence of an implacable foe who will be ever watching his opportunity with that vigilant and patient hatred against which scarcely any power can be a guarantee. The chief passion of Nicholas in future will probably be the damage and humiliation of Austria. Not only will he not, as in 1849, come to her succour when reduced to extremity by a Magyar rebellion—he will foment such rebellion whenever occasion serves. Already the power which he possesses over the heterogeneous populations of Austria is a most formidable danger to that empire. Out of 35,000,000 of people, it is calculated that only 7,000,000 are Germans, and upwards of 17,000,000 are Slavonians of various race,—the great majority of whom look up to the Czar of Russia as their natural chief, while the Emperor of Austria is only their accidental ruler. They touch their hat before the portrait of the one: they cross themselves before the portrait of the other. Their allegiance is already more than divided; the “Pansclavic” idea is spreading among them; and the agents of Nicholas are ever on the alert to give it consistency and strength. In fact, a very few years of intrigue would suffice to give him nearly as strong a hold over the Slaves of Austria as he has long had over the Greeks of Turkey; and resentment and ambition will now be busily at work to stimulate him to a relentless use of all his opportunities of retaliation. Henceforth, therefore, Austria can no longer lean on Russia while suppressing or mowing down her own subjects: she must restrict her despotic propensities to such a mitigated form as England and France can countenance, or as she can indulge by her own unaided strength. She must abate her iniquity, or she must stand alone in it. She may remain a powerful state, and may, if she please, become mightier than ever; but this can only be by earning and deserving the attachment of her alienated subjects; for she will stand between cold and unsympathizing allies who abhor her barbarities, and an irritated rival ever prompt to take advantage of the disturbances which those barbarities cannot fail to arouse. She remains, as always, the competitor of France: she has lost the love of Russia: she can now only stand by purchasing the love of England or the love of Hungary—and the same coin, and no other, will buy both.

Perhaps, however, the most signal and serviceable change which has been wrought since we last addressed our readers on this subject, lies in the terms on which it was then proposed to terminate the quarrel, and the terms which are demanded now. In January last, the bases of negotiation dictated by the allied Powers—but most happily modified by the Sultan and rejected by the Czar, were as follows:—“1. The evacuation of the Prin-

cialities as promptly as possible;—2. The renewal of the old treaties;—3. The communication of the firmans relative to the spiritual advantages granted by the Porte to all its non-Mussulman subjects—a communication which, when made to the Powers, shall be accompanied by suitable assurances given to each of them.”—How any statesman, imbued with the slightest tincture of justice, or the smallest degree of foreseeing sagacity, could have wished to impose such terms upon an injured sovereign, or could have expected to secure by their acceptance anything beyond a hollow and fallacious peace, we were and are utterly unable to explain. We thought, and still think, the proposal of such terms to have been in every way disreputable. We rejoice that we bore our testimony promptly and earnestly against the iniquitous and futile compromise. We shewed that it demanded everything from injured Turkey, and conceded everything to aggressive Russia; that the ‘evacuation’ thus insisted upon was nothing but what Russia has all along promised the moment her claims were conceded; that the ‘communication of firmans’ was a mere screen, and would leave Russia still the real ‘protector’ of the Greek Christians in Turkey, inasmuch as *she* would always be complaining and remonstrating whenever they were punished for disturbance or rebellion, and *we* only when they were ill-treated or persecuted on religious grounds; and that in fact, the stipulation left the unhappy Sultan as much liable to interference as before. We pointed out, moreover, that a ‘renewal of the old treaties’ was a basis of negotiation which only sheer insanity or unscrupulous dishonesty could concede; that *these very treaties it was* which gave Russia the means and the pretext for constantly harassing and undermining the Ottoman authority; which secured to her the command of the Danube navigation which she had so scandalously abused; which excluded our ships from the Bosphorus, and made the Euxine a Russian lake. In January last, at the very time when our diplomatists were proposing the extraordinary arrangements we have just quoted, we declared that the only terms on which anything like a permanent peace, or even a satisfactory compromise, could be adjusted, were,—1. “The entire abrogation of all the treaties which gave Russia a pretext for interfering in the affairs of the Principalities, or of any other part of Turkey;—2. The total cessation of her control over the mouths of the Danube; and 3. The opening of the Black Sea to the navies and the commerce of all nations.” At length, after the lapse of nine months, our ministers and our allies have tardily and painfully arrived at the same conclusion, and the terms now officially stated as the *minima* on which we can consent to treat, are—

“*First*, That the protectorate hitherto exercised by Russia



over the Principalities of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, *shall cease*; and that the privileges granted by the Sultans to those dependencies shall, in virtue of an arrangement with the Sublime Porte, be placed under the collective guarantee of the Powers.

“*Second*, That the navigation of the Danube, as far as to its outfall into the Black Sea, *shall be delivered from all restriction*, and submitted to the principles consecrated by the acts of the Congress of Vienna.

“*Third*, That the treaty of July 13, 1841, shall be revised in concert by the high contracting Powers, in the interest of the European equilibrium, and in *the sense of a limitation of Russian power in the Black Sea*.

“*Fourth*, That no Power shall claim the right to exercise any official Protectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, to whatever site they may belong; but that France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, shall lend their mutual co-operation, in order to obtain from the initiative of the Ottoman Government the consecration and observance of the religious privileges of the various Christian communities, and turn the generous intentions manifested by his Majesty the Sultan to the account of their various co-religionists, so that there shall not result therefrom any infringement of the dignity and independence of his Crown.”

These surely are achievements sufficient for a campaign of nine months. The most insatiable could scarcely desire more. The most sanguine could scarcely have hoped as much. A close and cordial alliance cemented between France and England; the magnitude, readiness, and availability of the resources of Great Britain, both in wealth and arms, displayed in such a manner as to astonish herself as well as the world at large; the strength of despotism broken by the severance of Austria from Russia; Turkey secured against present peril and future oppression; Russia, the great bugbear of Europe, and the great foe of free development, shorn of her prestige—baffled, beaten back, blockaded and despoiled; deprived in a single year of the conquests of half a century of intrigue and violence; not only thwarted and checked, but humbled and crippled; retreating across the Pruth in place of advancing beyond the Danube; and paying for the massacre of Sinope by the loss of Sebastopol and the Crimea:—Such are the results of the first campaign. The expulsion of the enemy from the Transcaucasian provinces will be the work of next campaign, if Nicholas does not avert further disasters by submitting at once to the terms proposed to him. Thus far we have been treading the domain of fact: we must now step into the region of conjecture.

Supposing all these things done—and it is reasonable to consider the liberation of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Immeritia from the Russians as much a *fait accompli* as the destruction of Bomarsund or the capture of Sebastopol—two questions arise, both of them perplexing ones:—“What are we to do with our conquests?” and, “What will Russia do without them?” The embarrassment of the first we have already felt. At some sacrifice of life, and at considerable cost of preparation, we captured the Aland Islands, and stormed the forts erected there by the Russians to command the Gulf of Bothnia. The question immediately presented itself—“What to do with them, now that we had got them?” They originally belonged to Sweden; they lie close along her shore; they were taken possession of by Russia with a view to protect Finland and to menace Sweden. The obvious course was to give them back to that power on condition of her retaining them as our ally. But Sweden, naturally enough, was not willing to accept so dangerous a gift—a gift which would place her in immediate hostility with a gigantic neighbour, who would be sure to take the first opportunity of punishing her as a receiver of stolen goods—a gift which she could not hope by her own strength to retain against the efforts of a rival who, though defeated and enfeebled, would still be an immense over-match for her. England and France could not retain the islands; for, in the first place, we did not want them; they would have been of no use to us after the war was concluded; and they would have cost a considerable expenditure of men, money, and ships, to garrison and defend them effectually. Moreover, in the second place, the two Western Powers had solemnly bound themselves at the outbreak of the war to make no conquests for their own behoof—to seek and to retain no territorial acquisitions. There was only one other alternative—so the islands were dismantled and abandoned.

A similar difficulty has just again occurred. We have, after a sanguinary conflict, conquered the Crimea and stormed Sebastopol. It was absolutely necessary we should do so. That harbour, impregnable by sea, is assailable enough by land. Whoever possesses the Crimea can always menace and generally seize that harbour. Whoever possesses that harbour is virtually master of the Euxine. It is the only available port of refuge of any size in the whole of that inhospitable sea. But what is to be done with the Crimea on the conclusion of peace? To give it back to Russia would be to undo all that we have done,—to enable her again to make the Euxine a Russian lake, to menace Constantinople, to harass the Circassians, to maintain her fortresses along the north-eastern shore, and to re-inforce her armies south of the Caucasus,—to retain Georgia, or to recover

it. That consummation, therefore, we shall scarcely so far stultify ourselves as to dream of. To dismantle and abandon our conquest, as at Aland, would be equivalent to surrendering it to Russia; for she would, of course, immediately re-occupy it. To allow France to retain it, or to retain it ourselves, or to hold it jointly and permanently, would be equal violations of the "self-denying ordinance" already referred to, and would besides be arrangements fertile in occasions of dissension. To give it to Turkey, trusting to her own unaided forces for retaining it, would, we fear, be only a circuitous mode of restoring it to Russia; for not only will the Russians always be an overmatch for the Turks by sea, but a glance at the map will shew that whoever holds the northern shores of the Euxine has immense advantages both of defending and attacking this peninsula, and in fact is its natural possessor. To *guarantee* Turkey in the possession of the Crimea would be binding ourselves to interfere and fight for her whenever a quarrel arose, as one soon might, relating to that territory,—and at times probably when such an engagement would be especially inconvenient. One of the most important objects to bear in mind when we enter on negotiations will be, to solve "the Eastern Question" for ever, to put the Ottoman government in such a position as to be able in future to secure its own safety and to do its own work: to make, if possible, no arrangements *which cannot stand on their own legs*. If we were to restore the Crimea to its old owners the Tartars, we should be committing a similar indiscretion, for they are an unenergetic race, and are now so reduced in numbers, that they scarcely exceed the Russian population, and having once lost the peninsula could not be expected to defend it now. If we were to dismantle the fortifications of Sebastopol, and declare that any attempt to rebuild them or to march more than a certain number of troops into the Crimea should be considered as a *casus belli*, we provide for having a *casus belli* constantly hanging over our heads, for Russia to let fall at the most embarrassing moment; and any arrangement which compels us permanently to maintain a fleet and army in the Black Sea is greatly to be deprecated; yet how, without such forces present on the field of dispute, could we hope to control Russia, whose ships may come down her three great neighbouring rivers, and whose armies may encamp within a week's march of Sebastopol? Whichever way we view it, the matter is embarrassing enough. One thing only is clear—that as the navigation of the Euxine is to be thrown open to all nations, the only harbour which makes that navigation practicable or safe at all seasons must also be accessible to all nations;—and whoever holds it must hold it "under trust," and upon specified conditions.

The case of Transcaucasia has been thus concisely stated :—

“The case of Georgia is attended with somewhat similar difficulties. For many generations the Prince of Georgia, or *WALLY*, as he was called, had been a sort of hereditary Viceroy of Persia—holding, in fact, something of the same relation to the court of Ispahan that the Prince of Servia or the sovereign of Egypt now bears to the court of Constantinople. He received his investiture from Persia, and did homage for his crown, and a Persian garrison occupied the citadel of Tiflis. The Georgians were very much harassed by the attacks of the Lesguis and the adjacent mountaineers, and (Persia, after the death of Nadir Shah, being torn by internal dissensions, and unable to aid her vassals,) these, in an evil hour (in 1752,) applied to Russia for assistance. Of course, it was granted with alacrity; and from that time forward Russia pressed with persevering activity her intercourse with these dependencies of her rival. A few years afterwards, in 1783, the existing Viceroy, Heraclius, was persuaded by the Empress to take advantage of the troubles of Persia, and transfer his allegiance to Russia. In return, she engaged to maintain him in his present possessions, *and in any he might hereafter acquire*, and to guarantee the sovereignty of Georgia to him and his heirs for ever. Seventeen years after, in 1800, an ukase was issued, incorporating Georgia with the Russian empire. The deceived and wretched sovereign died of a broken heart. Persia, of course, endeavoured to reconquer her lost territory, but in vain; and it was finally ceded to Russia by the treaty of Gulistan, in 1814. Thus Georgia became a province of the Czar, who obtained what he had so long desired—a firm footing south of the Caucasus, a *pied-à-terre*, whence he could overawe Persia and menace India.

“It is clear that our future peace and the independence of the Caucasian mountaineers depend materially on the expulsion, final and complete, of the Russians from their Transcaucasian possessions. Suppose, then, that expulsion effected, how are those possessions to be disposed of? Few questions are more puzzling. It is evident that our interests require that Persia should be strengthened as much as possible, in order that she may be able to make head effectually against Russian encroachments in future, and may prove a useful outwork and barrier to our Indian empire. If we could make her powerful enough to stand alone, she would be the natural enemy of Russia, and our natural ally. But it is by no means certain that the restoration of Georgia to her crown would thus strengthen her. The Georgians are Christians, and might resist being replaced under Mussulman dominion. They might cherish some recollection of their independence, and might not acquiesce in being transferred from one despot to another. At all events, such an arrangement would leave open all the usual doors to Russian intrigue: she would foment quarrels between the recalcitrant province and its jealous suzerain, and on the occasion of every quarrel would offer either her insidious mediation or her open partisanship; and the old game would be played over again. Or, on the other hand, if we declared Georgia

independent, how is her independence to be maintained? If the mountaineers assailed her, she would call in the aid of Persia or Russia, whichever she could obtain most readily and most cheaply,—and Russia always does this sort of work gratis. If she had any dispute with Persia—and disputes are of perpetual recurrence between contiguous states—she would be certain to apply to Russia for assistance, in spite of past experience; and feeling that she had so willing an ally at hand, would be especially disposed to bully and to quarrel. In either case, Russia, we know, would give no rest to either party. She would be perpetually intriguing with the court of Teheran and with the tribes of the Caucasus, to make the position of unhappy Georgia quite untenable. Only in a close alliance and a real friendship, and a sense of common interest between the three menaced nations, could peace and security be found: and is this to be hoped for? Parties more intimately acquainted with the character and feelings of this people than we pretend to be, must answer this question. God send our rulers and diplomatists, what we wish to all prisoners at the bar, ‘a good deliverance.’”

- . But supposing all these points definitively or provisionally settled,—regarding Russia as having lost Transcaucasia, the Principalities, and the Crimea, her Euxine fleet destroyed, and her Baltic fleet blockaded and rotting behind the walls of Cronstadt,—what will be her course? Will she turn rusty and stubborn, refuse all negotiations, retire into her interior, act on the defensive, have recourse to stratagem, and trust to time turning up some favourable hazard? Or will she accept her defeat, sue for peace, and make the best terms she can? We do not think her decision is of very much importance. In either case her prestige is irreparably shaken. No Imperial Gazeteers can conceal the fatal fact of her discomfiture. No falsehoods can much longer deceive even the Asiatic tribes. Her own people know that her ships remain in their harbours, and that their usual supply of salt is cut off, and that their great Czar is powerless to help them. Her nobles know that their peasants are taken from them in unusual numbers and do not return; that they receive less than formerly for their produce, and pay more than formerly for their foreign luxuries. Her merchants know that their commerce is compelled to seek circuitous channels, and to incur heavy additional costs of transit. The Oriental nations will know that Russia is driven beyond the Caucasus, and has been utterly defeated in the Euxine. In a word, the losses of Russia are actual and undisputable, whether acknowledged or not by formal treaty. Perhaps stubborn pride and a lingering hope of better fortune may induce Nicholas to be obstinate and deaf. In that case all we shall need to do will be to maintain, during six months in the year, such a fleet at the entrance of the Gulf of Finland as shall effectually imprison the Russian ships and

blockade the Russian ports, recalling it at the approach of winter, when the ice will do our work. In other words, a certain number of vessels will summer in the Baltic instead of elsewhere. The Russian fleet in the Black Sea captured at Sebastopol, we shall be able to recall all our ships from that quarter, with the exception of a certain number of steamers and transports for the use of our land forces and the seizure of any vessels that may venture down the Dnieper or the Don. The Austrian forces holding the Principalities, Omer Pacha and the greater part of his army would be at liberty to march to the seat of war in Asia, and would only need a small auxiliary force of the allies to enable them to complete and consolidate their work. Thus we might remain for years (if Nicholas held out so long) as comfortable as if we were at peace, and scarcely incurring heavier expenses. It is probable that two millions sterling would then cover the annual cost of the war; matters would go on nearly as usual; and in the meanwhile the Ottoman dominions would be recovering from their energetic and exhausting struggle.

But if Nicholas—seeing no chance of recovering his lost possessions, moved by the distress of his people and the discontent of his nobles, unwilling any longer to submit to a humiliating and impoverishing blockade, and above all, uneasy at the hold over Moldavia and Wallachia which the Austrians might obtain by a prolonged occupation of these provinces, and dreading lest Bessarabia and Odessa might soon be lost also—were to consent to the terms imposed by the Allies;—viz., the cession of the Crimea; the abandonment of all pretensions to a protectorate over any Turkish subjects; the unimpeded navigation of the Danube, the loss of Georgia, and the acknowledgment of Circassian independence;—what then would have been the result of the war to Russia and to Europe? How will the Czar get on without the possessions which it cost him so many years of diplomacy and war to obtain? What will be his probable course of action for the future?

The following is the view taken by the sagacious and well informed Count Krasinski, in the pamphlet which we have placed at the head of our article:—

“What would be the real consequences to Russia of a peace concluded on the terms alluded to above? Would it materially weaken her, or only impose upon her a temporary check which she could easily repair? Would it not be humiliating her without crippling her power, and irritating her national feeling without depriving her of the means of revenge? It cannot be doubted that the loss of the trans-Caucasian provinces, Finland and the Crimea, as well as that of her navy, would produce a check on the progress of Russian dominion in the direction of Turkey and Persia, and to her influence in the



Scandinavian Kingdoms as well as in Germany; but, I think, that, instead of permanently arresting the progress of her conquest and influence, it would produce only a very temporary suspension of both; because, I am convinced, that, by a proper attention to her internal administration, she may easily repair her losses, and taught by severe experience, gain in many respects a real strength, where she now has only the appearance of it.

“It is well known that the efforts which Russia has been making for more than half a century to establish her dominion beyond the Caucasus, have been attended by an immense sacrifice of men and money; and it is an admitted fact, that the war which she has been prosecuting for many years against the Caucasian Mountaineers, has cost her annually, in round numbers, twenty thousand men, and twenty millions of roubles. It is also well known, that her efforts to create a formidable navy have been the cause of an immense, but useless expenditure, which might have been employed with great advantage for the promotion of various branches of national wealth and power, which are now neglected for want of the necessary funds. The advantages which Russia might have derived, for the furtherance of her schemes, from the possession of the trans-Caucasian provinces, as well as from that of a large naval force, were only prospective, whilst the drain which they created on her exchequer was an actual injury, arresting the progress of the vast but undeveloped resources of that country.

“The great mistake which Russia committed in the pursuit of her schemes of aggrandizement,—that which, as present events seem to prove, has rendered her power more apparent than real,—is, I believe, that instead of preparing for her external increase by the development of her internal resources, she commenced by the former instead of the latter;—or, to use a homely expression, she began at the wrong end. Hence the weakness of her position in many conquered provinces, the inefficiency of her naval armaments, and the wretched state of her internal administration. These premature external developments of Russia, may be not inaptly compared to the parasite offshoots of a tree, which, absorbing its sap, prevent the trunk from acquiring a vigorous growth, and are usually on this account lopped off by the gardener. The truth of this has probably flashed more than once on the minds of the monarchs and statesmen of Russia; but they were too deeply committed in the pursuit of this line of policy to have the moral courage, or perhaps even the possibility, to retrace their steps by voluntarily abandoning the schemes which they had been so diligently prosecuting, but which under a shew of strength, were often a source of real weakness to the empire. This service, which Russia would probably never have obtained from her own government, will have been rendered to her by an external storm, if it be allowed to pass, after having bruised the extremities of the giant, without impairing his real strength;—and this will be precisely the case if Russia is permitted to obtain peace on the conditions which I have mentioned above.”—*Russia and Europe*, p. 8.

The Count's idea—which is an interesting and a shrewd one—is this;—That the losses and humiliations incurred in this war will have the effect of shewing Russia that Europe is *as yet* too strong for her, and will turn the energies of her rulers from wasteful projects of territorial aggrandizement and political supremacy into the more fruitful channels of internal improvement;—that they will give us a respite from their incessant encroachments and intrigues;—that they will perceive that before Russia can be overpowering abroad she must be strong and civilized at home;—that the millions which have hitherto been so unprofitably spent in fleets, and arsenals, and Circassian wars, and a vast army of intriguing and subsidising agents in every part of the world, will henceforth be directed to develop her vast internal resources, to open mines, to work forests, to cut canals, to cover the country with a net of railroads, (which she from a combination of circumstances can do more cheaply than any other nation,—it is calculated at a cost of about seventy millions sterling);—that these means of communication will not only multiply her commercial and industrial resources a hundred-fold by making all her produce *exportable*, *i.e.*, accessible to the markets of the world, but will render her military resources incalculably more available, and inasmuch as troops can be conveyed in a week by railroad over distances which would require three months to traverse by march; that she will occupy herself energetically and effectually in reforming those fatal abuses in her domestic administration, which are the cancer that now eats into her strength, and almost incapacitates her, as we have seen, for successful action;—and that by these causes, she will in time become immeasurably more powerful than at present; and that Europe will have *postponed* the danger which has long threatened her from Muscovite ambition, only to render it tenfold more irresistible at some distant day.

There is some soundness and much ingenuity in this argument; but it may be met by a few equally indisputable considerations. In the first place, the moment Russia becomes civilized,—which she cannot fail to do as soon as her bureaucracy is honest, faithful, enlightened and effective, as soon as industry is safe, and commerce is respected, as soon as roads, railroads, and canals have connected all parts of her dominions together by the tie of cheap and rapid intercommunication—half her dangerous qualities will be gone. Her power may be greater than ever, but her ambition will have become far less formidable. For, be it remembered, it is her *barbarism* that we dread, far more than her rivalry or hostile enterprise. One of the great motives to this war was a conviction very widely spread, that civilisation was in danger from Muscovite aggran-

dizement. Against mere territorial encroachment we should not have armed with half the alacrity we have displayed.—In the second place, the internal resources of a country cannot be efficaciously developed without commerce and the commercial spirit assuming its proper rank and exercising its legitimate influence. By the time the agricultural produce of the country had been everywhere called forth, and its mineral wealth discovered and worked, and the profitable exchanges with foreign countries had brought affluence into every district, not only would the entire population have become accustomed to a state of comfort which war would seriously interrupt and interfere with, but the merchants would have become a numerous and influential body, and a large and powerful middle class would have sprung up. In this way the greatest possible securities would have been given to Europe for the preservation of peace; for all classes would find themselves already, and by pacific means, in the enjoyment of luxuries which no extension of the Russian territory could increase, but which the attempt to extend it would jeopardize;—they would already lay every land under contribution to furnish their demands, by the mighty grasp of commerce:—what more could the feebler hand of military violence do for them? In the third place, while Russia was thus enriching and strengthening herself, would contiguous nations—delivered from the curse of her perpetual intrigues—have been idle? Would not the Ottoman Porte have proceeded so rapidly in the same wise career, that it need no longer dread Muscovite assaults, and have so improved the government of its subjects, that they would no longer desire Muscovite protection? And would not Germany, freed from the incubus of Russian influence, have developed and consolidated her peculiar national civilisation? Would not her monarchs, no longer fortified in their unjust and grinding despotism by the simulacrum of an irresistible autocrat behind them, be compelled to govern righteously, and to submit to the inevitable blessing of constitutional reforms? And would not her people, no longer kept back in their progress either by the leaden hand of trembling and stupid tyrants, or by exhausting and ineffective struggles to conquer freedom and justice, spring forward in the career of moral and material improvement with an *élan* which will have placed them far beyond the reach of danger from Russian aggression, long ere Russia shall be ready to resume her aggressive policy? Before the century or half century needed for that regeneration of the Russian Empire which the Count contemplates shall have elapsed, the resisting vigour will have been so incalculably increased on the one side, and the encroaching impulse so vastly diminished on the other,

that what is now a formidable danger will have become scarcely more than a chimera.

Such are our views and hopes on this important problem of the future; but we must not pass over two considerations of great weight which bear upon the question. The character of the Russians, and indeed of the whole Slavonian race, is peculiar, and well deserving of the closest study from all philosophical politicians. The Russian has not those aspirations for individual liberty which distinguish the Teutonic tribes and all those who spring from them or inherit any considerable portion of their blood. He cares nothing for self-government, or civil rights, or liberal institutions. In all these respects he is an Oriental. He knows he is a slave; but for the most part he is content to be so. He is and wishes to be the slave of a great master. He places his glory not in his own individual grandeur, but in that of the mighty monarch whom he serves. He places his ambition not in stepping over the heads of his own countrymen, but in seeing his country domineer over all other nations. He indemnifies himself for his degrading servitude at home by unparalleled insolence abroad. The poorest and most oppressed boor, says Count Krasinski, exults in the idea that his Czar is dreaded by the whole world, and identifies himself with the glory of his autocrat. Thus the aspiring, restless *movement* temper which ferments into revolutionary action in the western nations, expends itself in Russia on foreign aggression, and seeks at once its solace and its vent in dreams of universal conquest.

“An immense, boundless ambition, (says the Marquis de Custine,) *one of those ambitions that can only animate the soul of the oppressed*, and derive its aliment from the misfortunes of a whole nation, ferments in the hearts of the Russian people. This nation, essentially a conquering one, greedy through its privations, expiates beforehand, by a degrading submission at home, the hope which it entertains one day to tyrannize over other nations. The glory and the riches which the Russians expect, make them forget their present state of ignominy; and in order to cleanse himself of the effects of an impious sacrifice of every kind of public and personal liberty, the kneeling slave dreams about the dominion of the world.

“It is not the man who is worshipped in the person of the Emperor Nicholas: it is the ambitious master of a nation still more ambitious than himself. The passions of the Russians are moulded on the pattern of those of the ancient nations; everything among them reminds us of the Old Testament; their hopes and their sufferings are as great as their empire. There is no limit to anything in Russia—neither to sufferings nor rewards—neither to sacrifices nor hopes. The power of the

Russians may become enormous; but they will have purchased it at the price which the nations of Asia pay for the fixity of their governments—at the price of happiness.”

These two peculiar features of the Slavonic race—abnegation of self-will at the feet of a despot, and insatiable desire of a national dominion over other countries, are common to nearly all Russians, the most enlightened as well as the most ignorant; those who have travelled most widely, as well as those who have never stirred from their own village. There is yet another fact to be faced, which in its possible consequences is full of significance. The Slavonic nations now number nearly 80,000,000\* of the European population: the Germans or semi-Germans, reach about 50,000,000.† The Slavonians inhabit, for the most part, scantily peopled districts, and increase fast, having no check but the positive one to keep down their rate of multiplication: The Germans, on the contrary, dwell chiefly in densely populated countries, and increase at a very slow rate. The Slavonians, again, are attached to their race and their land with singular tenacity; nostalgia is strong among them, and they rarely leave home for long if they can avoid it: the Germans, on the other hand, migrate largely to the New World,—at the rate, actually, of upwards of 100,000 per annum. The Slavonian population of Europe, therefore, bears every year a larger and larger ratio to the German element, and will ere long overbear it altogether.

The strange and startling feebleness which Russia has displayed in this war is attributable to three causes, *first*, the mistaken policy which has led her to suppress and absorb instead of conciliating her subject border populations; *second*, the absence of roads and other means of rapid transport for troops and military stores; and *third*, and most important of all, the wretched condition of her civil and warlike administration—its inherent viciousness, its universal corruption, and its consequent astounding inefficiency. When all these defects shall have been remedied; when half a century of undiverted attention to internal reforms shall have given her a bureaucratic

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\* In 1842, according to the best authorities, the number of Slavonians were as follows :—

Under Russia,.....	53,502,000
„ Austria,.....	16,791,000
„ Turkey,.....	6,100,000
„ Prussia,.....	2,108,000
„ Republic of Cracow,.....	130,000
„ Saxony,.....	60,000

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78,691,000

† See Keith's Ethnographical Atlas.

system as masterly as that of France, and a net-work of railways like that of America; and when experience shall have taught her that it is better to make friends of those she conquers rather than endeavour to transmute them or to extirpate them,—Russia will present to us, unquestionably, one of the most formidable objects the world has ever seen,—all the resources of civilisation wielded by all the concentrated might of despotism; disseminated wealth, applied science, skilful and systematized administration, such as generally belongs only to countries where freedom has long favoured development and stimulated energy; and a vast population, instinct with the passion for conquest and dominion, and as obedient as one man to the will of a worshipped chief. For we cannot hope that either opulence or commerce, or the peace which is to foster both, will eradicate, though they may modify, the inherent characteristics of the race; we do not expect that the aspirations of Slavonians will ever abandon the aggressive to assume the revolutionary form; and we know that the most sedulous attention of the Russian Emperors will be directed to procure an external vent for what must otherwise perilously ferment within. In all probability the conflict between elements so radically different and irreconcilable as the Teutonic and the Slavonic must one day come; but, if postponed, it will not be, as now, a conflict between civilisation and barbarism, but between two forms and phases of civilisation—between the ideas of the East and of the West—between the government of free institutions and the government of arbitrary power;—and we cannot be so unfaithful to our creed as to entertain any deep anxiety as to the result.

The danger and fatal result of this struggle can, in the opinion of Count Krasinski, be averted in only one way—viz., by the restoration of Poland to a distinct and independent nationality. This is, he believes, the only barrier for Europe against the deluge of Panslavism. “The idea of Panslavism (he observes) is entertained by many Slavonians out of the Russian empire, who, having despaired of ever obtaining from their Governments the recognition of the full rights of their nationality, are becoming every day more and more inclined to merge their national individuality in the unity of their race, and to seek compensation for such a sacrifice in the dazzling, though perhaps delusive, prospects of a Panslavonic Empire.” There is much truth in this representation. Austria has long been endeavouring to Germanize her Slavonian populations, but wholly in vain. She has only succeeded in irritating them against her, and in binding them more closely to one another. In despair of obtaining even the tacit recognition of their nationality from her, they are more and more disposed to look to the Czar as the chief and representative of their race, and to anticipate the time when they will be ga-



thered under his rule. Prussia has pursued the same bad policy as Austria: her efforts to suppress or supersede all Polish feelings and rights, by the introduction of the German element, have been unceasing and unscrupulous. Hitherto Russia has followed a similar course, and with similar ill-success. The Poles are still passionately attached to, and desirous of recovering their separate nationality, but they are beginning to despair of it; and if the present opportunity is suffered to pass by unemployed, they will despair altogether. They hate the Russians, but they hate the Germans still more. The one is an antipathy of government, so to speak; the other is the deeper and more incurable antipathy of race. The Poles as well as the Russians are Slavonians. If denied a separate existence, they will throw themselves into the arms of their kindred. If they may not be great they will at least be powerful. If finally compelled to abandon the hope of being a distinct people, they will exchange it for the cognate ambition of being a formidable portion of a mighty empire. If not re-constituted, so as to be the bulwark of Germany against Russia, they will become the vanguard of Russia in her crusade against the West. They will forget that they are Poles, and remember only that they are Slaves. They will bury their old national pride, and raise it from the dead in a new form. The choice they now offer to Europe is, "Will you have re-constituted Poland on your side, and your eternal bulwark and safeguard, or will you have Poland, merged with the Muscovite empire, your future foe?"

This is the view of a Pole certainly; but we are by no means sure that it is not a correct one. There can be no doubt that despair of realizing one dream is beginning to give place, in the minds of a considerable number of Poles, to the hope of realizing another, less pure, but more gorgeous and less chimerical. There can be no doubt that the ambition of the Czars has for some time been secretly directed towards collecting and consolidating the whole scattered tribes of Slavonic origin into one mass, and proclaiming themselves its chiefs. They have long carried on intrigues having this aim in view, in Servia, in Montenegro, and in Croatia. They did not lose sight of it when they entered Hungary in 1849. The Poles have always been their great difficulty; but it is certain that they would now gladly purchase the real union of the Poles in their Pan-Slavic schemes by much concession.\* Indeed, the instant the Poles as a nation entered

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\* See *Panslavism and Germanism*, by Count Valerian Krasinski, chap. iii. The following is a quotation from a Polish work published in 1846 :—

... "Now, if all of us who remain under the Russian, as well as under the German Governments, shall abjure the Russian antipathies which have hitherto animated us, and joining in a cordial and conscientious manner the elevated political tendencies of Russia, supporting this new destiny of ours with all that zeal and

into these schemes, and merged their exclusive objects in the grand imperial designs, the whole motive and design for oppression in Poland would be gone. The moment the Poles abandoned their national hopes, they would become a favoured race. Their warlike habits and temper would make them invaluable agents and subjects of a Panslavic empire. The severed portions of Poland, now under the Austrian and Prussian yoke, would not be slow to join their brethren, and therefore Eastern Germany would lead a most perilous and unquiet life.

We fully feel, therefore, that the interests of Germany, (and indeed of Europe,) as against Russia, make it most desirable either to re-create an independent Poland, or at least to keep alive in the minds of the Poles the hope of such a consummation. If we did not know how instinctive and powerful in the breast of nations is the desire of a separate and substantive existence, we confess we should wonder that that harassed and unfortunate people should not long since have abandoned their designs, and almost their desires; and that they should not prefer an amalgamation which would terminate their chief sufferings to a reconstitution which would make their country the perpetual battle-field between two irreconcilable enemies, and condemn them to a life of ceaseless vigilance, turmoil, and confusion. The more important their independence for the sake of Europe, the more dearly purchased must it be to themselves. Fancy the position of a border race, compelled to live sword in hand, a victim to the jealousies, and ravaged by the incursions, of two quarrelsome and powerful neighbours! It would be the martyr of European liberties.

But however beneficial might be the reconstruction of Poland

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perseverance with which we have hitherto opposed Russia, then it must follow, as a matter of course, that the national spirit which has hitherto been weakened on account of its being exclusively Russian, *will grow into a powerful Slavonic spirit*, and be able to meet, in all the fulness of its strength, the wiles and intrigues of an opposite foreign policy. *The best sap of Russia will become available to her gigantic body*, only when her great and painful wound shall be healed; she will cease to barbarize herself by the severities which she is employing against us; she will rapidly advance internally in the career of national civilisation, and the progress of a truly Slavonic civilisation will never be hostile to the cognate Polonism, still less be able to absorb it. The action of the Russo-Slavonic spirit will penetrate without impediment into the borders of envious Germany, and may easily embrace the cognate Slavonic nations. Thus, perhaps, a not very remote futurity may show the possible existence of several confederated Slavonic States, among which the Polish would, in conjunction with others, attain, *under the leadership of Russia*, that national self-standing position which is due to it, much sooner than by the hitherto followed way of German sympathies."—Surely this is a most significant intimation.

A German writer (M. Wuttke) says also,—“What security have we that the animosity which now exists between the Russians and the Poles will not be some day spent, and that the force of the Panslavistic idea will not bring together those two cognate nations, to unite on the basis of a mutual Slavonism, and to press upon us with their joint power! *In fact, there are already some Poles of consequence who are labouring to bring about a reconciliation with Russianism.*”

into an independent State, to every nation but itself, there is one serious difficulty in the way. It may be, and probably is, necessary to the security and emancipation of Germany; but how if that emancipation be not desired? Unhappily there is too much reason to fear lest this should be the case through a large portion of that anomalous and feeble confederation. The power and influence of Russia, beyond all question, constitute the danger most menacing to German interests and German independence; it is their civilisation which is most immediately imperilled; it is they who will be first devoured; it is through them that the blow at Western Europe will be struck. Yet at least four-fifths of the States which compose the Germanic Confederation look to Russia as their protector and ally, and would regard her discomfiture and humiliation as the most serious mischief which could befall themselves. Herein we see the peril and the curse of that system of government which, throughout central Europe, has effected so complete a separation between the people and the Courts,—which has made their sympathies, their interests, their ideas, their aims, not only different but antagonistic and irreconcilable. The German people hate the Russians, and shrink from them with an instinctive antipathy which partakes at once of loathing and of dread. They despise them as illiterate and barbarous; they abhor their submissive slavery; they sicken at their filthy customs and their squalid habitations; but at the same time they shrink with something like fear from the prospect of a collision between their rude and hardy energies, and their own somewhat indolent and effeminate cultivation. They feel towards them as the later Greeks felt towards the Romans, or as the later Romans felt towards the Goths and Vandals. They hate them, too, as the incarnation of the despotic principle, as the *Sbirri* and Janissaries of arbitrary power. The petty sovereigns (ay, and the great monarchs too) of Germany on the other hand, love and cherish them on this very account. It is to Russian aid, rendered or promised, that they owe their thrones; it is from Russian advice they have long drawn their inspiration; it is from Russian countenance that they draw the audacity with which they refuse the demands and trample on the rights of their subjects; it is the consciousness of a mighty power always in the back-ground and ready at any moment to be summoned to their aid, that emboldens and enables them to venture on a course of action which, but for that omnipotent Protector would long since have cost them their crowns. Hence they are inevitably and almost to a man the vassals and the slaves of the Czar, and do him faithful homage and servile obeisance for their fiefs. Hence, while to the German *nations* Russia is a swelling spectre, a dark menace, an oppressive cloud,—to the German *dynasties* she is a friend, a patron,

a defender. It is the interest of the people that she should be crippled and disarmed: it is the interest of the sovereigns that she should remain powerful and paramount. And unfortunately, as long as they continue on the throne, the sovereigns wield the resources of the state. Austria has only just now, timidly, tentatively, and tardily shaken off the Muscovite yoke. Prussia still bends under it with complacent infamy. To Nicholas, Frederick William owes it that he is still able to restrict his energetic and cultivated people to the mere shadow and mockery of parliamentary government:—what is it to him that Russia projects like a wedge into his dominions, and has pushed her frontier to within a few marches of his capitol? She is all the nearer at hand to protect him against his rebellious subjects. She overshadows and menaces his country,—but she backs his perfidy, supplements his imbecility, and defends his crown. Where would he be with an independent Poland interposed between him and his protector? He must sink into a constitutional monarch, or abdicate into private life. And what would become of the minor sovereigns of Germany, who play at royalty, and commit all its enormities while incompetent to all its duties,—whose rule is oppressive in exact proportion as their territory is insignificant and their power unreal? How long could they retain their petty principalities and their dishonoured sceptres when severed from their mighty suzerain by a new nation with whom they felt no sympathy, and from whom they could hope for no assistance? The restoration of Poland, therefore, which is a necessity for the German People, would be the death-knell of many of the German Courts.

There is no doubt, however, that the present crisis offers to the great powers an opportunity of reconstructing the map of Europe, such as has not occurred since 1815, and such as, if now passed by unimproved, may never occur again. No one believes that the present dynastic and territorial arrangements can be permanent. They violate too many sacred principles. They trample on too many ineradicable sentiments. They set at nought too many sound considerations both of strategy and policy. A few changes—not extensive, perhaps, but on the other hand not trifling—might at once remove all the *constant* causes and pretexts of war, and effect a settlement, which if not absolutely permanent, would need only gradual and peaceful modifications. We do not pretend to take upon ourselves the task of statesmen—one requiring emphatically all the sagacity, all the experience, all the varied and minute knowledge which statesmen can bring to it, combined with a regard for justice and high principle which statesmen rarely bring to bear on any question,—though we fear that statesmen will in this case

shrink from their peculiar and especial functions:—All we can do is to intimate a few of the broad features which should characterize the **NEW MAP OF EUROPE**.

First will come the re-establishment of Poland. If done at all, this work must not be done by halves. There must be no disregard of the ties of history and consanguinity. There must be no parcelling out and subdivision of nationality;—no inclusion of some portions and exclusion of others, which will leave a rankling bitterness behind, and become a fruitful source of irritation and of failure. (Dantzic, and one or two other places, already Germanized, may perhaps be an exception.) For this purpose the three great spoliators of former days will have to disgorge as follows:—

	Square Miles.	Population.
RUSSIA,—Kingdom of Poland,	2319	4,857,250
Do. Incorporated Provinces,	5782	8,504,800
AUSTRIA, . . . . .	1594	4,910,629
PRUSSIA, . . . . .	1007	2,383,504
	<hr/> 10,702	<hr/> 20,656,183

A State would thus be formed large enough and strong enough to maintain its own independence, capable of vast internal development, because the greatest grain-producing country in Europe, and constituting an effective bulwark both for Germany and Turkey against future Muscovite ambition. Prussia might be indemnified for her cession by the incorporation of Saxony, of which she already holds a portion, (and perhaps also of some of the smaller and more mischievous principalities which are contiguous to her frontier,) while the King of Saxony would exchange his present kingdom for the new one, whose capital should be Warsaw. Austria would obtain more than an equivalent for all that she surrendered if she were permitted to retain Moldavia, Wallachia, and a part of Bessarabia, so as to give her the entire command over her own great river. Turkey, on the whole, would be a gainer rather than a loser by this re-arrangement; for all that she would lose would be the trifling tribute which she now draws from the Principalities,—only £26,800 a-year, which might easily be made good to her; and she would gain in having Austria instead of Russia as her conterminous neighbour,—a far less formidable one, because possessing no splendid harbour in the Black Sea, and united by no ties of “co-religion” with her Greek subjects. Turkey, moreover, would be far more than indemnified if put and guaranteed in possession of the Crimea.

Italy comes next. If there be one political fact more certain than another, it is, that there can be no peace for Europe, no

progress for Italy, so long as either Austrian dominion or Austrian influence remains in any portion of that Peninsula. The detestation of the "Tedesco" is not a curable malady. It is an antipathy of race. It is felt in every municipality. It beats as vehemently in the bosom of the most moderate Italian patriot as in that of the most fanatical republican. Mazzini and Manin on this subject use no stronger language than Farini and Azeglio. Foreign domination may be maintained there, but it must be maintained by the bayonet. It will be a military "occupation," not an established rule. As long as a single Austrian or semi-Austrian soldier remains there, rebellion and conspiracy will be chronic. No mitigation of despotism, no introduction of free institutions, (even were such possible,) will make any difference in this feeling or this fact. What is wanted, what is desired, is not liberty for the Italians, but independence for Italy. Austria must therefore resign Lombardy, and with her retirement thence will end her control over the other Italian States, and her power to sustain the arbitrary and brutal tyranny of the Italian thrones. Italy must again become a country, and a free country, in some form or other—in what form we will not now discuss. The consideration would lead us into details for which we have at present neither space nor time; but if once the Austrians were removed from the Peninsula, never to return, a solution of the problem would, we believe, be neither difficult nor long.

Two nationalities thus vindicated and restored, there still remains a third,—at least as worthy of our sympathy. The map of Europe would be blotted, and the peace of Europe insecure, without the resurrection of Hungary. Let us refer back a page or two. We there proposed to compensate Austria for what she was called upon to resign in Italy and Poland, by giving her the Danubian Principalities. This sort of disposal and allotment of territories, will, no doubt, strike our readers as painfully like those arbitrary arrangements at the congress of Vienna, which have been so severely and so justly reprehended. And assuredly it would be both the practical difficulty and the moral objection to the proposed arrangement, that England could not conscientiously be instrumental in placing any new countries under the dominion of a power so tyrannical, so faithless, so anti-progressive as Austria has shewn herself to be—especially countries possessed of established right, and something like a popular constitution. The whole empire of Francis Joseph is made up of incorporated territories once free and independent, whose municipal and peculiar privileges his ancestors swore to respect, and yet systematically, laboriously, and invariably undermined and overthrew. The inherent idea of the heterogeneous ingredients of the Austrian empire, was that of separate constitutions and



guaranteed civil rights; the inherent idea of the court of Vienna has always been that of a centralized and uniform despotism. Would it not, in spite of any promise and any security, treat Moldavia and Wallachia as it has treated Bohemia, Moravia, and Hungary? And if so, should we not, by assigning them to her, have made ourselves sharers in a great crime, and responsible for a terrible abuse of the power bestowed by a successful war?

Unquestionably Austria would wish to pursue her old policy towards her new acquisitions. Undoubtedly she would desire to incorporate and assimilate them into her narrow and relentless system. As unquestionably we think she would be compelled not only to abandon the attempt, but also to revise her behaviour towards all the rest of her dominions. For what would be her position under the contingency we are contemplating, and when the new arrangements are completed? She would be surrounded by, and would consist of, justly discontented and semi-hostile nationalities. Strong in Austria proper and in the Tyrol, she would be weak everywhere else. The despotic and centralizing system of government which she has hitherto maintained with difficulty, and only by the powerful aid of Russia, she would now have to maintain by her own unaided strength, and against the bitter hostility and the perpetual intrigues of Russia;—or she must abandon it altogether. Prussia, also deprived of Russian assistance, will have become liberal perforce, and the other German States must have followed the unavoidable example. England and France cannot countenance a system which can only be upheld by constant violence and habitual atrocity. Physical power, too, will be gone. More than three-fourths of the dominions of Austria will then consist of Magyars and Slavonians;—the former furiously hostile; the latter perpetually coquetting with their Muscovite cousin,—already divided in their allegiance, and ready on provocation to throw it off altogether. The Austrian Court would have to maintain a ceaseless rivalry with the Czar of Russia in the affections of her own subjects. Only by treating them with justice and respect, by respecting their national feelings, by maintaining their constitutional rights, by a faithful adherence to her engagements, could she retain her hold over them, and counteract Russian intrigues by practically outbidding Russian promises. She would thus find herself, on peril of her life, compelled to enter on an entirely new line of policy, and become as just and liberal as she has hitherto been perfidious and oppressive; and of this enforced metamorphosis the constitutional independence of Hungary must be the first fruits. The Magyars cannot then be defied, but must be at once conciliated and conceded to. Their old ancestral rights will be restored to them, under the guarantee not of oaths but of circumstances;

and while Hungary regains what she has lost, *à fortiori* will Wallachia and Moldavia retain what they now possess.

By such a remodelling of the map of Europe, therefore, as we have here briefly sketched out, a new era of hope, peace, and promise would be inaugurated. That perpetual disturbance, or fear of disturbance, which has arisen from the struggles or conspiracies of the oppressed nationalities of Poland, Italy, and Hungary, would be for ever ended. Germany would be liberalized. Italy would become a progressive, flourishing, and powerful state. Austria, no longer an unteachable despot, embroiling the affairs and interfering with the improvement of Western Europe, would keep the peace between Russia and Turkey, and allow the vast resources of the basin of the Danube, from Pesth to Galatz, to develop themselves unchecked. The Ottoman Porte would have purchased real security by a nominal sacrifice of territory. Europe would be for generations, if not for centuries and for ever, liberated from the dangers of a semi-oriental barbarism; the commerce of the East might be opened up for the general benefit of the merchants and producers of the West; and England and France, differing in the forms but yet harmonious in the tendencies of their civilisation, might go to rest in each other's arms.

That the statesmen of Europe should be comprehensive enough in their views or bold enough in their action to undertake such a re-settlement as we have hinted at, we can scarcely entertain a hope. With rare exceptions they are men rather of art than of science—more absorbed in daily labour than open to secular conceptions. They act, too, under such a heavy sense of responsibility as forbids them to be either provident or daring. For unfortunately, though sensitively alive to the danger of doing too much, they are often utterly dead to the danger of doing too little. As long as they keep in the beaten tracks of diplomacy and act on old political traditions, they regard themselves as "safe men," and give themselves easy absolution if they fail. Whereas, if they were to strike out a new course, to look to a not immediate future, to rise to the height of a great principle and a commanding view, they would feel as if they had incurred a risk almost reaching to actual guilt, and for which only the most signal success could procure them an act of indemnity. They prefer the *probability* of being wrong in adhering to the maxims of their predecessors to the *chance* of going wrong by departing from them. So we do not anticipate that they will do more on the present occasion than stop up a few gaps, ward off a few dangers, and patch up a few rents. It is probable that they will drive Russia beyond the Pruth, the

Caucasus, and the isthmus of Perekop, and, if she then sues for peace, will leave her in undisturbed possession of all her other acquisitions. If this be the case, we may have rescued *Turkey* from her grasp, but we shall have gained only a temporary respite for *Europe*. The shadow of Russia will still rest upon Germany; her subtle and sagacious diplomacy will be at work as busily as ever; her influence over the despotic princes of central Europe will be unbroken, for she will still be their chief hope and their sole kin; she will continue her action on the world and her hostility to freedom still, but it will be through Prussia and not through Austria as before. Against Austria her intrigues will be incessant and relentless; she will keep up perpetual fermentation in all her Slavonic provinces, and lead her a most unquiet life. It is to be hoped she may throw her into the arms of the liberal party, as her best hope of safety. Certain it is that all her energies and all her stratagems will be directed to weaken Austria, as henceforth her most direct and contiguous foe. The perilous fact will remain, that Russia is still the great bulwark and embodiment of Despotism, *and that the power of Russia, though checked and humbled, is yet unbroken*. So long, indeed, as England and France continue united, the Czar is powerless to resist them; the freedom and civilisation of the West are safe; and they may give the law to Europe and impress their tone upon her. If unhappily England and France should ever be severed or at enmity, then Russia will resume her sway; the counterpoise to her action will be lost; and she, and not we, may dictate the future of the world. We cannot tell what fresh combinations or separations years or circumstances may bring forth. It is possible that a state of things may recur in which, for a long period, we and our next neighbours may have our hands so full either of disputes or internal disturbances as to be unable to watch Russia with the necessary vigilance, or to curb her with the requisite peremptory vigour. She may profit by the interval to consolidate her sway over Germany, to extend her control over Sweden and Denmark, and to prosecute her intrigues for the dismemberment of Austria; and when we again awake to the necessity and the capacity for action we may find much to undo, instead of a little to prevent. In the name, therefore, of future peace, in the name of future progress, we would most eagerly and pertinaciously urge upon the Statesmen of Europe to use the rare and brilliant opportunity which is now afforded them of establishing the territorial arrangements of the Continent on a footing which may be able to withstand alike the storms of revolution and the hurricane of war—a footing hopeful in duration and fertile in promise of good, because based upon reverence for human feelings and respect for human rights.

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rks, of which we prefix the titles to  
ie. We adopt it merely as a name,  
of it, dismiss it. But the interest and  
which it treats cannot be exaggerated.  
union in Paris, and generally on the  
our attention for some time, and we  
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not worth describing, but because  
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understand well what are the objects, or the motives, or  
principles, of any society but that in which he mixes  
niliarly. Who can tell what are the politics of his own  
rvants' hall? When men of different castes converse, each  
ears a mask, each disguises his voice, each tries to guess what  
he other will think of what he is saying. There is nothing  
spontaneous, nothing simple, nothing perfectly unembarrassed,  
in such talk. If this be the case between fellow-countrymen,  
how much more must it be so between those who think in dif-  
ferent languages, who, to differences in cultivation and know-  
ledge and habits, add differences in national wishes and fears  
and associations and prejudices? As we look with deep distrust  
on the pictures drawn by those who profess to paint  
their own, we shall not imitate them.

DL. XXII. NO. XLIV.

The principal political parties into which the educated society of Paris is divided are the—

Imperialists,  
Royalists,  
Republicans, and  
Parliamentarians.

The Royalists may be again subdivided into Orleanists, Legitimists, and Fusionists; and the Fusionists into Orleanist-Fusionists, and Legitimist-Fusionists.

The Imperialists do not require to be described. They form a small party in the salons of Paris, and much the largest party in the provinces.

Those who are Royalists without being Fusionists are also comparatively insignificant in numbers. There are a very few Legitimists who pay to the elder branch the unreasoning worship of superstition: who adore Henri V. not as a means but as an end; who pray for his reign, not for their own interests, not for the interests of France, but for his own sake; who believe that he derives his title from God, and that, when the proper time comes, God will restore him; and that to subject his claims to the smallest compromise—to admit, for instance, as the Fusionists do, that Louis Philippe was really a king, and that the reign of Henri V. did not begin the instant that Charles X. expired,—would be a sinful contempt of Divine right, which might deprive his cause of Divine assistance.

There are also a very few Orleanists who, with a strange confusion of ideas, do not perceive that a title founded solely on a revolution was destroyed by a revolution; that if the will of the people was sufficient to exclude the descendants of Charles X., it also could exclude the descendants of Louis Philippe; and that the hereditary claims of the Comte de Paris cannot be urged except on the condition of admitting the preferable claims of the Comte de Chambord.

The bulk, then, of the Royalists are Fusionists; but though all Fusionists agree in believing that the only government that can be permanent in France is a monarchy, and that the only monarchy that can be permanent is one depending on hereditary succession, though they agree in believing that neither of the Bourbon branches is strong enough to seize the throne, and that each of them is strong enough to exclude the other, yet between the Orleanist-Fusionists and the Legitimist-Fusionists the separation is as marked and the mutual hatred is as bitter, as those which divide the most hostile parties in England.

The Orleanist-Fusionists are generally roturiers. They feel towards the Noblesse the hatred which has accumulated during

twelve centuries of past oppression, and the resentment excited by present insolence. Of all the noble families of France the most noble is that of Bourbon. The head of that house has always called himself "*le premier gentilhomme de France*." The Bourbons therefore suffer, and in an exaggerated degree, the odium which weighs down the caste to which they belong. Gay and brilliant as the reign of the house of Bourbon looks in the histories and memoirs of France, the recollections which it has left are eminently painful. Detestation of the old régime is almost the only feeling that has survived sixty-five years of revolution. The French can bear oppression, they can bear to see their children carried off by the conscription and their neighbours transported to Cayenne, but they cannot bear the petty vexations and social distinctions of feudalism. It was this detestation of privilege, and precedence, and exclusiveness, or, as it is sometimes called, this love of equality, which raised the barricades of 1830. It was to flatter these feelings that Louis Philippe sent his sons to the public schools and to the National Guard, and tried to establish his government on the narrow foundation of the bourgeoisie. Louis Philippe, and one or two of the members of his family, succeeded in obtaining some personal popularity, but it was only in the comparatively small class, the "*Pays légal*," with which they shared the emoluments of Government, and it was not sufficient to raise a single hand in their defence when the masses, whom the Court could not bribe or caress, rose against it. The Orleanist-Fusionists are Bourbonists only from calculation. They wish for the Comte de Paris for their king, not from any affection for him, or for his family, but because they think that such an arrangement offers to France the best chance of a stable government in some degree under popular control: and they are ready to tolerate the intermediate reign of Henri V. as an evil, but one which must be endured as a means of obtaining something else, not very good in itself, but less objectionable to them than a Bonaparte dynasty or a Republic.

The loss of her aristocracy is a misfortune from which France has not even begun to recover. The Legitimists are the territorial successors of their ancestors of the eighteenth century; they are their successors in their manners, in their loyalty, and in their prejudices of caste, but they are not their successors in cultivation, or intelligence, or energy, or, therefore, in influence. There existed in the highest Parisian society towards the close of that century a comprehensiveness of curiosity and inquiry, a freedom of opinion, an independence and soundness of judgment never seen there before or since. Its pursuits, its pleasures, its admirations, its vanities, were all intellectual. Let us recollect



the success of Hume: his manners were awkward, he was a heavy, though an instructive, converser, he spoke bad French; he would pass in Paris now for a most intelligent bore; but such was the worship then paid to talents and knowledge, especially to knowledge and talents employed in the destruction of received opinions, that Hume was for years the lion of all the salons of Paris. The fashionable beauties quarrelled for the fat philosopher. Nor was their admiration or affection put on, or even transitory; he retained some of them as intimate friends for life. We may infer, indeed, from the autobiographies of that time—from those of Marmontel, for instance, and Rousseau—that even the inferior bourgeoisie were then educated. Every country town had its literary circles; many of them had Academies in which the great writers of France and Italy were studied. The French were not so engrossed by the serious cares of life as to disregard its ornaments. *Now*, the time that is not devoted to the struggle for wealth or power, to place-hunting or to money-making, is spent at the café or the spectacle. Few read anything but the newspapers, or, of them, anything but the feuilleton. If the brilliant talkers and writers of that time were to return to life, we do not believe that gas, or steam, or chloroform, or the electric telegraph, would so much astonish them as the comparative dulness of the greater part of modern French society, and the comparative mediocrity of the greater part of modern French books.

Between the noblesse and the bourgeoisie there is a chasm which shows no tendency to close. Nothing but a common interest and a common pursuit will bring them together. If the murder of the Duc d'Enghien had not made the nobles recoil in terror and disgust from Napoleon, they might perhaps have been welded into one mass, with his new aristocracy of services, talents, and wealth. They were ready to adhere to him during the Consulate. During the Restoration they were always at war with the bourgeoisie, and therefore with the Constitution, on which the power of their enemies depended. When the result of that war was their defeat, and the expulsion of their leader Charles X., their hostility extended from the Constitution and the bourgeoisie up to the crown. Louis Philippe, as we have already remarked, tried to govern by means of the middle classes alone. Perhaps it was inevitable that he should make the attempt. It certainly was inevitable that the attempt should fail. By condescending to be the founder of an usurping dynasty, by recognising the right of a Parisian mob to be a setter up and puller down of kings, Louis Philippe set one of the few precedents which are absolutely certain to be repeated. Sooner or later the Orleans dynasty would have been overthrown, even if it had reposed on

a really democratic basis. But it was built on the narrowest possible foundation. It did not rest on numbers, or on wealth, or on education, or on antiquity, or on prejudice, or on respect. It was despised by the lower classes, and detested as well as despised by the higher classes, and it offered no prizes to either. There were no nomination-seats for the nobles, no scot-and-lot boroughs for the agitators, no venal ones for the millionnaires. The road to power lay along one flat level terrace of bourgeoisie, looked up to with envy and dislike by the multitude below it, and looked down on with scorn, amounting to disgust, by the better-born and better educated classes above it. The Pays légal were the electors and the elected; they were the donors and the recipients of office and patronage. They made the laws as deputies; they applied them as administrators and as jurymen; and their legislation and their administration were a series of jobs for their own petty interests, or for their handfuls of constituents. Their whole conduct excited suspicion, contempt, envy, in short, every hostile feeling, except fear. Such a Government was doomed. Its destruction in 1848 was an accident, but sooner or later some such accident was inevitable.

The Republic had few friends, but it had few bitter enemies. It was not trusted or respected, but neither was it hated. It was wise enough to impose no oaths. It did not require those who were willing to serve it to begin by publicly disavowing their traditionary opinions and principles. Under its lax sway the Legitimists shewed a tendency to return to public affairs. They led the country people who came to the assistance of the Constituent Assembly in June 1848. A few of them were members both of that assembly and of its successor. Some took their places in the Conseils Généraux. They joined the bourgeoisie in local administration, the only means by which men of different classes can coalesce.

The socialist tendencies which are imputed to this second empire, the oath which it most imprudently imposes, its pretension to found or to continue a dynasty, and its assertion of the principle most abhorrent to them, elective monarchy, have thrown them back into disaffection. But they have been so injured in fortune and in influence, have been so long a conquered caste, excluded from power, and even from sympathy, that they have acquired the faults of the oppressed, have become timid, or frivolous, or bitter. Their retirement from public life has made them unfit for it. The older members of the party have forgotten its habits and its duties, the younger ones have never learned them. Their long absence from the chambers and from the departemental and municipal councils, from the central and from the local government of France, has deprived them of all aptitude for business. The bulk of them are worshippers of

wealth, or ease, or pleasure, or safety. The only unselfish feeling which they cherish, is attachment to their hereditary sovereign. They revere Henri V. as the ruler pointed out to them by Providence: they love him as the representative of Charles X., the champion of their order, who died in exile for having attempted to restore to them the government of France. They hope that on his restoration the canaille of lawyers, and littérateurs, and adventurers, who have trampled on the gentilhommes ever since 1830, will be turned down to their proper places, and that ancient descent will again be the passport to the high offices of the State, and to the society of the Sovereign. The advent of Henri V., which, to the Orleanist branch of the Fusionists, is a painful means, is, to the Legitimist branch, a desirable end. The succession of the Comte de Paris, to which the Orleanists look with hope, is foreseen by the Legitimists with misgivings. The Fusionist party is in fact kept together not by common sympathies but by common antipathies; each branch of it hates or distrusts the idol of the other, but they co-operate because each branch hates still more bitterly, and distrusts still more deeply, the Imperialists and the Republicans.

Among the educated classes there are few Republicans, using that word to designate those who actually wish to see France a republic. There are, indeed, many who regret the social equality of the republic, the times when plebeian birth was an aid in the struggle for power, and a journeyman mason could be a serious candidate for the presidency, but they are alarmed at its instability. They have never known a republic live for more than a few years, or die except in convulsions. The Republican party, however, though small, is not to be despised. It is skilful, determined, and united. And the Socialists and the Communists, whom we have omitted in our enumeration, as not belonging to the educated classes, would supply the Republican leaders with an army which has more than once become master of Paris.

The only party that remains to be described is that to which we have given the name of Parliamentarians. Under this designation we include those who are distinguished from the Imperialists, by their desire for a parliamentary form of government; from the Republicans, by their willingness that that government should be regal; and from the Royalists, by their willingness that it should be republican. In this class are included many of the wisest and of the honestest men in France. The only species of rule to which they are irreconcilably opposed is despotism. No conduct on the part of Louis Napoleon would conciliate a sincere Orleanist, or Legitimist, or Fusionist, or Republican. The anti-regal prejudices of the last, and the loyalty of the other three, must force them to

oppose a Bonapartist dynasty, whatever might be the conduct of the reigning emperor. But if Louis Napoleon should ever think the time, to which he professes to look forward, arrived,—if he should ever grant to France, or accept from her, institutions really constitutional; institutions, under which the will of the nation, freely expressed by a free press and by freely chosen representatives, should control and direct the conduct of her governor, the Parliamentarians would eagerly rally round him. On the same conditions they would support with equal readiness Henri V., or the Comte de Paris, a president elected by the people, or a president nominated by an assembly. They are the friends of liberty, whatever be the form in which she may present herself.

Perhaps we ought to add to our enumeration of Parisian parties as a fifth class—the Despairers. They are most numerous among the political veterans; among those whose hopes have been so frequently excited, and so constantly disappointed, that, at length, they dread the future as much as they hate the present. When, at the end of 1799, ten years of disorder ended in a military despotism, they thought that the revolution had run its course. It seemed to be the natural progress of events that revolution should produce war, and that war should make the army, and that the army should make its general, omnipotent. When the Consulate and the Empire were followed by the Restoration, it seemed also in the order of things that the military ruler should be ruined by the ambition to which he owed his crown; that he should go on playing double or quits until he had exhausted his good fortune; that his domestic enemies should join with his foreign ones; that the ancient dynasty should be restored, subject to the restrictions which the last fourteen years had shewn to be necessary; and that France, having tried the rule of a feudal aristocracy, of a feudal monarch, of a revolutionary assembly, of an elected directory, and of a military despot, and found each intolerable, should permanently acquiesce in the mild sovereignty of constitutional royalty.

When Charles X. tossed his crown into the hands of his cousin, this seemed a natural conclusion to the drama. The parallel between France and England was completed. “In a restoration,” it was said, “the first King that is restored is so delighted with his return to power, that he is willing to accept it on any terms; and those terms he is likely to keep. He is resolved not to go again on his travels. The successor of the restored sovereign takes the crown, not as a good fortune, but as a right. He feels the limits within which he is confined irksome to himself, and easily believes them to be mischievous to the country. His flatterers tell him that they are void,—that

his rights are unalienable, perhaps divine, and that it is his duty to save his people, without looking nicely to the technical legality of the means that must be employed. He attempts to act on these principles, is resisted and deposed. But a great and ancient nation that has once tried the experiment of democracy will not repeat it. It will elect for its new sovereign the next in succession, who is willing and fit to accept the responsibility, and to submit to the restrictions, of a constitutional monarch. In that dynasty the conflicting principles of legitimacy and selection, of divine right and of popular right, are united. It may expect indefinite duration. Such a dynasty is in the second century of its reign in England, and in the first century of its reign in France."

Such was the language held to us by our older friends in Paris, from the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe until the middle of 1847, when the warnings of an approaching earthquake began to be perceptible to some men of peculiar acuteness. We must acknowledge that they were not perceptible to us. Louis Philippe appeared to us to enjoy power more firmly rooted than that of Louis XIV. He had so thoroughly corrupted both the assembly and the electors, that he had nothing to fear from either a parliamentary or an electoral opposition. With his 300,000 places, all the middle classes on whom his government rested were his tools. But by abusing for these purposes the gigantic means conferred by centralisation, he had rendered those middle classes on whom his throne was built unfit to sustain its weight. We admired its splendour and its solidity, without suspecting that its foundation was a quicksand.

The 24th of February came, and these illusions were dissipated in an hour. The great monarchical fortress, which was built for ages, proved to be a mere stage decoration. The republic reappeared with its trees of liberty, its single assembly, its universal suffrage, its clubs, its journals, and its forced paper currency. It was then that those whom we have called the veterans of the revolution began to despair. The line along which France had been travelling for sixty years turned out to have been a circle. 1848 seemed to bring her back to 1789. Having discovered that the Orleans family were mere actors, they believed that on their exit, only actors would succeed them. They looked at the Constituent and Legislative assemblies of this century as mere parodies of those of the last; they expected them to be followed by a Convention, by the dictatorship of the mob, and the dictatorship of the army; and now that the Emperor and the war have come, they expect success to be the precursor of defeat, loans to be carried on to bankruptcy, and the conscription to depopulation, until perhaps another invasion is followed by another restoration.

To those historical Despairers are to be added many more numerous classes, whose despondency is the result of a much shorter experience. Every man who believes that France can prosper, or that he can prosper himself, only under the form of government which is the peculiar object of his own worship, who thinks that there can be no political salvation without political orthodoxy, and who sees no prospect of the accomplishment of his wishes, turns Despairer. The war has created Despairers by thousands. The speculators, who see their investments falling in value, the shopkeepers whose stocks do not go off, the merchants whose ventures are unprofitable, the authors whose books in this general excitement do not sell, all join in prognostications of evil, and in abuse of Louis Napoleon, Drouyn de l'Huys, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Stratford, for having, by their violence and arrogance, forced the friendly pacific Russians into a war.

Such is our enumeration of Parisian parties in respect of the form of government, or of the individual governor, preferred by them respectively. We have begun by this principle of classification, because in a revolutionary country it is the most important one. Theories which in England lead slowly and almost imperceptibly to practical improvements, or, at least, to changes worked out by law, have five times during the last twenty-five years, divided Paris into hostile camps, separated by a field of battle.

Another principle of classification is religious belief, or rather religious profession. We are not now alluding to the distinction between Protestants and Catholics, for the Protestants in Paris are too few to exercise influence as such, nor to the controversies between Molinists and Jansenists, or between Ci-montane and Ultra-montane opinions, for these disputes have terminated in the undisputed ascendancy of the Jesuits and the Pope. We use religious profession as a principle of classification, in order to distinguish between those who are, and those who are not, favourable to the prevalence in France of religious opinions and motives.

In the last century Catholicism, we had almost said Christianity, had lost its hold on the higher classes in France, and incredulity, beginning with them, had spread to the middle, and even to the lower classes in the towns. The revolution of 1789 changed the feelings of the aristocracy. They connected irreligion with democracy, and tried to revive Catholicism as a political engine. To do this it was necessary to appear to believe in it, or, at least, to treat it with respect, and accordingly in the highest society, except in a tête-a-tête, the doctrines of the Church are scarcely ever mentioned irreverently. But the middle



classes, who had been gainers by the revolution, felt grateful to scepticism for its assistance. They were led by the conduct of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X., and still more by that of their courtiers, to associate religion with aristocracy, and to impute to those who affected the one a desire to bring back the other. The revolution of 1830 was almost as anti-religious as it was anti-legitimist.

Under Louis Philippe Christianity was less hated by the Bourgeoisie, than it had been under Charles X., because it was less feared, but it was more despised. 1848, by dethroning the middle classes, seemed at first to convert them. They now saw the want of the religious sanction, and were ready to join the aristocracy in imposing its restraints on the people. These feelings, however, produced only an outward surface of respect and conformity, covering general unbelief, and were destroyed by the adherence of the clergy to Louis Napoleon, whom the Bourgeoisie picture to themselves as a mixture of Charles X. and Louis Blanc, as a cross between despotism and socialism.

The general result is, that the Imperialists and the Legitimists support Catholicism, the former because the priests have adhered to Louis Napoleon, the latter because they think Catholicism favourable to the principle of authority, and even to that of divine right; and further, that the portion of the Orleanists, which belongs to the aristocracy, also supports it as a check on democracy. But the Bourgeoisie and the Republicans detest it as imperialist or legitimist in France, and as opposed to freedom of government, of education, of literature, and even of thought, in the whole of the Continent.

One of the intentions of the Ultra-republican party, when they come into power, is to do what Lamartine attempted without success in 1848, to abolish the salaries of the priests. And they believe that such a measure would destroy Catholicism, or leave it the faith of only a small and scattered sect. They admit that in the south, where Catholic zeal is kept up by Protestant opposition, where, in our own times, there have been religious persecutions, where the ruins of houses, burnt by fanatical mobs still remain, kept unrepaired as a silent reproach to the party that destroyed them, *there* the clergy will be paid by the people, and Catholicism will be preserved. But they believe that in the greater part of France there is not sufficient religion to induce the people to maintain, at their own expense, its ministers.

We do not believe that, if their turn of power should come, they will seriously make such an attempt, nor do we believe that the attempt, if made, would succeed. It would bring back to the Parisians the recollection of the worst times of the Revolution, and the peasantry of the provinces would feel indignant

at being suddenly and perceptibly subjected to a burthen, which, so far as they bore it before, they bore unconsciously.

In saying that the abolition of religious stipends would subject the peasantry to a new burthen, we assume, of course, that though the State deprived the priests of their salaries, the people would retain and pay their services. We are inclined to think that on that event the Bourgeoisie of Paris, and perhaps of most of the large towns, would withdraw from the Church; but we believe that even there the priests would be supported by the aristocracy, and by all the women of the lower classes, and by many of the men. In the country they would be supported by all classes. The peasantry, a term which, in the provinces of France, includes nearly the whole population that is not gentilhomme, are uninquiring believers. The curé is generally a man of pure life, connected with them by birth and affinity, superior to them in knowledge and talent, and using that superiority as a leader and as an adviser. The doctrines which are taught in every school, and preached from every pulpit, and treated by all the best educated part of society as if they were true, are accepted by the less educated without examination, and adopted and retained without suspicion. To many minds even the irksomeness of some of the Roman Catholic observances is attractive. They estimate the merit by the disagreeableness. They delight in the notion that they are performing palpable, measureable, countable good works; that they are laying up in heaven a treasure of which the amount can be calculated, and the security is perfect.

Another and an important, but transitory, principle of classification, is approbation or disapprobation of the war. We believe the war to be unpopular among all the Bourbonist parties. They consider Russia as the defender of what they call order, and England as the propagator of what they call revolution. To support cheerfully the sacrifices of war, requires great devotion and great public spirit, even when the object of that war is approved. It may be some time before that devotion and that public spirit become general in Paris. Louis Philippe and his friends thought that the aggressive propensities of France could not be too effectually repressed. They preached indifference to foreign affairs, and devotion to wealth and comfort, in short, national selfishness and apathy, and they preached successfully. But the Legitimists and the Fusionists, and even many of the pure Orleanists, think not only this war, but the objects of this war, mischievous. They do not believe that the extension of the Russian power would really injure France, and few of them care how much it may injure the rest of the world. They think, or at least they say, 'That we have led France into it for English

‘ purposes, for the purpose of crushing the rising Russian fleet,  
‘ and supporting the Caucasian tribes as a barrier between Rus-  
‘ sia and India. With these purposes they have no sympathy.  
‘ They do not wish to see the Russian navy destroyed. They  
‘ wish to cherish it, as they wish to cherish all the secondary  
‘ maritime powers, to be a check on us. They do not wish to  
‘ see us always hanging over the coast of Africa, in irresistible  
‘ force, ready to imprison and then seize their army in Africa,  
‘ as we did their army in Egypt. They have no India to pro-  
‘ tect, no commerce with Turkey that they care about. They  
‘ do not even inquire who rules in the Black Sea.’

Those who profess to take wider and more distant views main-  
tain, ‘ That France retains her ascendancy only by holding  
‘ England and Russia in check through each other, and that she  
‘ can do this only while the balance between them is nearly even.  
‘ But, that, when this war is over, the balance will be no longer  
‘ even. That either Russia or England will come out of it pre-  
‘ dominant. If it be Russia,” they say, “if her power or her  
‘ influence extends from the Arctic Ocean to the Morea, France  
‘ will have to submit to her dictation, or to cling to England  
‘ and America for support. If England succeed, she will be  
‘ still more despotic at sea than Russia can be on land. The  
‘ colonies, and the trade of France, will be held only at her  
‘ good will. She will not, perhaps, be so imperious as Russia,  
‘ but from time to time she will make France feel her inferiority.’

A still stronger reason for the unpopularity of the war among  
the Royalists, is a feeling that it was essential to the permanence  
of Louis Napoleon’s power.

From the beginning of the 16th century, the period at which  
Europe, from being an aggregate of tribes, crystallized into  
nations, France has never been without some great food for her  
activity and her vanity. First came the Italian wars of Charles  
VIII. and Francis, then the religious troubles, then the splen-  
dours of Louis XIV., the most thorough Frenchman that ever  
reigned. When the military ardour of France had been ex-  
hausted by his victories, and chilled by his defeats, she threw  
herself into speculation and literature. Paris became the intel-  
lectual metropolis of the world. *There* was framed and worked  
the machinery which overthrew feudalism, and shook to its  
centre catholicism. The chit-chat of the Parisian salons de-  
cided the tastes and the opinions of Europe. As soon as Paris  
had devoured the old religion and philosophy, it turned on  
monarchy. That was a meal for only three years. France  
employed twenty more in breaking to pieces and swallow-  
ing up Belgium, and Holland, and Italy, and in endeavouring  
to crush Germany and Spain. When that amusement was  
denied to her, a new one, and perhaps a still more stimulating

one, was given to her in parliamentary life. The eyes of all Europe were fixed on the tribune of the Chamber. Statesmen and orators took in public attention, the place which had been filled by generals and negotiators. France was proud to think herself as great in debate as she had been in arms. The brilliant and constantly shifting scenes gratified her vanity, her curiosity, her love of influencing and intermeddling, and what was quite as important, her love of mischief. She was delighted to hear Guizot attack Thiers, and Thiers expose Guizot.

All this was rudely and suddenly terminated by the *coup d'état*. The pit and the boxes were still full of spectators, eager to admire, to criticise, to applaud, and to hiss; but a curtain was dropped before the stage, painted indeed with grotesque imperial decorations, but concealing the play and the actors. Can it be supposed this would have been permanently submitted to? That the most unquiet, the most restless, the most ambitious, the most daring, and the most unscrupulous people that the world has ever feared and wondered at, would long have been satisfied to stand, like a Russian sentinel, in silence and darkness, forbidden to move, or to speak, or, as far as it could be prevented, to hear or to see—and this, after having enjoyed 300 years of excitement? France is a fiend that would tear her master to pieces if he long ceased to find her employment. For the first year after the *coup d'état*, she felt relieved from the dangers, some of them real, but most of them exaggerated, of 1852; after four years of excitement, struggle, and suspense, a year of repose was tolerable. Then came the burst of prosperous speculation of 1853, but its very vehemence made it impossible that it should be permanent; nor was it very interesting to any but the gamblers on the Bourse. The French public thinks little about manufactures, or railroads, or trade. It does not care whether it travels at the rate of thirty miles an hour or of eight; whether its ports are empty or full; whether Rouen and Lyons are prosperous or starving. The excitement which it craves is political excitement; the passions which it wishes to gratify are curiosity, vanity, and ambition; and they are gratified by the war. The war may be apparently unpopular with all classes, as it is really with the Royalists; but it is a substitute for the press and the tribune. It gives the Parisians something to talk about, to criticise and to debate. It takes them out of a state of oppressive and humiliating stagnation; and when it is crowned, as we firmly believe that it will be, by success, it will give to the Emperor the magical prestige of military glory. We admit that failure would be ruinous; that Louis Napoleon is condemned to victory, and to decisive victory. But such victory, we believe, that he has the power to command, and no one can doubt that he has the will.

The absence of an aristocracy, to which we have alluded as among the political calamities of France, is eminently favourable to her military power. We are apt, in England, to complain that the most important posts in the public service are filled by persons whose claim to them was birth, connexion, or wealth, and that the result is general mediocrity and frequent incompetence. The assertion, that we select our higher political functionaries from the comparatively small number of men who possess rank or fortune, is true; but it is not equally clear that this is an evil, or that it is avoidable. Political life, in general, and, more than any other branch of it, Parliamentary life, is costly, uncertain, and unremunerative; and what, more than any other cause, narrows the entrance to it, it requires early apprenticeship. Of three men, of equal talents and diligence, who enter the House of Commons, one at the age of twenty-five, one at thirty-five, and the third at forty-five, we may predict, that the first will have an enormous advantage over the second, and that the third, unless he have previously practised a profession to which public speaking is incidental, will fail. The prizes of political life, therefore, are, by the very nature of the contest, reserved for those who, by means of their own wealth, or that of their friends, can devote themselves in early life to the arena, and support its long and expensive training. Nor, we repeat, is it clear that this is an evil. It is perhaps an evil that powers of debate give an undue preponderance to their possessor, but this is not an aristocratic inconvenience: it is one inseparable from free institutions. Those who feel, as we do, that without such institutions life would not be worth having, must submit to be ruled by rhetoricians. The necessity that a statesman should be a speaker, and the probability that the best speaker of his party will become its leader, may exclude some men whose wisdom, knowledge, and experience, we can ill afford to lose, it may put others, whose judgment or industry or honesty is deficient, into stations in which their faults may be mischievous in proportion to their rhetorical ability; but it is unavoidable, and it secures, at least, that our Parliamentary chiefs shall have high talents, though not always the most useful ones. It lets in marplots, but it excludes dunces. And if we compare our statesmen with those of the countries which are governed either despotically or democratically, with those of Belgium, or of Holland, or of Prussia, or of Austria, or of Russia, or, to take the country which most resembles us in every respect, except its democracy, with those of the United States, it would be false modesty if we were to limit our claim to that of mere equality. But this reasoning does not apply to the army. That is a profession which all who embrace it enter at an early age: the poorest perhaps at the earliest. Instead of being, like politics,

necessarily the monopoly of the rich, it is naturally the refuge of the poor. The cheapest way to provide for a son is to get him a commission. It requires no expensive preparation. Any young man of talents and energy can procure, or can give himself, at little cost, a good military education. There appears to be no reason, in fact there is none, unless one be found in our aristocratic institutions, why the highest ranks, or why all ranks in the army, should not be open to merit, though low-born, and even though indigent. It might then have been expected, *a priori*, that our highest military posts would be as well filled as our highest political employments,—indeed better, since there is a far wider field for selection. And if the military leader were selected, like the political leader, by those whom he is to command, such would be the case. Unhappily he is not so selected; perhaps cannot be so selected. The men on whom the fate of an army, perhaps of a country, perhaps of the civilized world, may depend, are chosen by those over whom their subsequent conduct has no immediate influence. If, through the stupidity, or the ignorance, or the rashness, or the ill-temper, or the false shame of a superior officer, English soldiers are uselessly massacred,—if, through the folly or the timidity of another, they are kept disgracefully in reserve,—if men are ordered to form square when they ought to charge, or to retreat when there is no salvation for them but in advancing,—if they are left without orders, because the officer who ought to give them has lost his presence of mind and self-command,—those who appointed these incompetent functionaries do not see the results of their appointments, do not hear of them for weeks, frequently do not hear of them at all. If they *do* hear of them, they may suffer remorse, but they escape punishment, often, indeed, blame. On whom has the ignominy of the appointment which produced the calamities of Cabul fallen? On no one. Who is responsible for retaining in high commands men, who, be it their fault, or be it their misfortune, escape from services of danger because they have lost the confidence of their superiors and of their subordinates, and are not employed by the one, because they might not be obeyed by the others? Who is responsible for the appointments which have endangered our army in the Crimea, and which, in contingencies from which Heaven protect us, may ruin it? Who is ultimately responsible for the inaction of our fleet, during the battle of the Alina, when the port of Sebastopol was still open, and those who ought to have manned its ships and its batteries were miles away, swelling Menschikoff's forces? Who placed it in hands that had not enterprise enough at least to steam towards the mouth of the harbour, to feel their way, and, if it was found, as it probably would have been found, insufficiently defended, to enter? Who is ultimately responsible for



keeping our army, for two days after the battle, employed in burying the dead, and attending to the wounded, instead of landing seamen and marines for a service, important, indeed necessary, but not such as a victorious army, with the prize of the campaign within its reach, ought, when the thing might have been as well done by others, to have been detained to perform?

We predict that no individual will be held responsible. The blame will be thrown on the claims of high birth, on the claims of seniority, on the routine of office, on professional etiquette, in short, on the hateful abuses and childish pretexts which make the military professions the only ones in England in which merit is unproductive of advancement, or demerit of dismissal.

From all these chains, which bind the English giant, Louis Napoleon is free. He can choose the best man, he can put him in the situation for which he is most fit, and he can delegate to those whom he may think deserving of it the absolute power of choice and rejection which he enjoys himself. When Martin Pret was asked to take the command of the staff of the army of the East, he asked, who was to be under him? The Minister of War desired him to make out his own list. It was adopted without addition or omission. Canrobert has the same freedom of action as his master. He is not expected to distribute his doses of praise among his officers according to their rank. He can mention in his despatches, without apology, captains and subalterns, and even privates. There is something grand, something magnanimous, in the unnoticed, unrewarded heroism of the English soldier; but France does not think it wise or magnanimous to let the heroism of her humbler sons remain unnoticed and unrewarded.

Some years ago, during one of the quarrels which Louis Philippe's chamber was always picking with England, we discussed with a French general the possibility of our being surprised by an unexpected invasion from France.

'Those who think,' said our military friend, 'such a surprise possible, never prepared an army for a campaign. It is true that a warlike nation can, without many previous arrangements, make an inroad on an unarmed neighbour. It would not take us long to make a rush on Brussels. But if a serious invasion is to be attempted, if good troops are to be encountered, if an army is to be got ready to which the honour of the country can be entrusted, six months is the least period of preparation.'

'First, the different regiments that are disposable must be sifted, in order to get from each of them two bataillons d'élite for foreign service. These battalions must be united in brigades, and the capacity of the regimental officers tested by the chef de brigade, in the same way as that in which those officers tested that of their own privates and sous-officiers. All who

‘ cannot stand this test are sent back to the battalions kept at  
‘ home. The brigades, again, must be united in a division.  
‘ They must be accustomed to act together : to know how far  
‘ one regiment and one brigade can rely on another. The  
‘ general of division has to do only with the colonels. He sends  
‘ back, without ceremony, without excuse, all whom he finds  
‘ too old, or too negligent, or too ignorant, or too dull, for real  
‘ fighting. The comparatively humble social position of our  
‘ regimental officers, more than two-thirds of whom have risen  
‘ from the ranks, enables him to do so without mercy. It is  
‘ thus, by a long obstinate process of selecting, and training,  
‘ and changing, and promoting, and discharging, that a division  
‘ is moulded into one mass of homogeneous materials, the effi-  
‘ ciency of which can be relied on, as we rely on that of a well-  
‘ constructed machine. If any one step in the process be  
‘ omitted, or even hurried over, the machine becomes imperfect,  
‘ and, if it be opposed to one that has been properly prepared,  
‘ it breaks in the general’s hands. But this takes time. I said  
‘ six months, but that is too little. The army that gained Aus-  
‘ terlitz had been subjected to this training for two years.’

‘ But the army,’ we answered, ‘ of the Hundred Days, the  
‘ army which gained the great battle of Ligny, was raised by  
‘ Napoleon in six weeks.’

‘ Yes,’ said the general ; ‘ but you must recollect what were  
‘ his materials. More than 180,000 veterans, who, though  
‘ young, had passed years under fire, whom, in his presumption,  
‘ he had scattered over all Europe, from Dantzic to Alexandria,  
‘ were restored to France, by the peace. He had only to stamp,  
‘ and the legions sprung up. And, after all, what was the  
‘ result ? This hastily collected army was broken, was scat-  
‘ tered, was actually dissolved, as no French army ever was  
‘ before, in a single battle. Would the army of Austerlitz have  
‘ thus fallen to pieces ? I will not say that that army would  
‘ have gained Waterloo ; though, if it had been ready, as it  
‘ would have been, to attack at eight in the morning, instead of  
‘ at eleven, the chances would have been in its favour : but it  
‘ would not have been ignominiously beaten. It might have  
‘ failed : but it would not have been destroyed.’

Would it be possible thus to melt and re-melt, and hammer,  
and twist, and grind, and polish, to the highest perfection of  
efficiency, the army of an aristocracy ? Could military peers,  
or members of the House of Commons, or friends of peers, or of  
members, or of editors, in short, could any persons capable of  
appealing, directly or indirectly, to the public, be thus treated ?  
Can an incompetent general or colonel be sent home at the risk  
of a debate ? Louis Napoleon can appoint, promote, dismiss,

and degrade ; he can look only to the interests of the campaign ; and despise those of the individual ; because, in France, there is no Public, and no appeal. France purchases, at an enormous price, an enormous military advantage.

We have confined to Paris our description of French political feeling, because, although we have recently visited the provinces of France, we have found in them no expression of it.

The uncontrolled power under which France is now bent is little felt in the capital. It shows itself principally in the subdued tone of the debates, if debates they can be called, of the Corps Législatif, and in the inanity of the newspapers. Conversation is as free in Paris as it was under the Republic. Public opinion would not support the Government in an attempt to silence the salons of Paris. But Paris possesses a public opinion, because it possesses one or two thousand highly educated men whose great amusement, we might say whose great business, is to converse, to criticise the acts of their rulers, and to pronounce decisions which float from circle to circle, till they reach the workshop, and even the barrack. In the provinces there are no such centres of intelligence and discussion, and, therefore, on political subjects, there is no public opinion. The consequence is, that the action of the Government is there really despotic ; and it employs its irresistible power in tearing from the departmental and communal authorities all the local franchises and local self-government which they had extorted from the central power in a struggle of forty years.

Centralization, though it is generally disclaimed by every party that is in opposition, is so powerful an instrument that every Monarchical Government which has ruled France, since 1789, has maintained, and even tried to extend it.

The Restoration, and the Government of July 1830, were as absolute centralizers as Napoleon himself. The local power which Louis Philippe was forced to surrender he made over to the narrow Pays légal, the privileged ten pounders, who were then attempting to govern France. The Republic gave the election of the Conseils Généraux to the people, and thus dethroned the notaries who governed those assemblies when they represented only the Bourgeoisie. The Republic made the Maires elective ; the Republic placed education in the hands of the local authorities. Under its influence the Communes, the Cantons, and the Departments were becoming real administrative bodies. They are now mere geographical divisions. The Prefect appoints the Maires ; the Prefect appoints in every canton a Commissaire de Police, seldom a respectable man, as the office is not honourable ; the Gardes Champêtres, who are the local police, are put under his

control; the Recteur, who was a sort of local Minister of Education in every department, is suppressed; his powers are transferred to the Prefect; the Prefect appoints, promotes, and dismisses all the masters of the écoles primaires. The Prefect can destroy the prosperity of every Commune that displeases him. He can displace its functionaries, close its schools, obstruct its public works, and withhold the money which the Government habitually gives in aid of local improvements. He can convert it, indeed, into a mere unorganized aggregation of individuals, by dismissing every Communal functionary, and placing its concerns in the hands of his own nominees. There are many hundreds of Communes that have been thus treated, and whose masters now are uneducated peasants. The Prefect can dissolve the Conseil Général of his department, and although he cannot actually name their successors, he does so virtually. No candidate for an elective office can succeed unless he is supported by the Government. The courts of law, criminal and civil, are the tools of the executive. The Government appoints the judges, the Prefect provides the jury, and la Haute Police acts without either. All power of combination, even of mutual communication, except from mouth to mouth, is gone. The newspapers are suppressed or intimidated, the printers are the slaves of the Prefect, as they lose their privilege if they offend; in every country town conversation is watched and reported; every individual stands defenceless and insulated, in the face of this unscrupulous executive, with its thousands of armed hands, and its thousands of prying eyes. The only opposition that is ventured, is the abstaining from voting. Whatever be the office, and whatever be the man, the candidate of the Prefect comes in; but if he is a man who would have been unanimously rejected in a state of freedom, the bolder electors show their indignation by their absence.

In such a state of society the traveller can learn little. Even those who rule it, are little acquainted with the feelings of their subjects. The vast democratic sea on which the Empire floats is influenced by currents, and agitated by ground swells which the Government discovers only by their effects. It knows nothing of the passions which influence these great apparently slumbering masses. Indeed, it takes care, by stifling their expression, to prevent their being known.

The second work of which the title is prefixed to this article, contains notes made by an English traveller in the spring of 1854. Though the scene is laid in Paris, no French questions are discussed. Several conversations are reported, but no Frenchman is introduced. The interlocutors are Englishmen,

Germans, Poles, and Italians. In only two cases are their names given. In all others they are designated by letters. It will never be published, but the author has allowed us to extract some of the conversations which contain matters of present interest.

The two which follow relate to Germany; a country which we believe destined to be in a very few years the scene of important events for good or for evil—probably for both. The first interlocutor, F., is a Prussian.

‘ *April 2.*

‘ F. called on me, he is passing through Paris on his road  
 ‘ from Stuttgart to resume his post in Berlin. “Nothing,”  
 ‘ he said, “can be more dangerous than the feeling among many  
 ‘ of the smaller states of Germany. You are there never out  
 ‘ of the presence of an absolute sovereign, who knows everybody  
 ‘ and every thing, meddles with every body and every thing, and  
 ‘ allows no freedom of action or of speech. What makes this  
 ‘ despotism more odious is, that it is modern, and that it is an  
 ‘ usurpation. Before the French Revolution, all these states had  
 ‘ constitutions old and antiquated, but with considerable protec-  
 ‘ tive force. And since that revolution others have been sub-  
 ‘ stituted for them, which, if they were observed, would give  
 ‘ freedom. But the example of Hesse has shewn that the most  
 ‘ constitutional opposition to the most profligate minister, and  
 ‘ the most oppressive ruler, will be put down by foreign in-  
 ‘ tervention. The crimes committed by Austria, and tolerated  
 ‘ by Prussia in Hesse, will never be forgotten. The least revo-  
 ‘ lutionary spark will set on fire Baden and Wirtemberg, and  
 ‘ Bavaria and the Hesses. Prussia and Austria can stand the  
 ‘ storm better. Prussia, because she has gradually acquired a  
 ‘ constitution which gives some liberty and more hope. Austria,  
 ‘ because her existing system of government is essentially revo-  
 ‘ lutionary. The wildest Socialist could not treat with more  
 ‘ contempt the rights of property. I met at Baden last autumn  
 ‘ a friend who fills an office about the Court. He belongs to a  
 ‘ Hungarian family, which has always sided with Austria.  
 ‘ “My real income,” he said to me, “is now my miserable salary.  
 ‘ The Austrian government has suppressed the robot, or per-  
 ‘ sonal service due to me from my tenants, it has given to  
 ‘ those tenants, as their own, half of the land which they held  
 ‘ under me, and it proposes to give me in exchange for it an  
 ‘ indemnity, payable partly by my tenants, and partly by the  
 ‘ State. The State neglects to pay me, and refuses to make my  
 ‘ tenants pay me. I can get no labour, as the robot is abolished;  
 ‘ and my tenants have now land of their own, which once was  
 ‘ mine, to cultivate. Half of my property is gone—the other  
 ‘ half is unproductive.” Austria is copying deliberately and syste-

‘ matically in Galicia and Hungary the example of the French  
‘ Convention. She is destroying one of the few aristocracies  
‘ that the Continent still possesses. She incurs, of course, the  
‘ bitter hatred of the higher classes. But such has been their  
‘ treatment of their inferiors, that their enmity would make her  
‘ popular with the lower classes, even if she were not offering  
‘ them, as she is, immediate benefits. Francis Joseph travelled  
‘ over a large portion of Hungary last year, with only one com-  
‘ panion. The peasantry came from many miles to kneel before  
‘ him along the road. It is a mistake therefore to believe, as  
‘ most people do, that if Russia were to invade Hungary, she  
‘ would be assisted by an insurrection. An insurrection was  
‘ possible in 1849, because the Magyars then possessed the army,  
‘ and the whole machinery of Government. They have neither  
‘ now, and, if they moved, Austria would let loose on them the  
‘ people. It was thus that she suppressed the intended rising  
‘ in Galicia. I know families in that country, half the members  
‘ of which were cut off by their own peasants, stimulated and  
‘ rewarded by the Austrian authorities.”

‘ “In fact,” he continued, “Austria need only lift a finger  
‘ in order to revolutionize Southern Germany. The peasantry  
‘ look on Austria as their friend, and on their own sovereigns as  
‘ enemies. In all that strip of country, extending from Lindau  
‘ to the Rhine, which once belonged to her, her return would be  
‘ hailed as a restoration.”

‘ “Is Bavaria,” I said, “disaffected?”

‘ “It was eminently so,” he answered, “under the last king.  
‘ He wasted on ornamental buildings and works of art the money  
‘ that was voted for productive purposes, and adorned Munich  
‘ with palaces, libraries, churches, and museums, by leaving the  
‘ rest of the country without roads, or judges, or troops. He  
‘ said that it was done out of his savings, but as he obstinately  
‘ refused to account for the public expenditure, no one believed  
‘ that his savings were lawful. One of them was to bargain  
‘ with every person appointed to an office that he should accept  
‘ a reduced salary, and give up to the king the remainder—a  
‘ sure way to throw the public service into the hands of knaves  
‘ or blockheads. I know less of the present reign, but I do not  
‘ hear that it is an improvement. I can tell you rather more  
‘ about Wirtemberg, as I have been passing some weeks there:  
‘ One of the towns that I visited was Reutlingen. A wheelwright,  
‘ who lives near my host, C. D., was employed in mending a cart.  
‘ C. D. shewed him an outside shutter which required a fastening.  
‘ The next morning he drove in a nail to fasten it. A carpen-  
‘ ter, who is his neighbour, detected him in the act of thus work-  
‘ ing at a trade which was not his own, summoned him before



‘ the magistrate, and had him fined twelve florins and costs.  
‘ One of my friend’s neighbours, who has a small vineyard,  
‘ asked him last year to find him a purchaser for it. ‘ I have  
‘ been accustomed,’ he said, ‘ to make my own casks, but a  
‘ cooper in the next village has informed against me as an ille-  
‘ gal workman ; I am forbidden to do so ; he is the only cooper  
‘ near me, and the price which he charges me is more than the  
‘ value of all my wine. If I go on cultivating my vineyard, it  
‘ is for the cooper’s benefit, not for mine.’”

‘ The vast emigration which is going on shews the prevalence  
‘ of distress, and, as there is no redundant population, the people  
‘ attribute that distress to the exactions and the restrictions of  
‘ their governments. The sovereigns themselves are said to be  
‘ preparing for flight. They are believed to be scraping together  
‘ all that they can, and to be investing in foreign securities.

‘ Nothing but the unpopularity of the Grand Duke of Baden  
‘ enables the priests of Freibourg to resist him. The law is on  
‘ his side, and so would public opinion be, were it not that the  
‘ Government is always supposed to be in the wrong.

‘ “ What,” I asked, “ is the feeling in Prussia as to this  
‘ war.”

‘ “ It is such,” he answered, “ as to render our king’s throne  
‘ insecure. The Prince of Prussia, the heir-presumptive, is very  
‘ anti-Russian, and very ambitious. So is his wife, who has great  
‘ influence over him. He is so little younger than the king, as  
‘ to have no hope of reigning unless his brother is deposed, and  
‘ they are not on good terms. The nobility are Russian, and so  
‘ are the officers of the army, who are nearly all nobles, for, it is  
‘ only since 1848 that any others can hold commissions. But  
‘ the Prussian nobility are the only ignorant portion of a gene-  
‘ rally well-educated nation. They are slaves of their birth  
‘ even more than the French ; for, they despise not only the  
‘ learned professions, but even the civil service of the Govern-  
‘ ment. The few who have landed properties live on their  
‘ estates, the rest enter the army. There they think it fashion-  
‘ able to profess Russian politics ; but, as the soldiers in every  
‘ regiment are changed annually by one-third, their officers have  
‘ no influence over them. The privates and sous-officiers retain  
‘ the feelings of the classes from which they were taken, and to  
‘ which they are soon to return ; and the feeling of those classes,  
‘ that is to say, of the whole nation except the nobles, is vio-  
‘ lently anti-Russian. If the King were to join the Russians,  
‘ I believe that he would be deposed, and his brother put in his  
‘ place. I doubt, indeed, whether the people will allow him  
‘ to remain neutral. They certainly will not if Austria joins  
‘ England ; they could not bear the disgrace of being the only

‘ great power that is afraid to support the cause which it professes to believe just.”

‘ After F. left me I called on P. I was anxious to compare the views of a Bavarian with those of a Prussian.

‘ “ The earnest desire of Germany,” said P., “ is, like that of Italy, for unity. I had a letter from Munich to-day, which the writer ended by saying, ‘ We shall never do any good, until we have got rid of our six-and-thirty kings.’ But the difficulties are enormous. There are differences of language, of race, and of religion; and between Austrians and Prussians there are jealousies of power. Each people is willing to absorb the other; but neither chooses to be absorbed. No Austrian will become a Prussian; no Prussian will be an Austrian. The smaller states had once the same spirit of individual nationality. When I was a child it never entered into the head of any Bavarian, to suppose that Bavaria could be anything but solitary and independent. But that feeling has passed away from us. The consciousness of our weakness renders us ready to coalesce into one large empire. The two great states feel strong enough to wish to continue to be Austria and Prussia.”

‘ “ Is there any national feeling,” I said, “ in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia?”

‘ “ There is some,” said P., “ or at least what does instead, a feeling that they cannot stand alone, and a determination not to be French. If they had a tolerable sovereign they would be loyal.”

‘ “ In the German provinces of Austria, there is not only nationality but loyalty. In the Slavonic provinces, and even among the Magyars, the peasantry are loyal. They love the central Government for its revolutionary contempt of the vested rights of the nobles and landlords. The higher classes are disaffected.”

‘ “ Would volunteers from Vienna,” I asked, “ now march into Italy, to crush a Venetian insurrection?”

‘ “ I will not answer,” he said, “ for volunteers; but I am sure that the Austrian army would. The Austrian army will do whatever its Emperor orders it to do.”

‘ “ Are there many Socialists in Germany?” I asked.

‘ “ Very few,” he answered.

‘ “ Many Republicans?”

‘ “ Very few.”

‘ “ Many with French sympathies?”

‘ “ None.”

‘ “ Many with Russian?”

‘ “ Almost all the sovereigns; some of the aristocracy: no others.

‘ “ Between the nobles and the bürger,” he continued, “ there  
 ‘ is the deeply rooted enmity of caste. Between the bürger  
 ‘ and the mere labourers, there is the jealousy occasioned by  
 ‘ Municipal privileges and monopolies. The higher shopkeepers  
 ‘ and artisans cling to them with the notion, so common among  
 ‘ uneducated persons, that they profit by them. Those who do  
 ‘ not enjoy them, are, of course, opposed to them; and this pro-  
 ‘ duces a sort of concert between the nobles and the bürger.  
 ‘ Each class thinks that it has a common enemy—the mere  
 ‘ people. A little while ago, the King of Bavaria proposed to  
 ‘ unite all the weavers in a corporation, with exclusive privileges.  
 ‘ There are many villages where almost every peasant has a  
 ‘ loom in which he weaves the cloth for his own use. If this  
 ‘ attempt had succeeded, they would all have been forced to buy  
 ‘ it from the professional weaver. He was obliged to give it up  
 ‘ for the time; but he may try it again.”

‘ “ What chances,” I said, “ would France have, if she were  
 ‘ to attempt a revolutionary war in Germany?”

‘ “ None whatever,” said P. “ The Germans will resist any  
 ‘ impulse that comes from France. They hate, in general,  
 ‘ their own sovereigns, and their own institutions, if petty  
 ‘ despotisms can be called institutions, but they will accept  
 ‘ no French assistance to drive out the former, or to change the  
 ‘ latter.

‘ “ What I fear for the smaller states,” he added, “ is, that  
 ‘ having no powers of independent action, either as to foreign  
 ‘ affairs, or even as to their own, they may sink into apathy and  
 ‘ torpidity. To a German who wishes his country to be progres-  
 ‘ sive, it is painful to think that in the greater part of Germany  
 ‘ there is less real liberty now than there was 200 years ago.  
 ‘ Every village then had its local authorities and privileges,  
 ‘ every town its franchises, and the electorates and free cities  
 ‘ were virtually independent, under the loose control of the  
 ‘ Emperor. Now every parish is interfered with by the central  
 ‘ authority; the sovereign is supported against his subjects by  
 ‘ the Bund, and even when the people and the sovereign are  
 ‘ agreed as to internal reforms, the Bund steps in and prohibits  
 ‘ them.” ’

We are told that P. is a Bavarian, and we fancy that if we had not been told so, we should have detected him. His conversation, though not that of an Austrian, betrays the Austrian tendencies and views which are general in a country so dependent on her as Bavaria. His bias shews itself strongly when he talks of an Austrian nationality. There is no Austrian nation, unless we give that name to the two millions that inhabit the

Archduchies. Austria is not even, what Metternich called Italy, a geographical term. It is a personal term. It means merely the House of Hapsburg.

We are apt, in England, to undervalue the loss which that house sustained in 1806 by surrendering the crown of Germany. The moral weight and dignity possessed by an emperor of Germany, the patron of the Church, the successor of the Cæsars, kept together the heterogeneous elements which had coalesced under the sceptre of the Archduke of Austria. It was predicted at the time, and the prophecy has been fulfilled, that the abdication of Francis the Second would be more mischievous at home than abroad. The means by which the House of Hapsburg acquired these curiously tessellated dominions made very difficult their consolidation into a homogeneous empire. His various kingdoms, dukedoms, counties and principalities stand towards the Archduke of Austria in the relation in which Hanover stood towards the king of England. They are the subjects of an absentee sovereign, of a sovereign in many cases ignorant of their language, and in almost all, unacquainted with their opinions, their habits, and even their institutions. Most of them have been acquired by marriage; the two most important kingdoms, Hungary and Bohemia, each committed the strange folly of electing as their ruler a foreign monarch, nearly absolute in his own country, trusting to their own free constitutions, and to his oath, that he would respect those constitutions. As might have been foretold, the subsequent history of Hungary and of Bohemia, as long as she had a history, has been one long contest between the people, resolved to preserve their freedom, and their king, resolved to destroy it.

Bohemia lost hers in the Thirty Years' War. With it perished her religion, her prosperity, her wealth, her intelligence, almost her civilisation. Hungary retained her liberty until 1849. She retained it by clinging to her old aristocratic cumbrous feudalism: by rejecting every innovation, though it might be an improvement in itself, which tended to assimilate her to the other kingdoms ruled by the foreign emperor whom she had the misfortune to have for her king. She retained it at the price of being ignorant, slothful, uncivilized and poor. The House of Hapsburg, with the treacherous, unscrupulous cunning which it calls policy, tried to weaken her by fomenting antipathies of religion, and station and race. By setting Protestants against Catholics, peasants against nobles, Germans against Czechs, and Croats, Wallachians, and Serbs against Magyars. Such was the state of things when the revolution of 1848 paralyzed the imperial power. Hungary demanded and obtained a ministry of her own. In doing so she

acted lawfully: whether prudently is another question. The Emperor fled to Inspruck, and from thence secretly instigated Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, to rebel against the central Hungarian Government. Then followed a train of events, unhappily notorious:—the civil war between the Magyars and the Croats, the detection of the Emperor's treachery, the murder of its instruments, Lamberg at Pesth, and Latour in Vienna, the revolt of Vienna, and its suppression by Windischgrätz and Jellachich, the invasion of Hungary by the imperial forces, fresh from the re-conquest of the capital, the premiership of Schwartzemberg, the abdication of Ferdinand, and the accession of Francis Joseph.

His proclamation was a remarkable document. 'Convinced,' he said, 'of the necessity of free institutions, and of the equality of all citizens before the law, and of their equally partaking in the legislation of the country, ready to share his power with the representatives of the people, he hoped to unite all the countries and tribes of the monarchy into one integral state.' Three months after he proposed to perform these engagements by the constitution of the 4th of March 1849, a constitution which, in the words of its promulgator, was 'a spontaneous gift from the imperial power, to the people of the one and indivisible empire of Austria, of the rights and liberties which had been promised by his uncle and himself.'

If this constitution had been accepted by the people, and adhered to by the sovereign, Austria would have become a constitutional state, with far more real liberty than is now enjoyed by any portion of Germany. It granted liberty of the press, it abolished serfdom, it opened every public office to every citizen, it created an imperial diet composed of two houses, each elected by the people, each sitting for five years, and each having the power of proposing laws, and it gave to these elected houses the whole control of the raising and of the expenditure of the public revenue.

Such a constitution was far more democratic than that of England—but the Austrian Government, in its usual fashion, promulgated its democracy as an act of absolute despotic authority. It detached from Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, and Transylvania, it declared that the old constitution in Hungary should be preserved only so far as it agreed with the new one, it promised new constitutions to the remaining provinces, and declared their existing constitutions ["*Ständische Verfassungen*"] void. A more audacious *coup d'état* was never perpetrated by the most unprincipled usurper. It was as if William the Fourth had issued a new constitution for the united indivisible empire of Hanover, composed of the crown-lands of Hanover, Scotland, Ireland, and England, the principality of Wales, the

duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, and the town of Berwick-on-Tweed; had separated from England, Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, and Lancashire; had enacted that the affairs of the empire of Hanover should be administered by two houses of Parliament chosen in each crown-land according to its population, holding its sittings at Zell, and had declared void any parts of the existing British constitution and laws which might be inconsistent with the new arrangement. What were the ordinances of Charles the Tenth, or the Dixhuit Brumaire of Napoleon, or the *coup d'état* of his nephew compared to this? The constitution of Hungary was as binding, was as ancient, was as independent of royal authority, and was as much cherished by the Hungarians as our own; and in wealth, population, and extent, Hungary is almost as superior to the Austrian Archduchies as England is to Hanover.

And yet we think that the Hungarians ought to have submitted. They ought to have perceived that six millions of Magyars, even with the assistance of Transylvania, would be unable permanently to resist the whole remainder of the Austrian empire. That even if this were possible, Russia would stretch out her gigantic hand, and by the same effort crush a revolutionary neighbour and degrade a dangerous rival. They ought to have seen that assuming their independence to be achieved, it could not be lasting. That a Hungarian kingdom or republic, containing at most a population of eight millions, for they could not hope to be joined by the Slavonic races, surrounded by great military monarchs, all rapacious and unscrupulous, could not long stand alone, but must, within a few years, be partitioned between several robbers, or absorbed by one.

And lastly, they ought to have felt that, bitter as was the sacrifice of laws and privileges and institutions which had been preserved by their ancestors during centuries, humiliating as it was to descend from a kingdom to a province, and still more humiliating, to be stripped of large territories of which they have been sovereigns from times almost immemorial, yet that, as the largest and most important member of a great constitutional empire, an empire of which the natural resources are such that nothing but tolerable government is necessary to enable it to double in a few years its wealth and its population, they had a vast, an almost unlimited career of prosperity and happiness opened to them as Austrians, if they would consent to forget that they were Magyars.

They ought, we repeat, to have seen and to have felt all this: but those who expected them to do so, can have known little of human nature, at least of human nature as it exists in a proud, high-spirited, ignorant, unreflecting, semi-barbarous people. The



new constitution was proclaimed on the 4th of March. On the 14th of April, the Hungarian Chamber declared Hungary and Transylvania, with all the countries and provinces appertaining thereto, (that is to say, the Bukovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Sclavonia,) to be one indivisible independent state. It further declared 'the perjured House of Hapsburg to have forfeited 'the throne, and to be excluded, deposed, and banished.'

We will not follow the lamentable story of the war. If any of our readers have forgotten it they are to be envied. The war suspended the new Austrian constitution: the subjugation of Hungary destroyed it. It is probable, indeed, that the young Emperor's 'conviction of the necessity of free institutions,' and 'his readiness to share his power with the representatives of 'the people,' were the result of the terror which the events of 1848 inspired into every royal mind, and wore away as the excesses of the liberal party made free institutions odious or contemptible, and the blind adherence of the army to the Crown made them avoidable.

From that time Hungary has been treated as a conquered nation; her constitution has been abolished, her municipal institutions have been destroyed. She is administered by Germans who know nothing and care nothing about her laws, her habits, or even her language; and she feels this treatment as such insults and injuries would be felt by us. We strongly suspect that the peasants who, as F. tells us, travelled miles to kneel before their Emperor, travelled and knelt under the influence of the police and the threat of the stick. We believe that very few of the inhabitants of Hungary acknowledge Francis Joseph as their lawful sovereign, or the German officials by whom he governs them as their lawful superiors. They pay the taxes that are imposed on them, and submit to the decisions of the civil and criminal courts that are established among them, and obey the arbitrary police to which, in common with the other nations which have the misfortune to be under the Austrian rule, they are subjected, but they pay, and submit, and obey under compulsion. A proof of the general unpopularity of Austria was given a short time ago, on the occasion of a census of Hungary, in which the population was classified according to the races to which each person professed to belong. More than eleven millions returned themselves as Magyars. As it is well known that the real Magyars do not amount to six millions, the remaining five millions must have usurped the title. An usurpation which can be accounted for only by their antipathy to Austria, and their desire to disclaim, in the strongest possible manner, all connexion with her.

We are inclined to think that both P. and F., the other Ger-

man interlocutor, exaggerate the advantages derived by Austria from the popularity of her communistic principles among the lowest classes, and under-rate her danger from the terror and disgust with which she is looked on by a large portion of her educated subjects. The attempt to manage a large disaffected but uneducated majority by means of a small well educated minority, has often been made, always with success. It was thus that a handful of Spartans kept down ten times their number of Helots. It was thus that for a couple of centuries, England governed Ireland; that in the United States, the South governs her vast slave population; and that the Mussulmans, and, after them, the English, have ruled India. The uneducated can furnish physical force, but they do not know how to use it, they cannot combine, they cannot trust one another; they do not know how to follow up success, and they are dissipated in despair by the first reverse.

For these very reasons, the converse attempt, the attempt to coerce the educated portion of society by means of the uneducated, has always failed. Its success, when it has had any, as it had in France in 1792, and over a large portion of the continent in 1848, has been temporary, and has always been followed by the decisive and permanent triumph of the superior classes.

It is not by means of the people that Austria keeps down her disaffected upper classes, but by her army of 470,000 men. While everything else is heterogeneous in her empire, the army forms a separate and uniform caste, governed by one law, ruled by one authority, animated by one spirit, welded together, in short, into one mass. If Russia was to invade Hungary, and the nobles were mad enough to take part with her, an event of which we cannot deny the probability, we do not believe that Austria could raise the peasants against them, or that she would gain much if she could. The nobles and the Russians would very soon put down a jacquerie.

The only mode by which Austria can convert Hungary from a danger into a support, is one of which the success is infallible, but which we do not believe that the youth, to whose prejudices, passions, and inexperience, Providence, in its inscrutable decrees, seems to have abandoned the destinies of millions of beings, probably wiser and better than himself, will have the good sense, or the moral courage to adopt. It is to cease to be an usurper—to adopt a system of lawful government. To restore the old constitution of Hungary, to swear as all his predecessors have done to maintain it, and, as all his predecessors have done, unwillingly, we admit, but actually, to keep his oath.

The other constitutions which Francis Joseph, at an age at which, if he had been an English boy, he might have been still

in the sixth form at Eton, and, if he had been a German boy in a private station, could not have done any act affecting his property, thought fit by a mere expression of his will to cancel, were less active and living than that of Hungary, but still were loved as memorials of ancient independence, and as the means of future improvement. Their abolition spread through all the educated classes in the German territories of Austria, formerly the most loyal portion of her dominions, deep and natural disaffection. Galicia, Lombardy, and Venetia, had not the same grievance to complain of, for never having enjoyed, since they became Austrian, real constitutions, they could not be robbed of them. But the insolent wickedness of their seizure has kept them for the last half century in a state of chronic conspiracy against the robber who calls himself their sovereign. This has not rendered misgovernment, to the degree in which it has existed in all of them, inevitable, but it has rendered good government impossible. No people can be well governed against their will. The Italians complain that the Italian regiments are sent to serve in Hungary, and that Lombardy and the Terra Firma are kept down by Germans; but how is it possible to entrust the defence of the government to troops that are avowedly disaffected? They complain that the public offices are filled with foreigners, but can Austria fill them with her enemies?

The general misgovernment of the Austrian dominions, which has prevented their coalescing into one great nation, has encouraged the barbarous feeling of separate nationality, which is becoming the curse of Europe. The tendency of events during the last 1000 years, has been towards the fusion of numerous small states into a few large ones. This fusion has been partly the effect and partly the cause of improved civilisation. If England were divided into a heptarchy, or even if England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, were four independent nations, the different races would always be fighting one another commercially or physically. To this fusion the feeling of separate nationality is opposed. Its ultimate effect would be to split the composite frame of every European sovereignty into hostile fragments. Its immediate tendency is to make the central sovereign fear his subjects, and the subjects hate their sovereign. But when fusion is brought about, or rather attempted to be brought about, not by the impartial justice and confidence by which France assimilated her Flemish and German provinces, but by usurpation, violence, and treachery, our sympathies are turned in favour of those who resist, though we may think their resistance, like that of Poland in 1830, that of Lombardy and Venice in 1848, and that of Hungary in 1849, ruinous to themselves, and dangerous to Europe.

We must add, that the absence of a common nationality, among its other evils, renders the Austrian empire peculiarly liable to foreign intervention. We do not believe that the most unscrupulous of the French parties, not even the Legitimists or the Rouges, would accept the assistance of a foreigner against their political enemies. There is scarcely a province in Austria that does not implore it. Neither Hungary, nor Galicia, nor Lombardy, nor Venetia, nor even Bohemia, looks on the Vienna Government as a national one, or on Francis Joseph as its natural sovereign. What the central government calls an insurrection, the province calls a war, and it considers its foreign supporters not as strangers interfering in its domestic quarrels, but as allies against a foreign enemy.

The next conversation introduces a remarkable interlocutor, the ex-dictator of Venice, Signor Manin, one of the wisest and honestest, and therefore one of the most moderate, of the Italian patriots.

We have always been anxious to hear the opinions of able and moderate Italians on the invasion of Lombardy in 1848. Many believe that it was forced on Charles Albert by the threat of insurrection. The Cabinet Council, at which it was decided on, has been described to us by one who took part in it. It was held on the evening of the 20th of March 1848, in a room of the palace overlooking the Piazza del Castello. The Piedmontese constitution was then sixteen days old, it had been proclaimed on the 8th. Balbo had been four days prime minister. News of the insurrection at Milan had been brought in the morning, and deputies had arrived, imploring assistance, and announcing their intention, if refused, to apply to France. The Piazza was filling rapidly with a mob, new to freedom, intoxicated with its excitement, shouting out imprecations against Austrians, Jesuits, and tyrants, and crying, *Viva il ré!* in a manner which showed that they meant *Viva la Republica*. The Milanese had asked for 3000 men. This would have been absurd—Count Revel proposed that 10,000 men should be allowed to go as volunteers. ‘I think,’ said the King, ‘that, if we are to act, we should do it more decidedly.’ Balbo’s mind had been made up in favour of the war. He believed that the consequence of refusing the aid to Milan, would be not merely the calamity of a French intervention, but a republic in Genoa, and probably in Turin. The King’s words and manner shewed Balbo that they thought together. He looked round the table, and without alluding to Revel’s proposition, said, ‘Sire, I believe that we are all agreed that we ought to act, as your Majesty has expressed it, decidedly, and that the Minister of War ought

‘ immediately to take measures to move forward the disposable  
 ‘ part of the army; and I think that it may be advisable that  
 ‘ your Majesty’s resolution should be instantly communicated to  
 ‘ the people.’ ‘ By all means,’ said the King, ‘ and I hope that  
 ‘ you will all dine with me.’ The windows were thrown open,  
 and from the balcony the ministers proclaimed to the crowd  
 below, that the army had been ordered to march to the Milanese  
 frontier. It was thus, in a council that did not last ten minutes,  
 in which a declaration of war and an invitation to dinner were  
 included in one sentence, and almost at the dictation of a metro-  
 politan mob, that a measure was adopted on which the fate of  
 the Kingdom of Sardinia seemed to depend.

But the invasion of Lombardy, though it appeared to be the  
 sudden result of unforeseen events, was an attempt which had long  
 been revolved in Charles Albert’s mind. We were in Turin in  
 1846. Margharita, a violent Tory, or, to use the Italian term,  
 Codino, was prime minister; the Jesuits were supposed to be  
 all-powerful at court; the King himself had expiated his early  
 revolutionary attempt by the sacrifice of his followers, some of  
 whom, Colegno, for instance, were still in exile. The favourite  
 scheme of all politicians, of all parties, was the seizure of Lom-  
 bardy and Venetia, by the assistance of France, to be purchased  
 by the cession of Savoy. For this purpose the revolutionary  
 party in Milan had long been encouraged. This circumstance  
 alone would have made it impossible to refuse to the Milanese  
 the assistance which they asked in 1848. Charles Albert had  
 probably repented too deeply his conduct as Prince Carignano  
 to repeat it. The great blunder which he committed was the  
 betraying his ambition too soon. The consequences are well  
 explained by Signor Manin.

‘ *May 13.*

‘ N. of Milan, and Manin, breakfasted with us.

‘ We talked of the dangers to which Austria is exposed by  
 ‘ the heterogeneousness of her elements, and I alluded to the  
 ‘ success with which France has assimilated her German pro-  
 ‘ vinces, though differing from her in race and in language.

‘ “ You may add,” said N., “ differing from her in character.  
 ‘ Morally and intellectually they are Teutons. The Frenchman  
 ‘ is the type of the Celt: you talk of his powers of assimilation;  
 ‘ that is thoroughly Celtic; wherever the Celtic element insinu-  
 ‘ ates itself, it prevails. The Celt is vain, he is pliable, he is  
 ‘ bold, he is eager to receive sympathy, and to give it to others.  
 ‘ He adopts every principle that is offered to him, and propa-  
 ‘ gates with restless vehemence everything that he has adopted.  
 ‘ He is not an originator, he does not extract the ore, he coins  
 ‘ and circulates it; often, I fear, mixing bad money with good.”

‘ “The faults of France,” said Manin, “were perhaps given  
‘ to her to enable her to perform her mission. Her great duty,  
‘ the purpose for which she appears to me to have been made  
‘ so strong, was to abolish feudalism. Until 1789, the natural  
‘ equality of mankind was a religious and a philosophical, but not  
‘ a political, doctrine. France has the merit of having made it  
‘ a principle of action.”

‘ “The proclamation of equality,” I said, “the abolition of  
‘ privilege, the levelling of the little aristocracies, some sove-  
‘ reign, some noble, some commercial, and some municipal,  
‘ which formerly overspread Europe, may have been a blessing,  
‘ but certainly it was not an unmixed one. It has destroyed all  
‘ the smaller knots of resistance by which the great central  
‘ authorities were kept in check, it has destroyed the local am-  
‘ bition and rivalry which produced considerable men in small  
‘ communities. Under the roller of equality the Continent  
‘ appears to me to be becoming Asiatic; in a short time it seems  
‘ likely to contain only half-a-dozen great despots, and 200 mil-  
‘ lions of equal, unconnected, and therefore orderly, subjects.”

‘ “I admit,” said Manin, “that equality has not produced  
‘ liberty—perhaps it has diminished it; on the other hand, it has  
‘ probably reduced the whole amount of oppression. The great  
‘ despot was much less formidable before 1789, but the little one  
‘ was much more so; and as there were only a few great ones,  
‘ and many hundred little ones, the people, as distinguished from  
‘ the aristocracy, has perhaps gained by the change. The intel-  
‘ lectual effects of political equality have been just the reverse.  
‘ Instead of elevating high a few, and depressing the rest, it has  
‘ cut off the *sommités* and raised the general average. The  
‘ nineteenth century is more than half expended, and no great  
‘ man has been born in it on either side of the Atlantic. Ame-  
‘ rica, indeed, has sunk to a still lower mediocrity than Europe.  
‘ When the United States contained only three millions of inha-  
‘ bitants, they produced generals, statesmen, philosophers, and  
‘ orators, whose fame will live as long as the English language.  
‘ Now, there is not a single man of distinction among their twenty  
‘ millions. Every president has been inferior to his predecessor.  
‘ A thousand years hence, if an Australian statistician ranges in  
‘ a tabular form the great statesmen, and orators, and generals,  
‘ and philosophers, and poets, and painters, and architects, born  
‘ in every century, the nineteenth century, as far as we can  
‘ judge from the portion of it in which we have lived, will be a  
‘ blank.”

‘ “What,” I said, “has been politically the gain and loss in  
‘ the Venetian territories?”

‘ “The scale of evil,” answered Manin, “has much prepon-



‘derated, especially among the lower classes. The Venetian  
 ‘noble has always been oppressed. He was as much the slave  
 ‘of the Council of Ten, as he is now of the Austrian police. Still  
 ‘he had the compensation of feeling that he was himself one of  
 ‘the governing body; he had a much higher compensation in  
 ‘feeling that he was one of the principal members of an illus-  
 ‘trious community that had been great and glorious for more  
 ‘than a thousand years. It must be owned, however, that there  
 ‘was in Venice little of individual liberty or of individual glory.  
 ‘She did great acts, but produced few great men. Her jealousy  
 ‘seems to have forced her heroes to aim at obscurity rather than  
 ‘distinction. But the people were happy and contented under  
 ‘her sway; even the towns of the Terra Firma, though they were  
 ‘in what has generally been thought a painful situation, sub-  
 ‘jected to a distant aristocracy, cherish affectionately the remem-  
 ‘brance of her empire. Venice allowed them to manage their  
 ‘own affairs under a podestà, whom she sent to them every year.  
 ‘She taxed them lightly, she protected them; in fact, she treated  
 ‘them as you treat your colonies. When Austria goes she will  
 ‘leave no such recollections.”

‘“And what,” I said, “are your principal complaints against  
 ‘Austria?”

‘“Our principal complaint,” answered Manin, “is, that the  
 ‘Austrians are Germans, and that the Venetians are Italians, and  
 ‘that these races are separated by absolute antipathy. We think  
 ‘them our inferiors in intelligence, our inferiors in morality, our  
 ‘inferiors in civilisation, our inferiors even in courage; in short,  
 ‘in everything but mere brute force. We despise them as much  
 ‘as the English despise the Irish, and if you were governed by the  
 ‘Irish you would hate them as we hate the Austrians. We feel,  
 ‘too, that their seizure of us was a mere robbery: such a robbery  
 ‘as is committed by a slave-trader who buys a kidnapped negro.  
 ‘Austria never conquered us; Austria never had any quarrel  
 ‘with us. Austria has no rights over us. France thought fit  
 ‘to seize us, simply because she was strong, and we were weak:  
 ‘she did not want to keep us, and so sold us to Austria. It was  
 ‘a mere gold-coast transaction.

‘This is the foundation of our objection to Austrian rule. If  
 ‘I am to go into particulars, we complain of a heavy conscrip-  
 ‘tion, which takes away every year the best of our peasants, to  
 ‘waste their youth under a German sky, in a German uniform,  
 ‘and under a German cane. We complain of a heavy taxation,  
 ‘to be devoted to purposes with which we have no concern.  
 ‘The public revenue of a free country, or rather of an inde-  
 ‘pendent country, is merely a portion of each man’s income  
 ‘employed by the Government for the good of all. The 100

‘ millions which Lombardy and Venetia send every year to  
 ‘ Vienna, go to pay and feed the 400,000 men who are keeping  
 ‘ down Hungary and Galicia. The town of Venice is a free  
 ‘ port, but the Terra Firma complains that its commerce is  
 ‘ interrupted, and its consumption kept down by prohibitory  
 ‘ duties, imposed to enable a few miserable Bohemian and Tyro-  
 ‘ lese manufactures to drag on a sickly unremunerating exist-  
 ‘ ence. We complain that no career is open to our sons; we  
 ‘ complain that all situations in the government and administra-  
 ‘ tion of our own country are filled by foreigners,—many of them  
 ‘ ignorant of our language,—all of them disgusting to our habits.  
 ‘ Above all, we complain of the administration of Justice.”

‘ “I thought,” I said, “that the administration of Justice in  
 ‘ the Austrian dominions had been pure, though severe.”

‘ “It is not pure,” said Manin, “nor is it possible that it should  
 ‘ be so, while the salaries paid to those who administer it are so  
 ‘ miserable, that they cannot live on them; and even if it were  
 ‘ purely applied, the law itself is intolerable. In all criminal  
 ‘ cases the old German procedure by inquisition is adopted,—a  
 ‘ procedure of which you know nothing except what you read of  
 ‘ in the records of the Holy Inquisition,—a tribunal which has  
 ‘ suffered unmerited obloquy as the inventor of a system which,  
 ‘ in fact, existed long before it, and has long survived it. Under  
 ‘ this system a man is tried in his absence; he does not know  
 ‘ what is the charge against him, he does not know who is his  
 ‘ accuser, or who are the witnesses; all that the Court tells him  
 ‘ is, that he must be aware of his guilt, and that he had better  
 ‘ confess. To have obtained a confession is the triumph of an  
 ‘ Austrian judge, and every means of moral torture, and the  
 ‘ physical tortures of years of imprisonment, insufficient food, and  
 ‘ sometimes blows, are habitually employed to force one out.  
 ‘ As to civil justice, the intricacies are innumerable, the delays,  
 ‘ and the expense never ending; the evidence is all written; the  
 ‘ judge, a mere German, seldom understands it, often does not  
 ‘ read it; and a suit, after lasting for years, generally ends by  
 ‘ both parties being wearied into a compromise.”

‘ “It is remarkable,” said N., “that Austria has always been  
 ‘ anxious to employ Italians in Germany and Germans in Italy,  
 ‘ with about equal detriment to the people in each case.”

‘ “What,” I asked, “was the real object of the Venetian in-  
 ‘ surrection?”

‘ “What we *preferred*,” answered Manin, “was to be an in-  
 ‘ dependent republic, in confederation with the other Italian  
 ‘ states. What we would have *accepted* was to become a por-  
 ‘ tion of one great kingdom, comprising all Italy. If Charles  
 ‘ Albert had come forward disinterestedly, if he had not made a

‘ selfish war for the aggrandizement of Piedmont, if he had proposed nothing more than the driving the barbarian out of Italy, leaving the Italians to settle their own affairs, I even now think that we might have succeeded. But my hopes faded as soon as he proposed to incorporate Milan. The whole character of the war was changed. Kossuth, then Ferdinand’s minister in Hungary, had a right to denounce the Piedmontese invasion as a treacherous attempt to rob Austria in her hour of revolutionary weakness. The Pope, the Grand Duke, the King of Naples, all took alarm. They saw that Piedmont was using the pretext of a war of liberation to make really a war of ambition and conquest. Last of all, the Italian people lost their enthusiasm, and then all was hopeless. The Piedmontese have made a saint of Charles Albert. *They* may perhaps be able to forgive the mischief that he has done. The rest of Italy cannot.”

‘ “ Lombardy,” said N., “ would have been a troublesome acquisition to Piedmont. When I left Milan a few weeks ago, the general opinion was, that, if the Austrian garrison were withdrawn, neither property nor person would be safe. The lower population of all the towns is furiously socialist, and the Bourgeoisie is republican.”

‘ “ What are the country people?” I said.

‘ “ The country people,” he answered, “ are indifferent ; they have been so long under foreign domination that they have lost all nationality. During the few months that Lombardy was annexed to Piedmont, they did not seem to feel that they had an Italian sovereign, or had become a portion of an Italian kingdom : they inquired principally whether the taxes would be increased or diminished, and, so far as they felt at all about the matter, felt degraded at having become as they thought, the subjects of their little neighbour Piedmont, instead of the great Austrian empire. Radetski was much better supplied by them with provisions and information than Charles Albert was.”

‘ “ There appear to me,” said Manin, “ to be only two hopes for Italy. One, to become a single kingdom ; the other, to be a confederacy of republics. The former is the easier, and if a man of talent were king of Sardinia, the more probable. It is true that we are divided by miserable animosities ; but the desire for unity is enthusiastic ; it would sweep away all our jealousies and rivalries. But it must be *unity*. Neither Venice nor Lombardy will be Piedmontese. Sicily will never willingly be Neapolitan, nor Tuscany Roman. All are eager to be Italians. If this be found impracticable, all Italy must become a confederacy of republics, with a common diet, common foreign relations, and a common army and fleet and revenue.”

“ Why,” I said, “ of republics ? Why not some monarchies ? ”

“ Because,” he answered, “ monarchs would not submit to the diet.”

“ The German sovereigns,” I replied, “ acknowledge the supremacy of the Bund.”

“ Yes,” he answered, “ because the Bund protects them against their subjects. The Bund is a regal conspiracy : a holy alliance against German freedom. If the Bund were a real Parliament, if it spoke the opinions of the people of Germany, the sovereigns who felt themselves strong enough would repudiate its obligations. You must learn to tolerate republics.”

“ I am quite ready,” I said, “ to tolerate them. The experience of the last six years shews them to be safer members of the community of nations than monarchies, at least absolute monarchies, are. But what do you do with Savoy ? ”

“ Give it to France,” he answered, “ to which it belongs by language and position.”

“ What do you do with Sicily ? ”

“ Not let you have it,” he replied. “ We cannot afford to lose a foot of real Italian soil. We cannot allow any exception from the Italian unity on which our whole system reposes. Sicily will be a republic, unconnected with Naples, except as a co-confederate.”

“ What is to become of the Roman states ? ”

“ A republic,” he answered, “ for which they are eminently fitted. They have old traditions, municipal habits, and no royal family.”

“ What is the Pope to be ? ”

“ Bishop of Rome,” he answered, “ and, as such, a better and more independent head of the Church, than as a secular prince.”

“ Where would you put your capital ? ”

“ I would build one—an Eastern Washington. I do not wish the seat of the federal government to be in a city exposed to local influences and dangers. A town or a large village, capable of accommodating the diet and the foreign ministers, is all that is wanted.”

Early in February, while the war was still a matter of conjecture, the traveller met the Polish General Chrzanowski, whose name we shall in future write, as it is pronounced, Shanowski.

Shanowski has passed thirty years fighting against or for the Russians. He began military life in 1811 as a sous-lieutenant of artillery in the Polish corps which was attached to the French army. With that army he served during the march to Moscow, and the retreat. At the peace, what remained of his corps became a part of the army of the kingdom of Poland. He had

attained the rank of major in that army when the insurrection on the accession of Nicholas broke out. About one hundred officers belonging to the staff of the properly Russian army were implicated, or supposed to be implicated, in that insurrection, and were dismissed, and their places were supplied from the army of the kingdom of Poland. Among those so transferred to the Russian army was Shanowski. He was attached to the staff of Wittgenstein, and afterwards of Marshal Diebitsch in the Turkish campaigns of 1828 and 1829. In 1830, he took part with his countrymen in the insurrection against the Muscovites, and quitted Poland, when it was finally absorbed in the Russian Empire. A few years after a quarrel was brewing between England and Russia. Muscovite agents were stirring up Persia and Affghanistan against us, and it was thought that we might have to oppose them on the shores of the Black Sea. Shanowski was attached to the British Embassy at Constantinople, and was employed for some years in ascertaining what assistance Turkey, both in Europe and in Asia, could afford to us. In 1849, he was selected by Charles Albert to command the army of the kingdom of Sardinia.

That army was constituted on the Prussian system, which makes every man serve, and no man a soldier,—a system which will expose every country that adopts it to defeat by a regular army. It was in fact a militia. The men were enlisted for only fourteen months; at the end of that time they were sent home, and were recalled when they were wanted, having forgotten their military training, and acquired the habits of cottiers and artisans. They had scarcely any officers, or even sous-officiers, that knew anything of their business. The drill-serjeants required to be drilled. Four-fifths of the men with whom Charles Albert marched on Milan in 1848, and perhaps a larger proportion of his troops in 1849, were married men with families, who had not carried a musket for years, and had not seen fire in their lives. They did well enough when they were advancing; but at the first check they lost heart; and when they had to retreat through their own country they disbanded and took refuge with their families or friends. Other circumstances were unfavourable to discipline. The Turin Radicals told the privates that their officers owed their rank to the accidents of birth, which was not quite true, since a man cannot rise in the Piedmontese army without professional knowledge, but it was plausible, and there did not exist between the officers and men the confidence which is produced by having long served together. The generals, and, indeed, the greater part of the officers, were divided into hostile factions,—Absolutists, Rouges, Constitutional Liberals, and even Austrians,—for at that time, in the exaggerated terror

occasioned by the revolutions of 1848, Austria and Russia were looked up to by the greater part of the noblesse of the Continent as the supporters of order against Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, and Palmerston. The Absolutists and the Austrians made common cause, whereas the Rouges or Mazzinists were bitterest against the Constitutional Liberals. Such an army, even if there had been no treason, could not have withstood a disciplined enemy.

When it fell a victim to its own defects, and to the treachery of Ramorino, Shanowski retired to Paris, where the traveller found him.

We extract the report of their first interview—the reader will perceive that we go back about three months:—

‘ *February 13.*

‘ I dined with Count Z., and sat next to General Shanowski.  
‘ All the company, except myself and another Englishman,  
‘ were Poles. The conversation turned on the European armies,  
‘ almost all of which General Shanowski has had an opportu-  
‘ nity of studying.

‘ “What is your estimate,” I said, “of the Austrian army?”

‘ “The officers,” he answered, “are excellent, perhaps the best  
‘ in Europe. Like yours, they are gentlemen. They have the  
‘ spirit and the influence which belongs to gentlemen, and they  
‘ know their duties, which is not the case always with yours.  
‘ The men are strong and well trained, but they hate the service.  
‘ They are not volunteers like yours, or conscripts like the French.  
‘ Each commune has to furnish a certain number of men. The  
‘ Government officers select them arbitrarily. Those who are  
‘ chosen feel oppressed, and never have the good will of a vo-  
‘ lunteer, who has taken to the army as a profession, or of a  
‘ conscript, who is paying his debt to his country.

‘ “The generals are good. Hesse is fit to command 200,000  
‘ men, and I know of no one else in Europe who is so.”

‘ “Have the Russians any good generals?” I said.

‘ “None,” he answered, “on a great scale. Luders is their  
‘ best: I would trust him with 30,000 or 40,000 men, but not  
‘ with more. Their regimental officers are ignorant and bad.  
‘ The men are good, the best, perhaps, in the world, after the  
‘ French, the English, and the Turks.”

‘ “Do you put the Turks so high?” I asked.

‘ “I put them,” he answered, “at the very top. Not the  
‘ officers, still less the generals, but the privates have every sol-  
‘ dierly quality. The Turk is strong, he is docile, he is sober,  
‘ he is intelligent, he has a contempt for life which is both fata-  
‘ list and fanatic, and he can live on nothing. When their



‘ military organization was at its best, two centuries ago, no  
‘ European armies could stand against them. But their officers  
‘ are detestable, ignorant, conceited, idle, and corrupt. The very  
‘ best people that I know are the Turks of the lower orders.  
‘ The very worst people that I know are the Turks in office.  
‘ Power is gained and preserved there by bribery, treachery, and  
‘ extortion. Every man in authority is a rogue. If you ally  
‘ yourselves to Turkey, against Russia, and place any reliance  
‘ on a Turkish corps d’armée, with Turkish officers and a Turk-  
‘ ish commander, you will be disappointed. Train and officer  
‘ them as you did the Portuguese, and you will make them the  
‘ best troops in Europe: as good as your own—perhaps better.  
‘ But I never should feel comfortable in action if I knew that  
‘ any important part of my line was held by a purely Turkish  
‘ force, however strong the post or numerous the force. I should  
‘ be constantly expecting to see the officers running and the  
‘ men following them. But to Turks, as privates, and to  
‘ Englishmen, as officers, I would intrust the key of my position.”

‘ “If the war once breaks out,” he added, “you are much  
‘ mistaken if you think that you will end it by destroying the  
‘ Russian fleets and arsenals, or even by occupying the Crimea.  
‘ It will be a war in which Russia will not yield while she can  
‘ fight. The old Russian party, which is now in power, and  
‘ possesses with the Emperor the greater part of the wealth of  
‘ the country, will contribute their serfs and their money, and  
‘ keep on the struggle as long as the Empire holds together.

‘ “It is only by breaking the force of Russia that you can  
‘ finish such a war, and you can break her force only by destroy-  
‘ ing her coherence. Of the 80 millions that form her European  
‘ and Asiatic population, not above 20—that is to say the Great  
‘ Russians—are truly Russian in feeling. The Great Russians  
‘ are a formidable people,—proud, vain, ambitious, bold, un-  
‘ scrupulous, and self-devoted. Nature and education have  
‘ formed and trained them for war and conquest, but they are  
‘ comparatively few. The Tartars, the Cossacks, the Little  
‘ Russians, the Poles, and the Fins, who are three times as nu-  
‘ merous as the Great Russians, all hate the system of assimi-  
‘ lation and centralization by which the Great Russians are striv-  
‘ ing to absorb them, and might be roused to assert their sepa-  
‘ rate nationalities. The conduct of the Russian Government  
‘ towards its neighbours has always been such as to excite deadly  
‘ and permanent hatred. It has always striven to make them  
‘ poor, and miserable, and divided, in order to make them weak.  
‘ Her conquest of them has generally been the last act of cen-  
‘ turies of injury and treachery. The Great Russians them-  
‘ selves are in a state of discontent. The persecution of the

‘ Dissenters, that is of two-thirds of the people, which began  
‘ under Alexander, has now become constant and irritating.  
‘ The Clergy, of all opinions, have been disgusted by the exten-  
‘ sion of the conscription to their sons, who until the present  
‘ reign were exempt from it. The peasantry were excited by  
‘ the Ukase of 1842, which abolished serfage, and made indig-  
‘ nant by the explanation of it, published only three days after,  
‘ which virtually repealed the Ukase, and has retained them in  
‘ servitude. The middle classes are anxious to throw off the  
‘ tyranny of the Government agents, and the aristocracy to  
‘ throw off that of the Emperor.

‘ “ But nothing is to be done, until the prestige of the Em-  
‘ peror has been destroyed by a succession of defeats. Taking  
‘ Sebastopol and taking Cronstadt will be good beginnings, but  
‘ their first effects will be only to irritate. Russia will fight as  
‘ long as she can stand. You must break her army before you  
‘ can pull her to pieces.”

‘ “ You make a marked distinction,” I said, “ between the  
‘ Great Russians and the Little Russians.”

‘ “ Certainly I do,” he answered. “ The Little Russians are  
‘ probably of the same stock as the Great Russians, but they  
‘ are dissenters in religion and hostile in feeling. They acknow-  
‘ ledge the Patriarch of Constantinople, and consider Nicholas  
‘ an anti-Christ. There are villages in which half the popula-  
‘ tion are Muscovites, the other half Little Russians; they never  
‘ meet if they can avoid it; the drinking houses frequented by  
‘ one party are never entered by those who belong to the other.  
‘ Not one-fourth indeed of the Russian people, even in Europe,  
‘ is of the faith which acknowledges the Emperor as the head of  
‘ the Church and calls itself Orthodox. All the others hold his  
‘ usurpation of this character an abomination.”

‘ “ Are the Cossacks disaffected?” I said.

‘ “ Deeply so,” he answered. “ The growth of the Empire  
‘ has been too rapid, and its administration is too oppressive,  
‘ and too corrupt to allow its parts to be coherent. But it will  
‘ take three years of unsuccessful war to break it up.”

‘ There was some general conversation about the results of  
‘ the war.

‘ “ Of course,” said the Poles, “ you are not going to incur  
‘ all this expense and danger, and to leave Russia as strong as  
‘ you found her, ready to make a second aggression as soon as  
‘ she sees a second opportunity. You must make the Crimea  
‘ an English colony.”

‘ “ Even if we wanted more colonies,” I said, “ the Crimea,  
‘ without the whole of the Straits of the Dardanelles and of  
‘ the Bosphorus, would be a prison.”

‘ “Then,” they said, “you must join it to Poland. The Turks could not defend it.”

‘ “To Poland?” I said.

‘ “Yes,” they answered; “of course, Poland must be reconstructed. You cannot leave the bulk of it Russian, if you seriously mean to destroy Russia’s preponderance. You cannot divide it between Austria and Prussia. We had rather side with Russia than endure a fourth partition. You must re-unite us, and we shall form a barrier behind which Europe will be safe for ages.”

‘ “But how,” I said, “are we to beat Russia, if we make Austria and Prussia our enemies?”

‘ “It is easy,” they said, “to indemnify Austria. You could transfer to her the protectorate over Servia, Bosnia, Wallachia, and Moldavia; or you might give to *her*, instead of to Poland, Bessarabia and the Crimea. She would have access to the Crimea by the Danube.”

‘ “What,” I said, “is to be done to reconcile Prussia?”

‘ “She must have Saxony,” they answered. “The Saxons will be glad to become a part of a powerful monarchy, to be reunited to the Saxon provinces taken from them by the Congress of Vienna, and to exchange their Roman Catholic royal family for a Protestant one; and you might provide for the house of Saxony by giving to them the new kingdom of Poland. They have already ruled over Poland. It would be only a restoration.”

‘ “If,” I said, “we reconstruct Poland, what do you propose as its limits?”

‘ “Precisely the limits,” they answered, “such as they were before the first partition. All that is within that frontier still remains Polish in recollections and feelings. You must give them a king and a constitution; but beware how you consult the Poles as to either. They will be acquiesced in if they are imposed by an external force; but we could not agree on them. Beware, too, how you select a Pole for our king. There is no great family that has not far more enemies than friends. You must give us a foreigner: and, unless you give us back our old royal family of Saxony, he must be an Englishman or a Frenchman. We are jealous of the Germans, and we despise all the weaker nations. We should be ashamed to be governed by a Spaniard, or an Italian, or a Belgian, and not be proud of a Dutchman, or a Dane, or a Swede; but we would willingly take our king from France or from England.”

‘ “I have reason to believe,” said Shanowski, “that Austria is thinking seriously of the resuscitation of Poland. Ever since she joined in destroying that barrier, she has felt Russia

‘ pressing more and more heavily on her. It is said, too, that  
 ‘ the reconstruction of Poland is one of the threats held out by  
 ‘ Russia to Prussia. It is possible that both Austria and Russia  
 ‘ feel that their Polish provinces are now sources of danger and  
 ‘ weakness, and that either of them will make a good exchange,  
 ‘ if she can substitute for them a separate kingdom, owing to her  
 ‘ its existence, and relying on her for support. The advantage  
 ‘ of such a move would, of course, rest with the sovereign that  
 ‘ began it. A quasi-independent Poland, created by Russia  
 ‘ out of her own, the Prussian, and the Austrian Polish dominions,  
 ‘ and governed by her nominee, would be more valuable to her,  
 ‘ and more dangerous to the German powers, than even her  
 ‘ possession of the Principalities. Such a kingdom created out of  
 ‘ the same materials, but by Austria, or by Austria and Prussia,  
 ‘ would weaken Russia more than any injury that we can inflict  
 ‘ on her in the south.”

‘ “ I am inclined to think,” said the English guest, “ that, if  
 ‘ I were a Pole, instead of struggling for an independent national-  
 ‘ ality, which would probably be as difficult to keep as it is to  
 ‘ get, I should try to make the best of the government to which  
 ‘ I was subjected—educate my children in Berlin if I belonged  
 ‘ to Posen, or in Vienna if I were a Galician; imitate, in short,  
 ‘ the people of Alsace and Lorraine, who, though they are Ger-  
 ‘ mans by race, by history, and by language, are French in feeling.”

‘ W. answered, “ That that might be well, if the Austrians  
 ‘ treated Galicia as the French treated Alsace. But what would  
 ‘ you do,” he said, “ if you lived under a government which was  
 ‘ your enemy? If the very institution which is supposed to  
 ‘ assist you, and to raise you, directed all its efforts to weaken  
 ‘ and to depress you? If it ground you by excessive taxation,  
 ‘ and denied you the protection for which taxes are paid? If it  
 ‘ strove to break the peace instead of keeping it? If it armed  
 ‘ the tenant against the landlord, the rural population against  
 ‘ the towns’ people, the debtor against the creditor, the ignorant  
 ‘ against the instructed, and the poor against the rich? If it  
 ‘ prescribed to every child whose parents wished him to rise  
 ‘ above the parish school, precisely the same education, precisely  
 ‘ the same doses of mathematics, Latin, rhetoric and law, with-  
 ‘ out any reference to his tastes or his destination, and rendered  
 ‘ that education so expensive that no ordinary fortune could sup-  
 ‘ port it? If it surrounded you with an atmosphere of espion-  
 ‘ age, and was always ready to plunge you, and then forget you,  
 ‘ in a dungeon on the report of a guest, or of a servant?”

‘ Count A., who is a native of Warsaw, remarked, that the Eng-  
 ‘ lishman’s supposition represented the state of the Russian Poles  
 ‘ in 1830. “ We had then,” he said, “ a constitution, not perfect,

‘ but far better than we ever had before ; a constitution which,  
 ‘ if we had been independent, I would have died to preserve.  
 ‘ We had our own laws, our own judges, and our own army.  
 ‘ The Russian government tried earnestly to conciliate every  
 ‘ class, and particularly the army. It took a considerable pro-  
 ‘ portion of the officers from the ranks, partly because so large  
 ‘ a field for selection enabled it to find the best men, but prin-  
 ‘ cipally in the expectation that, owing their rise to the Russian  
 ‘ commander-in-chief, they would be faithful to Russia. We  
 ‘ were well governed, but we were governed by strangers. The  
 ‘ instant that the French revolution gave us hopes of indepen-  
 ‘ dence, we rose as one man. The army on which the grand  
 ‘ Duke Constantine relied as his blind instrument was destroyed  
 ‘ in resisting him.”’

Count A.’s testimony to the excellence of the Russian administration in Poland, before the war of 1830, is not the first that has come before us. In the years 1839, 1840, and 1843, we lived much with a very intelligent man, one of the principal proprietors in Russian Poland. He was among those who signed the manifesto declaring Nicholas deposed and the throne of Poland vacant. He lost a son in the war, and for weeks his country house was occupied by Russian officers, while Poles were concealed in a neighbouring wood, to whom his daughters took provisions at night. It is not likely, therefore, that he was prejudiced in favour of the Russian rule. He not only concurred in A.’s description of the flourishing state of Russian Poland before the insurrection, but described it as being even at the times when we were conversing, the best governed part of Poland—as far more prosperous than either Prussian Poland or Galicia.

We continue our extracts.

‘ *March 4.*

‘ Shanowski called on us.

‘ “ Could the Turkish army,” I asked him, “ resist the Russians for another campaign ?”

‘ “ It is scarcely possible,” answered Shanowski. “ The Russians will be continually reinforced ; 140,000 fresh troops, as good as those now on the Danube, are on their way ; they will be in the field in a couple of months. The Turkish army must have suffered dreadfully ; nothing destroys the material of an army like a winter campaign. Their shoes and clothes and arms must be worn out, their sick must be numerous, and their reinforcements will consist of inferior troops. The whole Turkish nation, though scattered over so vast a country, does not exceed six millions. It is an immense effort to have raised

‘ 150,000 men. It is as if the British Islands had raised 750,000.  
 ‘ It is ten per cent. on the adult male population. All the real  
 ‘ soldiers that Turkey possesses are in that army. Those that  
 ‘ are to come will be raw undisciplined recruits.\* And I fear  
 ‘ that many of the French will not be a great deal better. Na-  
 ‘ poleon’s example has led them to trust too much to new levies.  
 ‘ It ought to have deterred them—for it was for want of attend-  
 ‘ ing to the difference between veterans and conscripts that he  
 ‘ perished. If instead of 600,000 men of every different degree  
 ‘ of excellence, he had carried into Russia only 200,000 such as  
 ‘ he had at Boulogne, he would have overturned the Russian  
 ‘ Empire.”

‘ “Napoleon,” I answered, “knew the difference. Decrés  
 ‘ once said to him in council, ‘I cannot extemporize a sailor, as  
 ‘ you do a soldier. It takes seven years to make a sailor. You  
 ‘ turn out a soldier in six months.’ ‘Taisez vous,’ said Napoleon,  
 ‘ such ideas are enough to destroy an empire. It takes six  
 ‘ years to make a soldier.’ But he was carried away by his  
 ‘ ambition, his impatience, and his presumption. He despised  
 ‘ the qualities of his enemies, and thought that he could beat  
 ‘ them with second-rate Frenchmen. But he knew that they  
 ‘ were second-rate.”

‘ “What do you think,” I continued, “of the French army as  
 ‘ a whole?”

‘ “I think,” said Shanowski, “that it wants training. Three  
 ‘ years and a half is a short period of service, and that is the  
 ‘ average of the French. The Russian soldier serves for twenty-  
 ‘ five years, even the Turk for fifteen. The men are eminently  
 ‘ intelligent—more so than any other soldiers; they can do better  
 ‘ without their officers; on the other hand, many of the inferior  
 ‘ officers have received only the same education as that of the  
 ‘ privates, and the superiors want subordination; the higher you  
 ‘ go the less can their obedience be relied on. But the great  
 ‘ defect of all, privates, officers, and generals, is, that they have  
 ‘ never faced a civilized enemy.”

‘ “Nor have the Russians,” I said, “to any extent.”

‘ “There must,” he answered, “be among their ranks some  
 ‘ who took part in the campaigns of 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831,  
 ‘ against Turkey and Poland, and they had some practice in  
 ‘ Hungary in 1849. Deficient experience is without doubt  
 ‘ the defect of most modern armies, but the French have had  
 ‘ none.”

‘ “Do you attach no value,” I said, “to their African cam-  
 ‘ paigns?”

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\* Subsequent events have lamentably justified this prophecy.



“I attach some,” he answered. “They have learned how to take care of themselves in the field. They have learned how to supply themselves in a barbarous country. They know the difficulties of moving troops, and how to overcome them. Africa was a better school than Chobham. But they have never been opposed to regular troops. They do not know whether they shall preserve their presence of mind under the fire of artillery. Not one man in a hundred does so. I do not speak of those who run, but of those who stand. Some men get excited and wild. Some, and that is the majority, are stupified. Their eyes dazzle, their faces get pale and long, their knees tremble, they scarcely know where they are. This does not prevent men from standing, and firing, and executing orders, but it totally unfits them for command. For that purpose, perfect coolness under grape-shot, shells, and balls, is necessary. The Russians have an enormous artillery, and independently of the influence of the roar of the gun and the whistle of the ball on the imagination, the destructive effect of artillery is greater when directed against a French army than against an English or a Turkish one. The English charge in line. If a ball comes, it kills two or at most three men. The French charge in column. A single ball may carry away thirty men.”

“I should feel very anxious if I believed Nicholas to be a man of ability and firmness; but he is not. I saw much of him in 1828, when I was attached to General Wittgenstein. We lived in tents, and often for hours there was only a curtain between him and me. I could hear all his conversation; he was timid, irresolute, and without resources.”

“I thought,” I said, “that he had shown great courage and decision in quelling the insurrection at his accession; that he had devoted himself before the altar to his race and to his country, and had then faced the rebels almost alone.”

“On the contrary,” said Shanowski, “he fled to the altar for protection, and was dragged from it by his friends, who knew that their lives depended on his, put on horseback, and led with his guards in front of the rebels, who, most of them, had been entrapped into rebellion without knowing what they were about, and were too happy to get out of it. I have no doubt that in this business he would have yielded over and over, if he had not felt that receding was still more dangerous to himself than advancing; when once the Russian pride was roused he could not mortify it and hope to live.”

“Can any use,” I said, “be made of the Greek population?”

“The word Greek,” answered Shanowski, “is ambiguous.

‘ It may mean Hellenes, Greeks by race ; of these there are very  
‘ few in Turkey ; they are principally in Macedonia and Thessaly.  
‘ The inhabitants of Bulgaria and Roumelia are Greeks only in  
‘ religion. They are of many races, some indigenous and some  
‘ imported, and are divided among one another by the bitterest  
‘ animosities. If the Turks were driven out, every district would  
‘ be at war with every one of its neighbours. They hate the  
‘ Turks, they hate the Russians, but, above all, they hate one  
‘ another. I do not think that any use is to be made of them,  
‘ at least at present.”

‘ “ Is much,” I asked, “ to be done by assisting the Caucasian  
‘ tribes ?”

‘ “ Much,” he answered ; “ but not by the Turks alone. The  
‘ Caucasus runs for about 300 miles in a south-easterly direction,  
‘ from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian. On the Caspian is  
‘ Daguestan, inhabited by two Mussulman tribes, the Lesghis  
‘ and the Tchetchense, who are under the influence of Schamyl.  
‘ The inhabitants of Georgia, Imeritia, and Mingrelia, are  
‘ Christians. The Mussulman tribes, or clans, that live along  
‘ the summit of the ridge, are still independent, but the Min-  
‘ grelians and Imeritians, who dwell near the coast, and the  
‘ Georgians, who are placed to the south of the Caucasus, are  
‘ now under the domination of Russia. When I was in Trebi-  
‘ zond, about the year 1838, Mingrelia was in the hands of a  
‘ sovereign whom Russia was urging and supporting in every  
‘ sort of oppression, in order to render the Mingrelians so  
‘ wretched as to be willing to accept a foreign master instead of  
‘ their native tyrant. They succeeded, and seized the country.  
‘ Georgia they obtained by getting up a disputed succession, and  
‘ inducing one of the pretenders to make them a present of his  
‘ people. How they got Imeritia I forget. All these tribes, the  
‘ mountaineers excepted, hate both the Russians and the Turks.  
‘ They hate the Russians as oppressive rulers, and as heretics  
‘ who have renounced the Patriarch of Constantinople. They  
‘ hate the Turks as marauding Mussulmans, and as neighbours  
‘ who claimed to be their masters before the Russians came, and  
‘ treated them always with barbarian insolence and cruelty.  
‘ And they are at feud with Schamyl and his Lesghis, as Mus-  
‘ sulmans and plunderers. It follows that the Turks, separated  
‘ from Daguestan by two or three hundred miles of mountainous  
‘ country, inhabited by these hostile Christian populations, have  
‘ not sent, and cannot send, any supplies or assistance to Schamyl.  
‘ But, as I said before, these Christian tribes are equally hostile  
‘ to Russia. Their chiefs offered, when I was in communica-  
‘ tion with them in 1838, to raise 50,000 men, if we would  
‘ assist them in rising against Russia. Through them we might

‘ supply the Lesghis, and make the whole of the Caucasian  
‘ range a barrier against Russian encroachments.”’

When we look back at the hopes and fears, expectations and conjectures of the last year, we are inclined to think that the events most to be wished are also those most to be expected,—the continuance of the Imperial Government, and the continuance of the Anglo-Gallic Alliance. We couple these events because they appear to us to be mutually dependent. We have seen that the only feelings which are common to all the Royalist factions are friendship for Russia and dislike of England. The assistance which we rendered to the Bourbons in 1814 and 1815 will never be forgiven. In the first place, it gives to us the odious superiority of benefactors and protectors; and, secondly, it associates with the name of England a passage in the history of that family which they strive in vain to forget, and to cause to be forgotten. That they twice entered France behind British bayonets *we* may pity as their misfortune. France resents it as their crime. Louis Napoleon has no favours to avenge. The relation between his family and England has been unrelenting enmity. All the mischief that we could do to them we have done. We received his own Presidentship with distrust, his coup d’état with anger. The advances which he makes to us have the grace of generosity. He can dare to be friendly to us without running the danger of being accused of being grateful: Louis Philippe could not.

Each party, too, has its own especial dislike of us. The Legitimists hate us because they are governed by their traditions, and hatred of England is one of them; and because our ready acknowledgment of Louis Philippe showed how lightly we valued their friendship. The Orleanists hate us because they choose to say, and try to think, that we made the Revolution of 1848; and the Fusionists are the bitterest of all: they hate us so far as they are Legitimists, they hate us so far as they are Orleanists, and they hate us as the allies of Louis Napoleon. They are justly indignant at the excuses with which our newspapers palliate the coup d’état. They resent being told that a despotism is all that they are fit for, that they do not know how to value liberty, or how to use it, and that the millions of votes for its surrender expressed the real wish of France to exchange the hierarchy of a constitutional monarchy for Asiatic equality—for one master and everything flat below him. They are disgusted by the praise, sometimes extravagant, and sometimes ill-applied, which we lavish indiscriminately on all his policy,—a policy which, with equal indiscriminate, and far more injustice, they universally

reprobate. Above all, they hate us for the moral support which we give to his throne. Some of them are sanguine enough to imagine that, but for us, they might by this time have effected a restoration; and all must feel that the ally of Queen Victoria stands in a position very different from that of the provisional dictator, whom three years ago we refused to congratulate.

The educated Republicans have more patriotism and more honesty than any of the monarchical factions; their sympathies are with civilisation against barbarism, with progress against re-action, with freedom against despotism, with England against Russia; but they are swamped by Universal Suffrage, and no one can even conjecture what will be the foreign policy of seven millions of peasants and two millions of artisans. We believe, therefore, that our alliance would be dissolved if France were in the hands of a Bourbon, and would be endangered if she were in those of a democracy; and, therefore, that the best chance for its permanence is the duration of the Imperial Government.

We disapprove partially of the manner in which Louis Napoleon employs his power, as we disapprove totally of the means by which he seized it; but, on the whole, we place him high among the sovereigns of France. As respects his foreign policy we put him at the very top. The foreign policy of the rulers of mankind, whether they be kings, or ministers, or senates, or demagogues, is generally so hateful, and at the same time so contemptible, so grasping, so irritable, so unscrupulous, so false, and so oppressive,—so much dictated by ambition, by antipathy, and by vanity,—so selfish, often so petty in its objects, and so regardless of truth, or honour, or mercy, in its means,—that a sovereign who behaves to other nations with merely the honesty and justice and forbearance which are usual between man and man, deserves the praise of exalted virtue. The sovereigns of France have probably been as good as the average of sovereigns. Placed, indeed, at the head of the first nation of the Continent, they have probably been better; but how atrocious has been their conduct towards their neighbours. If we go back no further than to the restoration, we find Louis XVIII. joining the Holy Alliance, and attacking Spain without a shadow of provocation, for the avowed purpose of crushing her liberties and giving absolute power to the most detestable of modern tyrants. We find Charles X. invading a dependence of his ally, the Sultan, and confiscating a province to revenge a tap on the face given by the Dey of Algiers to a French consul. We find Louis Philippe breaking the most solemn engagements with almost wanton faithlessness; renouncing all extension of territory in Africa, and then conquering there a country larger than France,—a country occupied by tribes who never were the

subjects of the Sultan or of the Dey, and who could be robbed of their independence only by wholesale and systematic massacre : we find him joining England, Spain, and Portugal, in the Quadruple Alliance, and deserting them as soon as the time of action had arrived ; joining Russia, Prussia, Austria and England, in the arrangement of the Eastern question, on the avowed basis that the integrity of the Ottoman empire should be preserved, and then attempting to deprive it of Egypt. We find him running the risk of a war with America, because she demanded, too unceremoniously, the payment of a just debt, trying to ruin the commerce of Switzerland because the Diet arrested a French spy, and deposing Queen Pomare because she interfered with the sale of French brandies ; and, as his last act, eluding an express promise by a miserable verbal equivocation, and sowing the seeds of a future war of succession, in order to get for one of his sons an advantageous establishment in Spain.

The greatest blot in the foreign policy of Louis Napoleon is the invasion of Rome, and for that he is scarcely responsible. It was originally planned by Louis Philippe and Rossi. The expedition which sailed from Toulon in 1849, was prepared in 1847. It was despatched in the first six months of his presidency, in obedience to a vote of the Assembly, when the Assembly was still the ruler of France ; and Louis Napoleon's celebrated letter to Ney was an attempt, not, perhaps, constitutional, but well intended, to obtain for the Roman people liberal and secular institutions instead of ecclesiastical tyranny.

His other mistake was the attempt to enforce on Turkey the capitulations of 1740, and to revive pretensions of the Latins in Jerusalem which had slept for more than a century. This again was a legacy from Louis Philippe. It was Louis Philippe who claimed a right to restore the dome, or the portico, we forget which, of the Holy Sepulchre, and to insult the Greeks by rebuilding it in the Latin instead of the Byzantine form. Louis Napoleon has the merit, rare in private life, and almost unknown among princes, of having frankly and unreservedly withdrawn demands, though supported by treaty, as soon as he found that they could not be conceded without danger to the conceding party.

With these exceptions his management of the foreign relations of France has been faultless. To England he has been honest and confiding, to Russia conciliatory but firm, to Austria kind and forbearing, and he has treated Prussia with perhaps more consideration than that semi-Russian Court and childishly false and cunning king deserved. He has been assailed by every form of temptation, through his hopes and through his fears, and has remained faithful and disinterested. Such conduct deserves the admiration with which England has repaid it.

We cannot praise him as an administrator. He is indolent and procrastinating. He hates details, and therefore does not understand them ; and he does not trust or even employ those who do. When he has given an order he does not see to its execution. An administrator ought to be a glutton of work ; he ought to love it as a youth loves his mistress, as a gambler loves play. He ought to think and dream of nothing else. The man who turns the key of his cabinet, and says, "I have done the business of the day," is no administrator. Yet even *he* is far superior to many who usurp the title, for they turn the key *before* the business has been done. An administrator ought to be insatiable of details. "No literature," said Napoleon, "delights me so much as the daily statements of the force and position of every division and regiment and company in my armies. I get them by heart involuntarily." An administrator ought to follow up an order as a bloodhound does a scent. It is in danger the instant that he loses sight of it. Louis Napoleon ordered a fleet to be prepared to co-operate with us in the Baltic in the spring. Ducos, his Minister of Marine, assured him that it was ready. The time came, and not a ship was rigged or manned. We sailed without the French squadron. If the Russians had ventured out, and we either had beaten them single-handed, or been repulsed for want of the promised assistance, the effect on France would have been frightful. When his Baltic squadron at length sailed, it contained four ships which the commission of naval inquiry of 1850 had condemned as unserviceable ; and the arsenals were left perfectly bare. We do not know what may be their present state ; but in last May they had not stores or materials to repair a gun-brig. The manning of that squadron, too, had been delayed until almost all the able seamen of France had left her shores for the American fishery. The crews, therefore, were as raw as the ships were inferior. We have reason to believe that it was only in the middle of February that he made up his mind to send an army to Bulgaria. They arrived by dribblets ; and it was not until August that their battering-train left Toulon. We have heard that, out of 70,000 men who were supposed to have been dispatched before the end of September, not 50,000 ever actually landed. The rest are said to be unaccounted for ; it is whispered that they were non-valeurs : a species of soldier well known in continental armies, particularly in those of Russia, who draws rations and pay, but is never seen in the body.

When Louis XIV., at the age of twenty-three, resolved to be prime minister as well as king, he began by devoting to business eight hours a day ; and for fifty years he persevered in doing so. Louis Napoleon, with his strong sense, must in time



find out, that the military and civil affairs of an empire cannot be well managed by giving to them perhaps twice as many hours per week as his greatest predecessors gave to them per day. He must see the necessity either of becoming an active man of business himself, or of administering, like other sovereigns, through his ministers. Up to the present time many causes have concurred to occasion him to endeavour to be his own minister, and to treat those to whom he gives that name as mere clerks. He is fond of power, and impatient of contradiction. With the exception of Drouyn de l'Huys, the most eminent men of France stand aloof. Those who are not in exile have retired from public life, and offer neither assistance nor advice. Advice, indeed, he refuses, and, what is still more useful than advice, censure, he punishes.

But the war, though it must last longer, and cost more in men and in money than it would have done if it had been managed with more activity, must end favourably. It is impossible that a semi-barbarous empire, with a scarcely sane autocrat, a corrupt administration, disordered finances, and heterogeneous populations, should ultimately triumph over the two most powerful nations of Europe. If Louis Napoleon pleases the vanity of France by military glory, and rewards her exertions by a triumphant peace,—if he employs his absolute power in promoting her prosperity by further relaxing the fetters which encumber her industry,—if he takes advantage of the popularity which a successful war, an honourable peace, and internal prosperity must confer on him, to give to her a little real liberty and a little real self-government,—if he gradually subsides from a *Τύραννος* to a *Βασιλεὺς*,—if he allows some liberty of the press, some liberty of election, some liberty of discussion, and some liberty of decision,—he may pass the remainder of his agitated life in the tranquil exercise of limited, but great and secure power, the ally of England, and the benefactor of France.

If this expectation should be realized—and we repeat that, among many contingencies, it appears to us to be the least improbable—it affords to Europe the best hope of undisturbed peace and progressive civilisation and prosperity. An alliance with England was one of the favourite dreams of the first Napoleon. He believed, and with reason, that England and France united could dictate to all Europe. But in this respect, as indeed in all others, his purposes were selfish. Being master of France, he wished France to be mistress of the world. All that he gave to France was power; all that he required from Europe was submission. The objects for which he desired our co-operation were precisely those which we wished to defeat. The friendship

from which we recoiled in disgust, almost in terror, was turned into unrelenting hatred ; and in the long struggle which followed, each party felt that its safety depended on the total ruin of the other.

The alliance which the uncle desired as a means of oppressing Europe, the nephew seeks for the purpose of setting her free. The heavy continued weight of Russia has ever since the death of Alexander kept down all energy and independence of action, and even of thought, on the Continent. She has been the patron of every tyrant, the protector of every abuse, the enemy of every improvement. It was at her instigation that the Congress of Verona decreed the enslavement of Spain, and that in the conferences of Laybach it was determined to stifle liberty in Italy. Every court on the Continent is cursed with a Russian party ; and woe be to the sovereign and to the minister who is not at its head. All the resources of Russian influence and of Russian corruption are lavished to render his people rebellious and his administration unsuccessful. From this *peine forte et dure* we believe that Europe will now be relieved ; and if the people or the sovereigns of the Continent, particularly those of Germany and Italy, make a tolerable use of the freedom from foreign dictation which the weakness of Russia will give to them, we look forward to an indefinite course of prosperity and improvement.

Unhappy experience forbids us to be sanguine. Forty years ago an event, such as we are now contemplating, occurred. A power which had deprived the Continent of independent action, fell, and for several years had no successor. Germany and Italy recalled or re-established their sovereigns, and entrusted them with authority such as they had never possessed before. How they used it may be inferred from the general outbreak of 1848. A popular indignation, such as could have been excited only by long years of folly, stupidity, and tyranny, swept away or shook every throne from Berlin to Palermo. The people was everywhere for some months triumphant ; and its equally monstrous abuse of power produced a reaction which restored or introduced despotism in every kingdom, except Prussia and Piedmont, and even in Prussia enabled the king to maintain up to the present moment a policy mischievous to the interests, disgusting to the sympathies, and injurious to the honour of his people.

But while the Anglo-Gallic alliance continues, the Continent will be defended from the worst of all evils, the prevention of domestic improvement, and the aggravation of domestic disturbance, by foreign intervention. That alliance has already preserved the liberty of Piedmont. If it had been established

sooner, it might have preserved that of Hesse, and have saved Europe from the revolting spectacle of the constitutional resistance of a whole people against an usurping tyrant and a profligate minister, crushed by the brutal, undisguised violence of a foreign despot.

We repeat that we are not sanguine: that we do not expect the tranquil, uninterrupted progress which would be the result of the timely concessions on the part of the sovereigns, and of the forbearance and moderation on the part of their subjects, which, if they could profit by the lessons of history, would be adopted by both parties. The only lesson, indeed, which history teaches is, that she teaches none either to subjects or to sovereigns. But we do trust that when the ruler and his people are allowed to settle their own affairs between one another, they will come from time to time, if to coarse and imperfect, yet to useful, arrangements of their differences. Rational liberty may advance slowly and unequally; it may sometimes be arrested, it may sometimes be forced back, but its march in every decennial period will be perceptible. Its durability will, we trust, be in proportion to the slowness of its progress.

- ART. II.—1. *Greece under the Romans. A Historical View of the Condition of the Greek Nation, from the time of its Conquest by the Romans, until the Extinction of the Roman Empire in the East.* B.C. 146—A.D. 717. By GEORGE FINLAY, K.R.G. Edinburgh and London, 1844.
2. *The History of Greece, from its Conquest by the Crusaders, to its Conquest by the Turks, and of the Empire of Trebizond.* 1204—1461. By GEORGE FINLAY. Edinburgh and London, 1851.
3. *History of the Byzantine and Greek Empires, from 716 to 1453.* By GEORGE FINLAY. 2 Vols. Edinburgh and London, 1854.

IN a late number we endeavoured to vindicate the claims of the last days of classical and independent Greece to a greater degree of attention than they have commonly received, except at the hands of a few professed historical inquirers. The publication of the highly important works whose names stand at the head of the present article, combined, we may add, with the political circumstances of the present time, require us to do the same good office for a portion of history which is something more than neglected, which it has long been the fashion to hold up to contempt as the record of a thousand years of moral and political emptiness. All eyes are at this moment turned to the East; from contemplating its present aspect, every reflecting mind will naturally turn to contemplate its past history; yet the opportunity has, for the most part, been taken only to throw additional contempt upon one of the most wonderful pages in the history of the world. A political necessity has engaged us in behalf of the Ottoman possessors of Constantinople, against the aggressive power which would fain be deemed the representative of the Eastern Cæsars. Hence the popular mind has suddenly leapt to a strange abstract love of Turks and hatred of Greeks. Hence men of literary pretensions, who venture to arraign others for historical ignorance,\* hasten to exhibit how little they themselves know of that mighty Empire which for so many ages cherished the flame of civilisation and literature, when it was extinct throughout Western Europe; which preserved the language of Thucydides and Aristotle, and the political power of Augustus and Constantine, till the nations of the West were once more prepared to receive the gift and to despise the giver.

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\* See *Quarterly Review*, No. CLXXXVIII., p. 525.

Under the phrases of the "Greek Empire," the "Lower Empire"—whatever may be the exact meaning of that last strange soubriquet—readers and writers are content to conceal their ignorance of a thousand years of eventful history. Travellers pass by a ruin of the "Lower Empire," a "building erected by the Greek Emperors," as if all were one from the first to the last Constantine. One learned man informs us, that even Gibbon himself could throw no interest upon such a mere wearisome record of crime.\* Another, who has had some personal experience of the countries with whose history he ventures to meddle, goes out of his way to volunteer the greatest number of gross blunders which we ever saw gathered together in a single page.† And both the writers to whom we refer are the more inexcusable, as they have written since the publication of part at least of the great work which it is our present business to introduce

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\* "The Byzantine Court was a scene and source of corruption, intrigue, cruelty, and vice, which have perhaps never been equalled, even in the most barbarous of Eastern nations. The historian passes rapidly over its chronicles of treachery and crime, and the reader is wearied and sickened at even his hasty narrative. The glowing pen of a Gibbon has failed to create an interest in the lives and deeds of a long succession of bloodthirsty tyrants, and impotent debauchees. The antiquarian points to the monuments of that period, and the numismat to its coins, as indisputable proofs of the utter barbarism into which the representatives of the two most civilized and powerful nations of the world had fallen; and in this condition, be it remembered, the Byzantine empire lasted for many centuries. For more than a thousand years was a large portion of the human race exposed to a system of tyranny and misgovernment which it is now proposed to revive."—*Quarterly Review*, ut sup., p. 526.

† Mr. Curzon, a really clever writer when he is talking of things which he understands, inserts the following brief history of the Trapezuntine Empire in his late pleasant book on Armenia:—"In the thirteenth century the chivalrous house of Courtenai, by the assistance of the heroes of the Crusades, mounted the throne of Constantinople, and the ancestors of the Earl of Devon produced three emperors, who reigned in succession over the Oriental portion of the Roman empire. The ancient dynasty of the Comneni being expelled from the dominions over which they had presided for centuries, fled for refuge into various lands. Alexius, the son of Manuel, and grandson of Andronicus Comnenus, obtained the government of the duchy of Trebizond, which extended from the unfortunate Sinope to the borders of Circassia. He seems to have reigned in peace. The acts of his son who succeeded him, are as unknown as his name, which has not even descended to posterity. The grandson of Alexius was David Comnenus, who, with an assurance and presumption which is almost ludicrous, took upon himself the style and title of Emperor of Trebizond. Puffed up with vanity and self-conceit, this feeble prince enjoyed for a short period the imperial dignity, which he possessed only in time."

Now, from Mr. Curzon's account, one would think that all the Frank Emperors of Romania were Courtenays, and that the fourth Crusade was undertaken on behalf of that house. Also the Courtenay Emperors were not "ancestors," but remote collateral relations of the Earls of Devon. Also the Comnenian dynasty had not possessed the Empire for "centuries," and was not in possession at the time of the Frank conquest. His account of the Comneni at Trebizond is taken from some old edition of Gibbon, in utter ignorance of the more recent discoveries on the subject, an abstract of which may be found, not only in Fallmerayer and Finlay, but in Milman's edition of the *Decline and Fall*.

to our readers. The popular belief is that, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, an empire of some kind maintained itself in Constantinople, though during the whole of that time it remained in a dying state; that its princes and people were mere tyrants, slaves, and cowards, with whose actions it is unnecessary to burthen the memory; and that it was a good riddance when\* the last Byzantine historian was blown into the air by our brave allies the Turks. This is all that men, who would be ashamed of such ignorance with regard to any other state, are content to know of by far the longer portion of the duration of the Roman Empire. This is all the notice that statesmen can afford to that power which was for ages the only regular, systematic government in the world; this is all the attention due to that legislation of Justinian, of Leo, and of Basil, which gave to so large a portion of the human race the then unique blessing of a regular administration of justice, and of a civil, although despotic, order. The military student may profitably study the campaigns of Alexander or Cæsar, as well as those of Marlborough or Wellington; but he would blush to devote any spare moments to the obscure exploits of Belisarius and Heraclius, of Nicephorus and Zimisces, and Basil the Slayer of the Bulgarians. The general historian is content to pass by the uninteresting revolutions of that worthless and decrepit power which survived every surrounding state; whose legions in one century restored the imperial sway from the Euphrates to the ocean, and in the next planted the Roman eagle upon the palaces of the Great King; which endured the first onslaught of the victorious Saracen, defended her frontier for three glorious centuries, won back province after province, and made the successor of the Prophet tremble before the arms of the triumphant Cæsar. No instruction, forsooth, can be learned from a power, which even in its last stage of decay, still maintained in an unbroken succession the old political heritage of Rome, and which still spoke and wrote in nearly its ancient purity the undying tongue of Greece. Greece and Rome are the names which from our childhood we are taught to reverence; their literature and their history afford instruction to our youth, and the choicest delight to our maturer years. Yet the power which with equal justice might claim either name, which inherited and possessed the appropriate calling of both alike, which administered the laws of Rome in the tongue of Greece, is, by common consent, passed by as of no historical value, or only used as an ephemeral argument in behalf of those who, we suppose, did the civilized world good service by its destruction.

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\* This, or words to the same effect, we found in a late number of *Blackwood*. Unluckily for the author's rhetoric, the "last Byzantine historian" contrived to escape "our brave allies," and—to write the history of their conquest.



Many of the causes of this neglect are equally apparent with those which account for the prevalent ignorance of the later days of independent Greece. Some of the accusations against Byzantine history are in a certain sense true; others are true of some periods of it, and are only wrongly applied to others. The whole history is one which nearly all readers must be content to study second-hand. Few except professed historians would ever think of working their way through the whole *Corpus Historiæ Byzantinæ*; the bulk and the nature of the matter would alike deter from the attempt. Very few of the Byzantine writers are worth reading for their own sake; they are precisely the class of authors whom one is content to employ another to examine, and to abide by his report. To English readers generally the Byzantine history has been known, so far as it has been known at all, almost exclusively through the medium of Gibbon. Now with all Gibbon's wonderful power of grouping and condensation, with all his vivid description and still more effective art of insinuation, his is certainly not the style of writing to excite respect for the persons or period of which he is treating. His matchless faculty of sarcasm and depreciation is too constantly kept at work; he is too fond of anecdotes exhibiting the weak or ludicrous side of any age or individual; he is incapable of enthusiastic admiration for any thing or person. Almost any history treated in this manner would leave the contemptible side uppermost in the reader's imagination; we cannot conceive Gibbon tracing the course of the Roman republic with the affection of Arnold, or defending either democracy or oligarchy with the ardent championship of Grote or Mitford. Perhaps no history could pass unscathed through such an ordeal; the Byzantine, of all others, was the least capable of enduring such a mode of treatment. If its prolonged existence has its venerable and even its heroic aspect, it has unquestionably another side affording most abundant opportunities for the cynical vein of the historian. When the rulers of a Greek state clung for age after age to the titles of the Roman empire, and disputed with their western rivals on the exact force of the terms *βασιλεύς* and *ρῆξ*; when the lord of a single city enclosed within the territories of the infidel, still proclaimed himself as the lawful successor of the masters of the world; the spectacle had a side full of deep instruction and even of deep pathos; but nothing is better calculated to excite the contemptuous sarcasm not only of the careless observer, but of any writer whose tendency is rather to depreciate than to admire.

Again, there is something not altogether attractive in the spectacle of a thoroughly non-progressive state. The Byzantine monarchy, through its whole history, was an essentially

conservative power. It was indeed very far from being through its whole duration possessed with that blind spirit of lifeless conservatism which characterizes its latest ages ; its conservatism was often living, vigorous, capable of adapting itself to altered times and circumstances ; but still its whole existence was conservative and not creative. It was an aged state, which lived in the memory of the past, which inherited a power and glory which it had to maintain or to recover ; unlike the youthful nations of the west with their future before them, with their power and glory yet to be won. It produced a never-failing succession of able men ; it produced few great men, and not above one or two of the heroic type. Sagacious legislators, able administrators, valiant generals, profound scholars, and acute theologians, were the natural product of the soil for century after century ; they rose, one after another, each in his time and place, to carry on the work of a scientifically ordered machine of government ; but the very circumstance which made Constantinople so fertile in ability, debarred it from all hope of original genius. Its conservative position gave no scope for founders or creators ; it produced in Belisarius,\* the greatest of generals and the most loyal of subjects, and in Heraclius, a royal warrior inferior to him alone ; in the Isaurian Leo it set before the world the highest type of the conservative politician ; in the first Basil, the skilful groom, the obsequious courtier, the reforming emperor, it exhibits a versatility worthy of Alcibiades himself ; in his terrible descendant, the awful *Βουλγαροκτόνος*, we see the spectacle of a conquering devotee, stern to others and sterner to himself ; in the Comnenian Manuel and Andronicus, we find the knights of Western Europe rivalled on their own ground, in their exploits and in their vices, by the effete products of the despised East ; finally, in her last Constantine, the city of the Cæsars showed that her long line of princes could at least be closed with honour, in one worthy to boast himself at his will as the compatriot of Decius and Regulus, or of Leonidas and Epaminondas. Great and mighty men were they in

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\* The exploits of Belisarius, viewed in themselves, suffice to place him in the very first rank of military commanders ; when we consider the circumstances under which they were achieved, he may fairly claim the first place of all. Hannibal is his only rival, as Heraclius had no Justinian to thwart him at home.

Speaking of Belisarius, it may be necessary to inform the reader of Mr. Vaux's "Nineveh and Persepolis," a worthless book, which has somehow had a great run, that "the veteran Belisarius, old and infirm with the weight of more than eighty years," never "led the armies of the empire against Justin and Tiberius, and reaped the reward of his valour and perseverance in the conquest of Dara and the plunder of Syria," (p. 114.) This is much the same as to say that Lord Nelson led a fleet against Queen Victoria, and reaped the reward of his valour in the plunder of Gibraltar.

their day ; but they were preservers and restorers, not creators; the Macedonian and the Roman must yield the palm to the higher genius and purer virtue of the Slavonian conqueror of Italy and Africa ; but while Alexander and Cæsar founded empires, Belisarius could but win back the dismembered provinces of a decaying one. The campaigns of Heraclius are worthy of a place beside those of Hannibal himself, but all that destiny allowed him was to chastise in his own realm a foe whom he had seen encamped around the walls of his capital. The stern Iconoclasts arrested the progress of degradation at home and abroad ; they drove back the irresistible Saracen, they reformed the administrative machine, and strove to re-establish a purer faith and worship. They gave indeed three centuries of greatness to an empire which they found on the brink of ruin ; but even they did but preserve, restore, revivify ; the mission of original creation was denied even to them. The glorious Macedonian dynasty reformed a corrupted government, and recovered the dismembered provinces of the empire ; they trampled on the now decaying Moslem, they smote down the aspiring Bulgarian, they checked the first invasion of the great northern aggressor, and the Byzantine ruler receiving the homage of the vanquished Russian beneath the ransomed walls of Silistria, presented a happy omen for the warriors of our own day. But the mission of Nicephorus and Zimisce and the second Basil, was still only to preserve and to restore ; it was among other lands and ruder nations that we must look for the men who worked for the future of their posterity, and not for the past of their ancestors. At last, when all was over, when the political succession of fifteen hundred years was doomed to extinction, when the day of restoration, reform, and preservation had all passed by, when the empire had shrunk to a single city, and that city contained but one man worthy of the name of king or citizen, the last Emperor of the Romans could but die in the breach before the onslaught of the barbarian, while Italy was wasting her strength in the warfare of selfish condottieri, and England shedding her best blood to decide the genealogical quarrels of the White and the Red Rose.

The result of this purely conservative character of the Eastern empire is that, though its history is very far from being devoid of political instruction, that instruction is of a different and a much less attractive character than that of younger and less conscious and pedantic states. It is at once an encouragement and a warning to all highly civilized communities ; it shows the vitality which may be imparted to a scientifically constructed machine of government, how great a superiority is conferred by the mere possession of civil and social order upon an aged and

feeble power, supported by little or no national feeling, and surrounded by fresh and vigorous enemies. But at the same time it shows that that vitality may become something little better than "life-in-death," and suggests the idea that there may be circumstances in which civilisation and civil government actually become impediments to human progress.

Again, the history of Constantinople is little more than the record of a despotic power. So far from presenting the interest and advantage which must always attach to the history of the most insignificant of free peoples, it is hardly the history of a people at all. It is the story of a government, not of a nation; of a government indeed, which, with all its crimes, for many centuries discharged its functions better than any contemporary government in the world, but which never excited that warmth of patriotic affection which attaches to the stormiest republic in which the citizen feels that he himself is a partner, and often to the vilest despotism exercised by a tyrant who is still felt to be the chief of his own people. But the Emperor of the Romans never became a national sovereign to the Egyptian or the Syrian, or even to the Sicilian or Peloponnesian Greek. Dwelling for ever on the memories of the past, the Roman government of Constantinople never identified itself with any real patriotic feelings of the present. The thoughtful subject might indeed perceive on reflection, that, if enormous taxes were extorted from him to be spent beyond his control in a distant city, he at least had better protection secured to the remnant of his property than any other contemporary power afforded; he might feel that, if he had no share in the despotic government under which he lived, that despotism was at least an orderly and legal despotism, widely different from the anarchy of the Latin West, and from the purely personal governments of the Mahometan nations. But these reflections could only raise an intellectual acquiescence, a tranquil conviction that, on the whole, the Roman empire was a valuable institution; they could never excite those feelings of loyalty and patriotism which armed the old Athenian on behalf of his democracy, the French noble on behalf of his king, the Highland vassal on behalf of the chieftain of his own race and kindred. Again, the history of the empire is too much the mere history of the capital. The Roman empire had begun as the municipal government of a single city; that city ceased indeed to give more than a name to the power into which it had grown, but the New Rome stepped exactly into the place of the old. Almost the only responsibility imposed on the Emperor was that of keeping the Byzantine populace in good humour; the spoils of the provinces were devoted to maintain the pomp of the imperial court and the pleasures of the imperial city.

The Roman Senate and People—that is to say, the municipality and the mob of Constantinople—required their “*Panem et Circenses*” down to the last ages of the empire ; and as that empire diminished in extent, additional burthens had to be laid upon the still remaining provinces, rather than one jewel be plucked from the crown of the Roman Emperor, or one spectacle the less be exhibited to amuse the vacant hours of the Roman people.

Now, though many of these characteristics of the Byzantine government were aggravated—some were the reverse—in the days of its decay, yet many of them existed in full force during the days of its glory ; many of them were but the continuations of the state of things in that older Roman empire with which it so proudly boasted its identity. And they are all characteristics which tend to diminish the interest and attractiveness of the history. The professed historian and the political philosopher will always see that its interminable annals may, if duly sifted, present him with abundant material for profitable reflection ; even the reader for mere amusement will find, here and there, much to gratify the love of startling and romantic anecdote and adventure. But these things do not lie on the surface ; the interest and value of the history does not at once force itself into prominence, like that of old Greece or of mediæval Europe ; Constantinople has no Leonidas or Harold, no Aristomenes or Wallace, no Cleisthenes, Licinius, or De Montfort. Byzantine history is not, as sciolists imagine, a mere record of crimes and weakness, but the virtue and greatness which it exhibits in abundance are, for the most part, of a nature less attractive to the imagination than those displayed in many other ages and countries.

Again, it has greatly tended to the neglect of this portion of history, that, in the days of the real greatness and glory of the Byzantine empire, it stood almost alone, and had but little connexion with those countries with whose history we are most familiar ; while, in those later times when it was brought into closer intercourse with the western nations, it did really, to a great extent, deserve the contemptuous language which is erroneously extended to its whole duration. Because the empire of the Palæologi was a worn-out and contemptible state, people forget the interval of six centuries, and leap to the conclusion that the mighty monarchy of the Iconoclasts and the Macedonians presented an identical aspect. The greatness of Constantinople belongs to the period from the eighth to the eleventh century, including some of the darkest times of western history, when each European state hardly knew its immediate neighbours, and consequently knew infinitely less of the imperial city at the other end of the world. Again, what little connexion

did take place between the East and the West had chiefly reference to ecclesiastical questions. Consequently, it has either been viewed in a partisan way by opposing sides, or else has been involved in the common contempt with which ecclesiastical controversies have been too often covered. The Isaurian Leo and Constantine have been admired, detested, or despised, as parties in the great Iconoclast dispute, by many who have been entirely ignorant of their character as the renovators of the Roman monarchy. In temporal matters East and West had little to do with one another, either in war or peace, and when they had, it could but seldom affect either France or England, the countries to which the historical studies of the majority are commonly confined. Hence, the ages of Constantinopolitan greatness are often simply ignored. Even well-informed historians, when learnedly tracing the scattered vestiges of Roman power in Western Europe, often write as if the legitimate successors of that power had not still existed by the shores of the Bosphorus, and not only existed, but ruled over a larger and more flourishing empire than any other in the contemporary world. This was very remarkably shewn in the rearrangement of academical studies at Oxford, when the study of "Ancient" and of "Modern" history was so strangely divided. The whole existence of the Eastern Empire is a standing protest against any such division.\* It will not do to say, that "ancient" history ended, and "modern" history began, in 476, when, for nearly a thousand years later, the whole system of Roman and Greek civilisation continued to flourish in what was, for three-fourths of that time, the most wealthy and populous portion of Europe. We cannot possibly transfer to the class of "modern" historians, writers who record a policy uninterruptedly continued from that of imperial Rome, in a language differing† in no essential respect from that of Xenophon and Demosthenes. Nor will it do to postpone the line of demarcation to 1453, when every element of the "modern" world had been in being for centuries, and when the feudal system had almost shared the extinction of its imperial rival. When we remember that the knights who fought at Wakefield and Towton might, if they had pleased, have fought, like the Varangians two centuries before, for the throne of Constantine and Augustus, we may sufficiently

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\* The existence of the Byzantine empire was urged at the time in Oxford, against the proposed division. See Freeman's *Thoughts on the Study of History*, Oxford, 1849, p. P. S. p. 5. In the division of subjects proposed by the late Commission, the unity of history is recognised, and a single distinct historical school recommended.—*Report*, pp. 73, 75.

† In style and sentiment, of course, the difference is infinite, but in mere language, mere syntax and forms of words, there is next to none.



see that no formal line of demarcation can be drawn between the two periods. The Eastern empire is the surest witness to the essential unity of all history.

It is pretty clear that the Oxford reformers never thought of the Byzantine history at all: it did not occur to them that it could possibly form any portion of an historical course. Fifty years back, the mediæval history of the West was equally neglected; men "wished to know nothing of those ages which knew nothing." From the mediæval history of the West this mist is now removed, but over the mediæval history of the East it still unhappily hangs. Let us hope that, fifty years hence, the labours of Mr. Finlay, and of those who cannot fail to follow him in the path which he has opened, will make it as discreditable to be ignorant of the exploits and institutions of the Leos and the Basils, as it already is to be wholly unacquainted with those of Charlemagne and St. Lewis.

Since the time of Gibbon but little has been done, in our own country at least, towards this desirable consummation; and we have already shown that Gibbon may not improbably have done almost as much to retard as to promote it. To one book, however, of comparatively humble pretensions, we should be wanting in gratitude if we failed to refer with no small commendation. We mean Dr. Cooke Taylor's "*Overthrow of the Roman Empire*;" which, in several very important respects, goes far to realize the ideal of an historical school-book. While it might easily be surpassed in depth and power, it would be no slight task to excel its merit in point of arrangement and narration. Dr. Taylor knew thoroughly well what points of his story, what national institutions and personal adventures, were best calculated to attract the youthful mind; in point of style he is by far the most graphic of our writers for boys, and in point of accuracy, if not infallible, yet certainly far above the average. We well remember its effects in our own case: from it we first learned that there was a great historical world, which remained untrodden by Dr. Goldsmith or Mrs. Markham; it opened our eyes to the existence of something beyond the vulgar curriculum of Greece and Rome, France and England; entrancing, indeed, we found the romantic tales of Byzantine emperors and Persian kings, and still more permanently valuable was the impression which it made upon our mind of the unity of history, of the immortality of Hellenic literature and Roman power. For more advanced readers, the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography* has set an admirable example, by including in its collection the whole series of Grecian writers and Roman statesmen down to the very close of the empire.

Still, Mr. Finlay stands quite alone in possession of the credit

of giving us the first real standard history of this most important period. Except so far as it entered into the scheme of Gibbon, who, after all, gives but a mere sketch, his ground was quite unoccupied. No one probably will think his claim seriously endangered by any previous rights on the part of Sir James Emerson Tennent. That gentleman, when Mr. Emerson, put forth two volumes of "The History of Modern Greece, from its Conquest by the Romans, B.C. 146, to the Present Time." We may observe, that the line between "Ancient" and "Modern" is here drawn at Mummus, instead of at either Odoacer or Mahomet; so that the world must have been in error in looking on Cicero and Tacitus, Diodorus and Plutarch, as authors belonging to the "Ancient" division. But really Sir J. E. Tennent's work, so far as we are concerned with it, does little more than indicate that a better book might be written on the subject. It is thoroughly weak both in conception and execution, unpleasing in style, feeble in narrative, and full of portentous blunders. Mr. Finlay has very quietly pointed out one or two; we cannot help adding a few flowers of our own culling. Sir James's ideas of Byzantine history may be inferred from vol. i. p. 56, where he tells us that the "final overthrow" of the Bulgarians was accomplished by "Baldwin II. in A.D. 979." Imagine the Slayer of the Bulgarians confounded either with the Flemish captive of Joannice, or else with the imperial mendicant whom the first Palæologus expelled from the throne of Constantinople.\* Nor is he more lucky among the Western than among the Eastern Cæsars. "Frederick II. of Germany" appears (p. 72) as a "leading monarch of Christendom" in 1185, along with "Philip Augustus of France and Richard of England;" while, in p. 157, Frederick III. is apparently represented as reigning in 1358. His ethnology may be appreciated by his describing the "Sclavi" as "another branch of the Bulgarians," (p. 57,) and from the following lucid description of the Catalan conquerors of the Athenian duchy—"This band of errant warriors, composed of various nations, *and said to have been of Gothic or Arabian origin*, had been actively employed during the wars of Sicily, under the standards of Anjou or Arragon."

With no better rival than this, Mr. Finlay may be fairly said to have the field all to himself. His volumes are a permanent and most valuable addition to British historical literature; as North

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\* There seems to be some impenetrable obscurity brooding over these Bulgarian wars, which, nevertheless, read intelligibly enough in the pages of Mr. Finlay. We met, some time ago, with a book on the "Danubian Principalities," by a "British Resident of Twenty Years in the East." From this, among other curious information, we extracted the novel fact that *John Zimisces* was a *Bulgarian king*!

British Reviewers we may add our satisfaction that their author belongs to the northern division of our island. Mr. Finlay possesses some of the highest qualities of a historian in a very remarkable degree. For deep and original research, for a comprehensive grasp of his subject, and above all, for a bold and independent spirit of inquiry, he may take his place among the very greatest historical writers of our time. He is no caterer to popular tastes, but aspires to the higher character of their reformer. He has boldly undertaken an unpopular subject, worked it out to the bottom, and manfully challenged for it that amount of public attention which it has hitherto failed to attain. He also brings to his task a qualification which, in such hands as his, is an immeasurable advantage, though in feebler ones it often proves a snare. He has passed his life in the countries and among the people of which he writes. Too often mere scholars make their acquaintance with the past history of a country an excuse for ignorance of its present state. Too often mere travellers think that having passed through a country entitles them to dogmatize without research upon its past history. Mr. Finlay is equally at home in both;\* he brings the past and the present to bear upon one another. His calm intellect, his personal experience, his profound research, and his sound political views, would render him the man of all others to scatter the crowd of chatterers upon oriental subjects, by an impartial and decisive view of the great controversy of our times.

But, on the other hand, we must confess that the great merits of Mr. Finlay are, to a certain extent, balanced by some qualities which do not, indeed, detract from the sterling merit of his volumes, but which, we fear, will very materially interfere with their general popularity and immediate effect. Mr. Finlay has written far more for the professed historian than for the general reader. He has shewn that Byzantine and mediæval Greek history may be made far more attractive and popular than it hitherto has been, but he has hardly himself achieved the work of making it so. He must be content to be the pioneer to others, who will doubtless take up his views and throw them into a form more likely to prove generally acceptable. He will certainly not be read like Hume or Robertson or Gibbon; he will hardly attain—those of his volumes which were published sufficiently early have not attained—even to the measure of popularity which attaches to Mr. Grote. The latter brought to his work a well-known political name, and appealed more directly to the general political philosopher. Every one knew that Athenian

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\* We may mention the various writings of Mr. Bowen on Greek subjects, as exhibiting the same happy union in a remarkable degree.

history contained much political information: Mr. Finlay appears, like Strepsiades, with his head on the block, as an apologist to prove that even the despised Byzantine history has something to be said for it also. Mr. Finlay will always be appreciated by the select few, but he hardly appeals to the sympathies of the many.

There are also some more strictly literary defects in our author's writings. His style is not remarkable any way, neither conspicuously good nor conspicuously the reverse; he always writes the English language grammatically and intelligibly, which in these days is really no small praise; but he is scarcely ever graphic or eloquent, even where graphic and eloquent writing would seem forced upon him by his subject. He is also decidedly deficient in feeling, and describes the last fall of Constantinople with hardly more emotion than an ordinary murder of an Emperor, or excommunication of a Patriarch. His narrative is not always well arranged, and he has no very definite idea of what Macaulay calls "historical perspective." That is to say, he often narrates very insignificant matters in as much detail as very important ones. He is far greater in comment than in narration; his reflections are always sound, generally original, and are often very vigorously expressed. But they often come in awkwardly, and sometimes degenerate into wearisome repetitions. Mr. Finlay falls into the natural temptation of an apologetic writer, and is too often reminding his readers—"You see my Byzantines could do something worth writing about, whatever people say." It is also a misfortune, though one perhaps unavoidable in a book written in the ancient and printed in the modern Athens, that these volumes are full of serious misprints, sometimes a little puzzling, as when the words "Komans" and "Romans" exchange places. There is a formidable list of errata, which, by the way, illustrates the old question about keeping the keepers, as among the corrigenda themselves we read of the Emperor *Theodocius*.

Mr. Finlay, again, has written four volumes, on kindred subjects indeed, but which do not strictly form four consecutive volumes of a connected work. They embrace two subjects which can hardly be separated, but which still are not precisely identical; the political history of the Byzantine Empire, and the history of the condition of the Greek nation during its existence. Mr. Finlay appears to have undertaken the latter first, and to have only advanced to the more extensive subject as an afterthought. A certain amount of confusion and repetition in the arrangement of the volumes is the necessary result. Mr. Finlay first published his "Greece under the Romans," as long ago as 1844. This was primarily devoted to the "Condition of the

Greek Nation from the time of its Conquest by the Romans until the Extinction of the Roman Empire in the East, [a phrase to which we shall recur,] B.C. 146—A.D. 717." Secondly, it could not fail to include a sketch of the general history of the Eastern Empire during that period. His second work, "*Mediæval Greece and Trebizond*," narrates in detail the history of the various states formed in Old Greece, "from its Conquest by the Crusaders to its Conquest by the Turks;" it also contains a distinct history of the Trapezuntine Empire, which happens to be bound in the same volume, but which is essentially a separate work. This arrangement, it will be seen, leaves a gap from 717 to 1204. Some excellent introductory chapters of the "*Mediæval Greece*," give, however, a brief sketch of Greek and Byzantine affairs during that period. Finally, he publishes his complete history of "*The Byzantine and Greek Empires*," from 716 till 1453, which, of course, goes over the same ground again more in detail, and involves considerable repetition. The best way to read the books is to commence with "*Greece under the Romans*;" then to read the "*Byzantine Empire*," down to 1204; and to regard the remaining portion of its second volume, and the "*Mediæval Greece and Trebizond*," as detached histories of the various fragments into which the Empire was split up after 1204; the Latin Empire of Constantinople, the Greek Empires of Nicæa, Constantinople, and Trebizond, and the various principalities, Greek and Frank, founded in ancient Hellas and the immediately conterminous countries.

But it will be observed that Mr. Finlay's plan does not exhaust the history either of the Byzantine Empire or of the Greek race. After 1204, he traces in detail the various states in Old Greece, the Greek Empire, first of Nicæa and then of Constantinople, and the Empire of Trebizond. But by confining his narrative exclusively to the perpetually diminishing Greek Empire of Constantinople, he lets pass out of view the fate of the very important northern provinces which assumed independence as the Byzantine power became enfeebled. Thus, the great kingdom, and for a time Empire, of Servia, and the second Bulgarian or Wallachian kingdom, come in only for very scanty and incidental notice. Yet these had been integral parts of the Byzantine Empire, and their growth and their absorption by the Ottoman power are subjects fully as important, both in themselves and with reference to present affairs, as the fate of the other fragment of the empire which survived at Constantinople. The Servian Stephen Dushan styled himself Emperor of Romania, and ruled over a far larger portion of the dominions of Leo the Third and Basil the Second than fell to the lot of the Greek who retained possession of the imperial city. These are countries

of which just now we want to know a great deal; while, down to the heroic close which redeems its degradation, no history is less worth writing in detail than that of the miserable dynasty of Palæologus.

And as to the history of the Greek nation, Mr. Finlay has pretty well exhausted its destinies, during the prescribed period, in old Greece, at Constantinople, and at Trebizond; but he has said hardly anything of that important portion of it which fell under the dominion of Venice. He details the history of the Princes of Achaia and the Dukes of the Archipelago, but he passes by the revolutions of Crete, Cyprus, and Corcyra. Even such an event as the final taking of Thessalonica by the Ottomans is only incidentally alluded to, because it had but a moment before passed from the sway of the double-headed eagle of Byzantium to that of the winged lion of St. Mark. Again, another subject presents itself closely connected both with the history of the Byzantine Empire and of the Greek nation. Southern Italy and Sicily were for ages as thoroughly Greek, and were for a long time as integral portions of the Eastern Empire, as Attica, or Ionia, or Byzantium itself. Now they are Greek no longer, and that apparently without any extermination or expulsion of the Greek inhabitants. The Greek language and the Greek religion survived the establishment of Saracen Emirs and Norman Kings; by what means they gradually died away is evidently a subject for the historian of the Greek race.

It may be said that many of the subjects we have mentioned belong to Ottoman, Venetian, or Neapolitan history, as much or more than to Greek or Byzantine. But they belong to Greek history also, and are quite capable of being treated from a Greek point of view. We should be delighted to hear that Mr. Finlay contemplates completing his cycle by a volume or volumes embracing them. We know of no man in Europe so thoroughly capable of doing justice to some at least of their number.

Mr. Finlay divides the whole duration of the imperial power in the East into three divisions, the Eastern Roman Empire, the Byzantine, and the Greek. The division, as he traces it out, is a real and important one, but the names, and especially the language employed by Mr. Finlay, are calculated to mislead. They mark three great epochs in the history of the Empire, but the names might lead the reader to suppose a more sudden and perceptible change than happened in at least the former of the two cases. When in his first title-page he talks of "the extinction of the Roman Empire in the East" in 717, a reader, ignorant of the history, would certainly imagine some event analogous to the extinction of the Greek Empire in 1453, some



overwhelming conquest, or, at all events, some remarkable transfer of the imperial power from one race or dynasty to another. But all that is really meant is, that one of the ordinary revolutions, following a period of extreme misfortune and confusion, placed a man of commanding ability on the throne, who thoroughly reformed and re-organized the Empire, and that, after this reform, the old Roman element was far less conspicuous than before. The Roman Empire gradually changed into a Byzantine one, but one can hardly talk of the "extinction of the Roman Empire" as if they were two different things. Down to the last Palæologus, the sovereign of Constantinople recognised no title but that of Emperor of the Romans, and down at least to the capture by the Crusaders the political identity of the Empire with that of old Rome remained unbroken. "Alexius V.," as Mr. Finlay says, "whom the Crusaders hurled from the summit of the Theodosian column, was the lineal political representative of Constantine and Augustus." The claim of the restored Empire of the Palæologi may be considered more doubtful; the old Empire was split into a variety of fragments, and it was purely accidental that the sovereigns of Nicæa, rather than those of Epirus or Trebizond, had the good fortune to recover possession of the imperial city. The Greek Empire of Constantinople was a mere imperfect restoration, not an unbroken continuation; it lost nearly all Roman character, and became little more than one of the several states, Greek, Frank, and Slavonic, into which the old Byzantine Empire had been divided.

The first period, according to Mr. Finlay's division, naturally joins itself on to that later history of independent Greece which we discussed in a former number. The Byzantine Empire is characterized by the identification with Roman policy and Grecian literature of a vast number of nations who were neither Greek nor Roman in blood. It marks the permanent supremacy of the Grecian intellect, unaccompanied by any political superiority, rather in fact by the reverse, on the part of the Greek nation. In this it was the continuation of the state of things commenced by Alexander the Great. Mr. Finlay therefore commences his work by a brief survey of the effects of Alexander's conquests, in which we are well pleased to find that full justice is done to the mighty Macedonian. Greece was politically humbled, but the intellectual empire of the Greek mind was extended wherever the arms of her conquerors penetrated. The Macedonians became practically Greek, and men of pure Hellenic blood flocked to their courts as to the great centres of Greek society. Greek philosophers and Greek captains found a wider and more brilliant field at Alexandria and Antioch and

Pergamus, than could be afforded by Athens or the cities of the League. The Greek or Macedonian kings of Egypt and Asia far outshone those who still reigned in the old realm of Philip and Alexander. Both Greece and Macedonia were drained of their most enterprising sons to form a dominant caste in the kingdoms of the East. Where, as in Asia Minor, Greek colonization had had an important influence in earlier times, the Macedonian conquests did but confirm it; such countries became almost wholly Greek; the old languages and the old national feelings remained here and there in rude and uncultivated districts, but the whole intellectual life was Greek. Greek was the language of government, literature, and philosophy; a Lycaonian or Isaurian literature does not exist, and probably never existed.

But the case was very different in those countries on which the earlier Grecian colonisation had had little or no effect, and where a very old and distinctly marked civilisation existed, capable of resisting all external influences. Syria and Egypt were ruled by Macedonian kings, and contained within their limits the two greatest cities of the Grecian world. But Syria and Egypt never became Greek; Antioch and Alexandria always remained Grecian colonies in a foreign land. The intellectual and theological nature of the native Syrian and Egyptian was never subdued by their political conquerors. We find this important distinction continually recurring in the Byzantine history, and it exists in full force in our own times. Where Anatolia is not Turkish, it is Greek; no Ante-Hellenic elements survive: but in Syria and Egypt, the native inhabitants have been well-nigh exterminated by the successive inroads of Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Saracens, Turks, and Franks, but where they have not perished from off the face of the earth, they still retain their ancient languages, and, in their heretical or national creeds, they preserve vestiges of those old intellectual systems which held sway before any of their successive conquerors had appeared upon the field of history.

Through this wide extension of a Greek intellectual empire, the Greek intellect became entirely divorced from any true Greek patriotism. Old Greece became a very insignificant portion of the Grecian world, when the ablest Greeks were the ministers, generals, and flatterers of distant kings. In the former state of things, the colonial Greek of Spain or of the Tauric Chersonesus had indeed no immediate tie which bound him to Attica or Peloponnesus, but he had a local patriotism for his own city, and retained a reverence for the original seat of his race. The Macedonian Greek retained neither feeling; he had no patriotism or nationality whatever, and was ready to become the ser-

vant of any despot at whose court Greek literature and philosophy formed a fashionable recreation.

Gradually the whole Græco-Macedonian world was gathered in under the universal dominion of Rome. One vestige of Grecian liberty alone remained. Far away, on the northern shores of the Euxine, in that fertile peninsula, which one age filled with Grecian and another with Genoese civilisation, but which is now reduced to serve as the battle-field of barbarian despots, the city of Cherson remained, the only survivor of those free Greek republics which had been once spread from the Tauric to the Iberian Chersonesus. Down to the ninth century it remained in close alliance indeed with the lords of Rome and Constantinople, but in free and equal alliance, as a sovereign and independent state. Hard by its ruins stands the fortress of Sebastopol, where our countrymen have to decide whether the barbarian of Stamboul or of Moscow shall lord it over the last resting-place of Hellenic freedom.

With this single exception, the whole Grecian race became subject to the universal sceptre of the Cæsars, and the provinces of Macedonia and Achaia formed but a very small portion of those regions in which the Grecian race was intellectually dominant. The Greek intellect, divorced from Greek patriotism, soon began to find even a wider field than during the Macedonian period. The monarchy in which the Greeks were swallowed up displayed from its very commencement many of those characteristics which it retained in the days when they themselves remained the last occupiers of its name and heritage. From the first Julius to the last Palæologus, the Roman empire was a power and not a nation. Its soldiers, its ministers, its emperors, were gathered from all the races surrounding the Mediterranean. We speak of the "Romans" in Britain or in Gaul; but we too often forget that by that name is implied merely subjects of the Roman empire, and not descendants of the Roman blood. The Roman armies of Constantine, of Trajan, of Agricola, would have been as little recognised as Roman by Camillus or even Cicero, as those of Belisarius, of Zimisce, or of Manuel Comnenus. After the rights of Roman citizenship, already possessed by individual families and cities in every corner of the empire, were finally extended to all its inhabitants without distinction, the Gaul, the Spaniard, the civilized Briton, regarded himself as a Roman. Only in rude half-conquered provinces, or in those which retained a much anterior civilisation, did the earlier nationalities survive. Such was the case with the Syrian and the Egyptian, with the Moor, the Basque, the Gael and Cymry of our own island. Then, too, did

the Greek find himself transformed into a Roman also; in old Hellas indeed some vestiges of Hellenic institutions still lingered on, but old Hellas was well-nigh forgotten by the Greek-speaking Roman citizens of the great cities of the East.

In thus incorporating states so superior to itself in arts and civilisation as the Græco-Macedonian kingdoms, the Roman empire sowed the first seeds of its own ultimate division. The people of the west became really Romanized; they not only bore the Roman name, but they adopted the Roman language and civilisation, and handed them on to their own Teutonic conquerors. But the Romans of the East were Romans only in their political capacity; their language and intellectual culture was Greek; patriotism or real nationality they had none. At length the principal seat of the imperial government was fixed in a Grecian city; one of true Hellenic origin, which had been a free commercial republic before Macedonians or Romans had been heard of. The formal aspect of this change was less important than might at first sight appear; its importance was wholly in its results. The imperial government was not transferred from Rome to Byzantium; Rome had already ceased to be an imperial residence. When all the inhabitants of the empire were alike Romans, their common sovereign was no more bound to the original Rome than to any other city, and Milan and Nicomedeia were found by Diocletian and his colleagues to be far more practical centres of administration. What Constantine did was to make a still better choice, and to establish his new capital in a more formal and systematic way. But nothing could be farther from his imagination than to found a Greek or a Byzantine empire. His city was the New Rome, and succeeded exactly to the position of the old. It was a great Roman colony, like Corinth, or Nicopolis, or Carthage, on a grander scale. The New Rome had its senate and people, its consuls, its prefect, its whole government, everything but its heathen worship, identical with the old. It never identified itself with any particular portion of the empire, and always remained, even beyond its other portions, a city eminently devoid of all nationality. Yet, as planted in the midst of the Grecian world, a strong Greek element could not be excluded. The imperial city became, what Alexandria had hitherto been, the great centre of Greek intellectual life. Greek soon became the ordinary speech, and Latin the mere state language of legislation and public business. Justinian put forth his great legal system in a language which, even after the conquest of Italy and Africa, was unintelligible to the majority of his subjects; and his later edicts were more wisely issued in both languages. Gradually even legislation was obliged to con-

fine itself to the tongue understood of the people; and the strange spectacle was presented of an Emperor of the Romans, a Patriarch of New Rome, a Roman Senate and People, glorying in the Roman name, and deriving their whole political existence from a Roman source, but in whose eyes the speech of Ennius, and Tacitus, and Claudian, was simply the despised idiom of western heretics and barbarians.

From this period Constantinople remained for a long series of centuries the greatest city of Europe. For nine hundred years, from its foundation by Constantine to its capture by the Crusaders, the city of the Cæsars constantly accumulated the treasures of art, and wealth, and literature, while the nations of the west remained in the gloom and confusion of the real dark ages. It was, indeed, a gloom and a confusion, out of which a light and order were to spring better than Byzantium ever knew; but, at the time, the East, contrasted with the West, presented the spectacle of civilisation opposed to barbarism, of civil order confronted with anarchy. During Mr. Finlay's first period, Constantinople remained the capital of an empire whose identity with that of old Rome cannot be called in question. It should never be forgotten that what is commonly called the fall of the Western Empire in 476 was, in its formal and technical aspect, the reunion of the subordinate empire of the West with the paramount monarchy of Constantinople. The Roman Emperors of the East, during the fifth century, deputed an imperial colleague to the government of Italy, and at its close committed the same task to the imperial lieutenants, the barbarian Kings Odoacer and Theodoric. In the next generation these lofty claims became a veritable reality, and the sole Roman Emperor—Imperator Cæsar Flavius Justinianus Augustus—ruled over nearly the same territories as Constantine and Theodosius. Britain, Gaul, and Northern Spain were indeed irrecoverably lost, but from Calpe to the Euphrates the Roman power still survived, and still discharged its old and characteristic functions. Through Asia, Africa, Egypt, Thrace, Illyricum, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Southern Spain, there still went forth a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. Some indeed of these conquests were but evanescent, but Southern Italy was retained for five hundred years, and when the storm of Mahometan invasion burst upon the empire of Heraclius, that prince still reigned, not only at Constantinople, at Alexandria, and at Antioch, but at Rome, at Syracuse, and at Carthage. So little indeed was the Roman empire identified with its Grecian portions, that Heraclius himself once\* contemplated transferring

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\* This has commonly been considered as a mere act of cowardice, not a very likely motive in the future conqueror of Persia. The Byzantine writers, of

the seat of government to the thoroughly Latin city of Carthage, as his descendant Constans did to the old Rome itself. Constantinople, itself a city absolutely without nationality, represented the mere administrative being of the Roman power, which embraced within its jurisdiction alike Greeks and Latins, Syrians and Egyptians, and the wilder tribes of the Slavonian, Moorish, and Saracen marches.

But in the meanwhile a new Grecian nationality was growing up, whose character and development has been excellently traced by our author. The Roman despotism crushed all political life, but the Christian religion, and the free constitution of the Christian Church, gave a new field for man's intellectual activity. The range of human thought became almost wholly restricted to theological subjects, but within that range it reaped a plentiful crop indeed of metaphysical subtleties and interminable controversies. The debates of the ecclesiastical synod succeeded to those of the agora and the senate-house, and rival nations contended with anathemas instead of with armies. Nothing at first sight appears more unprofitable, unpractical, and unintelligible than the ecclesiastical disputes which raged from the fourth to the seventh century, except indeed the subsequent disputes as to the light on Mount Tabor, and whether the soul had its true locality in the navel. Western controversies have generally been carried on for something whose practical importance is intelligible at a glance; for the Pope or the Emperor, for the mass or the communion, for episcopacy or presbytery, for intrusion or non-intrusion; but at first sight one does not perceive why disputants should anathematize one another for the use of different words about the inscrutable mysteries of the Divine nature, when it was impossible for either party to invest its favourite symbol with any definite or intelligible meaning. But the difficulty is removed when we regard them as really national controversies, which the circumstances of the time compelled to assume a theological form. What the orthodox and loyal Greek cursed as a rebellious heresy, was to the Syrian or the Egyptian the true national faith of his national church, the only badge he could retain of a national existence which, though trampled on, was not forgotten. Thus theological unity formed a new Greek nation out of all those portions of the empire which spoke the Greek language, and adhered to the faith of the orthodox Greek church. As the Greek church and the

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course, look upon it as a shameful dereliction of his post; to Heraclius, a Roman of the African province, Carthage might well seem a better capital than Constantinople. Mr. Finlay has some excellent remarks on this subject, and on the whole career of that wonderful man.—*Greece under the Romans*, p. 388.



Greek nation became so closely identified, the former sunk into what, when compared with western history, appears a slavish subserviency to the civil power. Constantinople never produced either a Hildebrand or a Luther; her long line of patriarchs seldom appear as ought but the passive agents of the imperial power. But then the Emperor was not, as in the west, a hostile influence; he held his throne by the one tenure of orthodox belief, and he appears as much at home in his ecclesiastical administration as in civil or military affairs. The church and the nation were truly one. And this nation, a philological, ecclesiastical, and political, though no ethnological unity, survives to our own day. The true Greek is marked out by the combination of language and religion. The Russian or the Servian has not become Greek, because he has the tie of religion only without that of language; the Mahometan or Latin renegade of Hellenic blood and speech, is no longer recognised as one, because he has the tie of language only without that of religion.

The events of the seventh and eighth centuries had the effect of condensing and strengthening the empire, by making it nearly conterminous with this artificial Greek nation. The Arabian conquerors of the seventh century did the empire the great service of depriving it of its troublesome Syrian and Egyptian possessions, which it had been found impossible to bring under the thorough control of Roman legislation and Greek theology. The Latin province of Africa soon followed, as that of Spain had done from other causes at an earlier time. The empire now consisted of the Greek provinces, of the exarchate of Ravenna, and of those ruder nationalities which still existed in Asia and on the Danubian frontier. The artificial Greek nation was now preponderant; the Latin element was confined to a single distant province; the old Phrygian and Isaurian, the new Slavonian and Bulgarian nationalities, could contribute no intellectual element, though the latter might contribute much of moral and military vigour. The Armenian territories form the only exception; they contributed an unusual proportion of the most vigorous rulers of the empire, but they in no degree made the empire Armenian or diminished at all from its negative character, its Roman polity and its Greek intellect. In the eighth century Latin Italy was lost; it might appear wonderful that the great emperors of that period allowed it to be lost almost without a struggle. They doubtless saw that the loss was a real gain. They themselves had not a particle of Greek nationality; most of them were not Greeks in blood and hardly in language, and their whole political being was still Roman; but they saw that the possession of Italy was no source of strength or of wealth, and that their attention was far more im-

peratively called for on the banks of the Danube and the Euphrates. They thus realized their position as heads of a Byzantine empire in a way that Justinian had not done, when he sent his armies forth to subdue Italy and Africa, and allowed every wandering tribe from the north to insult him with impunity in his capital.

Up to the close of the eighth century, the sovereign of Constantinople was the sole and undisputed Emperor of the Romans, retaining at least a nominal jurisdiction over the old Rome itself. At that point the old Rome professed to disdain subjection to an Athenian female, and to assert her inherent right of electing the Roman Emperor. The Roman Pontiff placed an imperial diadem on the head of a barbarian king, and from that moment the claim to the lawful heritage of the Cæsars was disputed between a German and a Greek. It requires no very profound study to decide in favour of the Oriental candidate. The Roman empire of the East changed its place, but it retained its character and its continuous existence; that of the West, important and instructive as were its long continued claims to the imperial heritage, was at best an artificial revival, a feudal monarchy with imperial claims, but with neither imperial character nor imperial possessions. Otto, and Frederick, and Charles reigned indeed supreme in Italy, but they reigned not by virtue of their Roman title, but of their German or Spanish forces. The Roman empire overthrown by Napoleon was a far vainer title than that which fell before the arms of Mahomet II.

In a formal aspect, if a line were to be drawn anywhere between the Roman and the Byzantine empire, it might have seemed better to place it at the coronation of Charlemagne, the event which first controverted the right of the Byzantine monarch to the title of Emperor of the Romans. But the accession of Leo the Isaurian, in 717, marks so important a stage in Byzantine history, that Mr. Finlay is probably right in selecting it as one of his main æras. The last miserable successors of Heraclius, and the revolutions which produced and followed their overthrow, had reduced the empire to such a pitch of internal and external degradation, that its speedy extinction appeared inevitable. There was anarchy within, and the triumphant Saracen without. Leo triumphed over both foes, and restored the empire on a surer footing. He drove back the Moslem from the walls of the imperial city, beneath which they never appeared again until after many centuries and under widely different auspices.

"Few military details," says Mr. Finlay, "concerning Leo's defence of Constantinople have been preserved, but there can be no doubt that it was one of the most brilliant exploits of a warlike age. . . . The army of Leo, though far inferior in number to that of Mos-

lemah, was its equal in discipline and military skill ; while the walls of Constantinople were garnished with engines from the ancient arsenals of the city, far exceeding in power and number any with which the Arabs had been in the habit of contending. The vanity of Gallic writers has magnified the success of Charles Martel over a plundering expedition of the Spanish Arabs into a marvellous victory, and attributed the deliverance of Europe from the Saracen yoke to the valour of the Franks. A veil has been thrown over the talents and courage of Leo, a soldier of fortune, just seated on the imperial throne, who defeated the long-planned schemes of conquest of the caliphs Welid and Suleiman. It is unfortunate that we have no Isaurian literature."

The Byzantine empire, as distinguished by our author from the preceding Roman and the subsequent Greek, extends over nearly five centuries, from the accession of Leo to the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders. Its character and the main periods into which it may naturally be divided are thus vigorously summed up by Mr. Finlay:—

"After the accession of Leo III., a new condition of society is soon apparent ; and though many old political evils continued to exist, it becomes evident that a greater degree of personal liberty, as well as greater security for property, was henceforth guaranteed to the mass of the inhabitants of the empire. Indeed, no other government, of which history has preserved the records, unless it be that of China, has secured equal advantages to its subjects for so long a period. The empires of the caliphs and of Charlemagne, though historians have celebrated their praises loudly, cannot, in their best days, compete with the administration organized by Leo on this point ; and both sank into ruin while the Byzantine empire continued to flourish in full vigour. It must be confessed that eminent historians present a totally different picture of Byzantine history to their readers. Voltaire speaks of it as a worthless repertory of declamation and miracles, disgraceful to the human mind. Even the sagacious Gibbon, after enumerating with just pride the extent of his labours, adds,—'From these considerations, I should have abandoned without regret the Greek slaves and their servile historians, had I not reflected that the fate of the Byzantine monarchy is passively connected with the most splendid and important revolutions which have changed the state of the world.' The views of Byzantine history, unfolded in the following pages, are frequently in direct opposition to these great authorities. The defects and vices of the political system will be carefully noticed, but the splendid achievements of the emperors, and the great merits of the judicial and ecclesiastical establishments, will be contrasted with their faults.

"The history of the Byzantine empire divides itself into three periods, strongly marked by distinct characteristics.

"The first period commences with the reign of Leo III., in 716,

and terminates with that of Michael III., in 867. It comprises the whole history of the predominance of the Iconoclasts in the established church, and of the reaction which reinstated the orthodox in power. It opens with the efforts by which Leo and the people of the empire saved the Roman law and the Christian religion from the conquering Saracens. It embraces a long and violent struggle between the government and the people, the emperors seeking to increase the central power by annihilating every local franchise, and even the right of private opinion, among their subjects. The contest concerning image-worship, from the prevalence of ecclesiastical ideas, became the expression of this struggle. Its object was as much to consolidate the supremacy of the imperial authority, as to purify the practice of the church. The emperors wished to constitute themselves the fountains of ecclesiastical as completely as of civil legislation.

The long and bloody wars of this period, and the vehement character of the sovereigns who filled the throne, attract the attention of those who love to dwell on the romantic facts of history. Unfortunately, the biographical sketches and individual characters of the heroes of these ages lie concealed in the dullest chronicles. But the true historical feature of this memorable period is the aspect of a declining empire saved by the moral vigour developed in society, and of the central authority struggling to restore national prosperity. Never was such a succession of able sovereigns seen following one another on any other throne. The stern Iconoclast, Leo the Isaurian, opens the line as the second founder of the Eastern empire. His son, the fiery Constantine, who was said to prefer the odour of the stable to the perfumes of his palaces, replanted the Christian standards on the banks of the Euphrates. Irene, the beautiful Athenian, presents a strange combination of talent, heartlessness, and orthodoxy. The finance minister, Nicephorus, perishes on the field of battle like an old Roman. The Armenian Leo falls at the altar of his private chapel, murdered as he is singing psalms with his deep voice before day-dawn. Michael the Amorion, who stammered Greek with his native Phrygian accent, became the founder of an imperial dynasty, destined to be extinguished by a Slavonian groom. The accomplished Theophilus lived in an age of romance, both in action and literature. His son, Michael, the last of the Amorion family, was the only contemptible prince of this period, and he was certainly the most despicable buffoon that ever occupied a throne.

"The second period commences with the reign of Basil I. in 867, and terminates with the deposition of Michael VI. in 1057. During these two centuries the imperial sceptre was retained by members of the Basilian family, or held by those who shared their throne as guardians or husbands. At this time the Byzantine empire attained its highest pitch of external power and internal prosperity. The Saracens were pursued into the plains of Syria. Antioch and Edessa were reunited to the empire. The Bulgarian monarchy was conquered; and the Danube became again the northern frontier. The Slavonians in Greece were almost exterminated. Byzantine com-

merce filled the whole Mediterranean, and legitimated the claim of the emperor of Constantinople to the title of Autocrat of the Mediterranean Sea. But the real glory of this period consists in the power of the law. Respect for the administration of justice pervaded society more generally than it had ever done at any preceding period of the history of the world—a fact which our greatest historians have overlooked, though it is all-important in the history of human civilisation.

“The third period extends from the accession of Isaac I. (Comnenus,) in 1057, to the conquest of the Byzantine empire by the Crusaders, in 1204. This is the true period of the decline and fall of the Eastern Empire. It commenced by a rebellion of the great nobles of Asia, who effected an internal revolution in the Byzantine empire by wrenching the administration out of the hands of well-trained officials, and destroying the responsibility created by systematic procedure. A despotism supported by personal influence soon ruined the scientific fabric which had previously upheld the imperial power. The people were ground to the earth by a fiscal rapacity, over which the splendour of the house of Comnenus throws a thin veil. The wealth of the empire was dissipated, its prosperity destroyed, the administration of justice corrupted, and the central authority lost all control over the population, when a band of 20,000 adventurers, masked as Crusaders, put an end to the Roman empire of the East.”

This whole period contains much which cannot fail to have an absorbing interest at the present moment. For a long portion of its duration the great sphere of military activity was placed in precisely the same regions to which it has been transferred by events going on before our own eyes. The Danubian frontier has always been the weak point for all rulers of Constantinople. Since the Goths first crossed that great river in the days of Valens, all the most successful invasions, with the single exception of the Frank conquest, have been made from this quarter; even the Ottomans did not advance to the conquest of Constantinople till they had assumed the position of a Danubian as well as an Asiatic power. In earlier times, while the frontier was more extended, the attention of the emperors was too often directed to more distant and brilliant objects, and Goths, Huns, and Avars were allowed to pour into the empire all but unchecked. But now the chief attention of a long succession of able monarchs was devoted to checking the incursions of various enemies in this direction. The Slavonian tribes did not invariably appear in a hostile capacity; many of them were settled, with the imperial permission, on waste lands within the empire. They formed for many centuries an important portion of the population of ancient Hellas; they still inhabit a large tract of ancient Macedonia; they supplied the empire with

many statesmen and generals, and even with some of its most famous sovereigns. The Russians, under their Scandinavian rulers, appear, in the eighth and ninth centuries, on an errand which we call the same, and which they probably call an opposite one, from that in which they are again engaged after the lapse of a thousand years. The early greatness of Russia, its subsequent disappearance from history, its restoration and advance in our own time, form one of the strangest dramas that history records. But at all times, in peace and in war, the Great City—the Micklegard of the Varangians—has been the cynosure of Russian eyes. In 865 they ventured to attack Constantinople by sea, and their repulse forms the solitary exploit which graces the name of Michael the Drunkard. In the succeeding century we sometimes find the Russian fleets serving as the allies and sometimes as the enemies of the Roman power. At last, in 970, the Russian prince Swiatosloff invaded the imperial territory by land, while its valiant Emperor Zimisce was occupied in the East. He occupied Bulgaria, crossed the passes of Hæmus, but, instead of dictating a treaty of Adrianople, he was completely routed by the emperor, on his return from his oriental campaign. Dorystolon, the modern Silistria, predestined to an exactly opposite fate in our own times, was occupied by the Russians, who were there besieged for two months by the Roman army, till, in the end, Swiatosloff was reduced to capitulate, and to quit the empire on tolerably mild conditions. We really cannot help thinking that this campaign, waged even though it was by a “Greek of the Lower Empire,” would not be an unprofitable study for the leisure hours of Lord Raglan and Omar Pasha.

The Bulgarians proved a more formidable and permanent enemy, but even they yielded in the end to the inherent vitality of the Roman power. Originally a Turkish tribe, they appear to have been so intermingled with the far greater mass of their Slavonian subjects, that the nationality of the so-called Bulgarian kingdom became far more Slavonian than Turkish. The Bulgarians of the present day still speak a dialect of the Slavonic family. After two centuries of warfare, the Bulgarian kingdom north of Mount Hæmus was subdued by Zimisce in the Russian war, and the Roman frontier again extended to the Danube. A new revolt, after his death, laid the foundations of a more extensive Bulgarian or Slavonian state in Illyricum and Macedonia, the entire subjugation of which was the great exploit of that Basil, who derived his terrible surname from its overthrow. From his time we hear no more of Bulgarian revolts or inroads, till, when the empire was declining under the miserable dynasty of Angelus, a new Bulgarian kingdom arose, which, according to



Mr. Finlay, was rather Wallachian, just as its predecessor was Slavonian.

The abiding majesty of the Roman name, and the personal greatness of the emperors who were engaged in these wars, make us sympathize, almost mechanically, with the Byzantine cause against the Bulgarian and the Russian. But it is well worth considering whether the prospects of Christianity and civilisation might not have been promoted if Constantinople had fallen into their hands, or again if it had become the capital of the great Servian empire, in the fourteenth century. The Bulgarians, the Russians, the Servians, were not mere savages, like the wandering Huns, nor yet, like the Saracens and Ottomans, the representatives of a rival system of religion, polity, and social life. They were to the Eastern empire what the Teutonic nations were to the Western, half conquerors, half pupils. They looked up with reverence to the city from which they derived their religion, and whose civilisation they had begun to appreciate and adopt. A Slavonian empire at Constantinople might have preserved all that was valuable in the Byzantine system, and have communicated to it that spirit of vigorous nationality which was just what it lacked. That Greeks and Slavonians can coalesce is shewn by the complete hellenization of the Slavonians of Peloponnesus, during the struggles of the two nations against their common French and Turkish enemies. Perchance, a Russian conquest in the ninth century might have prevented the necessity of contending against one in the nineteenth. The rulers of Russia in those days were princes of our own blood, the Scandinavian conquerors of a Slavonian people. Established on the throne of the Cæsars, a Varangian emperor might have proved the Theodoric or the Charlemagne of the East. Even after their twofold repulse by land and sea, the Russians did not scruple to adopt the religion of Constantinople, and so much of its polity and civilisation as they could reproduce in their own country.

But it was not at the hands of comparative friends that the Roman empire in the East was to be finally extinguished. It was first to be broken in pieces by the rival Christians of the West, and then consumed piecemeal by the Mahometans of the remoter East. The reform of Leo preserved the empire in glory for three centuries; the commencement of the eleventh century, the reign of Basil II., was, in our author's words, "the culminating point of Byzantine greatness. The eagles of Constantinople flew, during his life, in a long career of victory, from the banks of the Danube to those of the Euphrates, and from the mountains of Armenia to the shores of Italy." After him came what Mr. Finlay calls the "Period of Conservatism on the Eve of Decline," till, during the latter part of the eleventh century, and the whole

duration of the twelfth, came the period of decline itself. A new enemy appeared in the form of the Seljouk Turks, who, for the first time since Sapor trampled on the prostrate Valerian, obtained the honour of leading a Roman emperor in bonds. We need not repeat the oft-told tale of the true magnanimity of Alp Arslan; we are rather concerned with the difference between the Saracen and the Turkish inroads. The Saracens sought for men and cities and provinces to rule over; the Turks, in their first inroads, sought only to destroy all signs of civilisation, deeming agriculture and commerce unnecessary obstacles to the pasturage of a nomad people. The whole interior of Asia Minor was thus completely devastated before the establishment of a comparatively civilized Turkish monarchy. Here we have the explanation of one of the Eastern phenomena of our own time, namely, that while, in the rest of their empire, the Turks form only a ruling caste among a vast majority of other races, there are large districts of "Anadol, the last home of the Faithful," in which they still form the great bulk of the population. The policy of Alexius Comnenus, following in the wake of the Crusaders, and the personal valour of his son and grandson, did something to stop the progress of decline even in the twelfth century. They recovered the whole maritime region of Asia, and drove back the Sultan from his threatening position at Nicæa to the distant and humbler residence of Iconium. But Manuel was a mere knight-errant, and even his father, the Good John,\* as he was worthily called, was too apt, like Justinian, to consume his strength on distant expeditions, while more pressing needs called for his attention nearer home. He laboured hard for the recovery of Antioch and Cilicia, while the Turk reigned undisturbed at Iconium, and ravaged the country almost within sight of Constantinople. At last, after the tyranny of Andronicus, the sceptre of the Comneni passed into the hands of the contemptible Angeli, and their misgovernment proved the appropriate preparation for the transfer of the city of Constantine, Justinian, and Basil, into the hands of an adventurer from the unknown region of Flanders.

With the Frank conquest we may fairly consider the Roman Empire of the East as having run its course. The old monarchy was irretrievably broken up, and Emperors, Kings, Despots, and Dukes innumerable sprung up out of its ruins. At one period one Latin and three Greek princes bore the title of Emperor, at Constantinople, Nicæa, Thessalonica, and Trebizond. Of these the Nicene potentates, as having ultimately recovered the im-

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\* Calo-Joannes = Good John, not Handsome John.

perial city, were held to be the true representatives of the Roman power, and continued its lofty titles down to the last moment of their existence. For a while they proved themselves worthy of them; the Greeks in their exile benefited by their adversity; the Nicene Emperors, Theodore Lascaris and John Vatatzes, rank among the best and greatest in eastern history; their throne was supported by the merits of a just government, and was defended—a new feature in the annals of the Eastern Empire—by a national and patriotic army. The Emperor of Nicæa, unable, like his Constantinopolitan predecessor, to hire the choicest warriors of all nations, was driven to depend on the valour of his own people, and the archers of the Bithynian mountains long remained the terror of Turk and Frank. The devastating torrent of Mongolian invasion, which overwhelmed the Mahometan dynasties of Asia Minor, spent itself before it reached the Christian frontier; and the Greek state of Nicæa, endowed with the old Roman vitality, beheld the fall of the powers which had supplanted it. But when Constantinople was recovered, and the throne had passed to the wretched dynasty of Palæologus, the scene is altogether changed. We need not tarry over their wearisome annals, to which we may fairly apply all the disparaging epithets which are so strangely lavished upon the whole extent of the Byzantine history. Except the hero with whom it closes, this contemptible race produced no character worthy of sympathy, few worthy of esteem; and even he claims our admiration only for the latter part of his career. The melancholy glory of his imperial reign cannot blind us to the grave errors of his earlier government in Peloponnesus. During the duration, extending over nearly two centuries, of the second Empire of Constantinople, both Empire and city were but the shadow of their former selves. Constantinople never recovered the devastating sack, and the hardly less devastating government of its Frankish rulers. Under the Palæologi, it sank far below the level of Venice and Genoa; and it was only under the Turkish Mahomet that it at all recovered its place among the capitals of Europe. Destroyers elsewhere, the Ottomans may, in the imperial city itself, fairly claim the merit of refounders.

The Ottomans, like the Greeks themselves, were an artificial nation, united by a triple bond of language, religion, and government, but not forming any real ethnological unity. The earlier Emirs and Sultans were the wisest rulers as well as the most skilful generals of their time; and, notwithstanding their constant cruelty and occasional perfidy, we must allow that they were worthy of the Empire which they won. Their rule was often preferred to that of the existing powers, whether Mahometan or Christian; where different Christian sects were contending, the

infidel was generally regarded as a deliverer from the heretic.\* The Christians were chiefly subdued by the arts and arms of their own brethren; Constantinople fell, not before the Saracen or the Turkman, but before warriors of Grecian or Slavonian blood. The institution of the tribute-children drew the best blood of the conquered into the service of the conquerors, and surrounded the throne with warriors and statesmen, who, instead of the ordinary ties of country and kindred, knew only devotion to the Prophet and the Sultan. The Ottoman conquest spread barbarism and desolation over the fairest and most historic regions of the world; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that the Roman Empire had run its course, and that the Greek nation required re-casting in the furnace of adversity. Had the Bulgarian Samuel or the Servian Stephen possessed the genius and the fortune of Othman and Orkhan, of Amurath and Mahomet, the great dilemma might have been solved, and the disagreeable alternative of Turk or Muscovite might not have been presented to the politicians of our own time. As it was, the Ottomans found a capital without an empire, and an empire without a capital, and both fell an easy prey.

In contemplating this long and wonderful history, we are struck by the constant vitality and power of revivification possessed by the Roman Empire of the East down to its latest days. Many enemies attacked it, some dismembered it, but it outlived all but the last; its immortality always enabled it to secure its turn of re-conquest in the time of their decay. Goth, Hun, Avar, Chazar, and Persian, threatened it in vain. The Goth and the Vandal occupy Italy and Africa; the Empire bides its time, waits for the decay of the conqueror, and recovers the lost province. Italy falls again into the grasp of Lombard and Frank; their period of weakness comes, and the Byzantine province is extended from a corner of Calabria and Apulia over the richest regions of southern Italy. The Saracen occupies Cilicia, Antioch, and Crete; but the Caliphate wanes in its turn, and "the sway of Christ and Cæsar is restored." The Turk more permanently occupies Asia, but even he, weakened by the crusading host, is compelled to withdraw his throne from Nicæa to Iconium. The Frank breaks the whole Empire into atoms, but the germ of its restoration still survives among the Bithynian hills, and Thessalonica, Adrianople, and Byzantium itself, soon return to their old allegiance. Even in the last age of imperial

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\* The close of the Ducal dynasty of Naxos is an almost ludicrous instance in its grotesque juxtaposition of creeds and races. The Greeks, weary of their Latin rulers, apply for redress to the Turkish Sultan. The Mahometan deliverer consigns them to the government of a Jewish viceroy, who ends by appointing a Spaniard as his lieutenant.

decrepitude, Peloponnesus was gradually regained; and it was reserved for the last Constantine himself to re-establish the imperial superiority over the whole peninsula, with the exception of the few points retained by Venice. There, in the old home of the Greek race, after Constantinople had become the capital of the barbarian, and St. Sophia the mosque of the False Prophet, the old spirit still lingered, and the Ottoman encountered a valiant opposition from the defenders, no longer of the vain titles of Roman sovereignty, but of the mountains and valleys which still cherished the liberties of the Hellenic people. No man should venture to write on "the Turks and the Greeks" without making himself master of the writings of Mr. Finlay; and no man who has read our author's narrative of the campaign of Mahomet in Peloponnesus should venture on the ignorant calumny, that "at the time of the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, the Greek nationality had entirely perished."\*

We must confess, however, that during the brightest days of the Byzantine Empire the Greek nationality was entirely overshadowed. No one can have looked even through our imperfect sketch without perceiving how true a continuation that Empire was of the old Roman power. The Empire had ceased to be Roman in any ethnological strictness, long before the days of the first Constantine, but Roman alike in the merits and the vices of its polity it remained down to the overthrow of the last. A monarchy existed for fifteen hundred years without a nationality, and without a definite law of succession. From Augustus to Basil, all power, legislative and administrative, was gradually gathered round the sole person of the sovereign, and yet no law pointed out the legal means by which the sovereign was to be determined. The Roman monarchy was neither elective nor hereditary; it was the prize of any man who could grasp it. A conspiracy in the palace, a riot in the city, a sedition in the army, might at any moment place Vespasian or Cantacuzenus on the throne of the Julii or the Palæologi. But the monarchy still continued untouched; indeed, as Mr. Finlay hints, the murder, the blinding, or the monastic profession of an unpopular Emperor, was simply a stronger form of what we are familiar with in the resignation of an unpopular ministry. The Roman merits of law and order, strict administration of justice, strict honesty in regard to the coinage, remained for centuries the distinguishing characteristics of Byzantine administration, balanced by the no less essentially Roman vices of fiscal oppression and general severance of interest between the governors and the governed. Centralization continually advanced; local and municipal

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\* *Quarterly Review*, No. CLXXXVIII., p. 526.

institutions were discouraged, except in those distant possessions which were allies, rather than subjects, and which, like Venice and Naples, gradually grew into independent states. In an age when order and liberty seemed irreconcilable, the centralized despotism of Constantinople was positively the best government in the world, that under which life and property were most secure, and where art, literature, commerce, and general civilisation were most flourishing. But, essentially conservative and unprogressive, it had not the same hope for the future as was presented by the vigorous barbarism of the western nations. Its old age endured alongside of their youth, till they had sufficiently advanced to give the world a lesson in a higher, and we trust, still more enduring civilisation. The axes of English and Scandinavian auxiliaries formed the surest defence of the Roman Emperor, while he alone in the world represented law and regular government. They supported the imperial throne till institutions were matured in their own distant lands, showing that law need not emanate from an irresponsible despot, and that a vigorous central government may be maintained without the destruction of local and individual freedom. On the other hand, the despotic and centralized governments of our own day, treading in the steps of their Byzantine precursors without their necessity, reproducing the vices of their government without its countervailing merits, may well take a lesson from their fate. The internal vices of the Byzantine government were pardonable, because unavoidable; yet its fall was far more owing to those internal vices than to the assaults of Bulgarian or Frank or Ottoman. How much lower may be the fall of powers which adopt its worst principles without its excuse, it is not within our province to predict.

We are still very far from having exhausted Mr. Finlay's volumes. We have only grappled with one of his two main subjects, the political history of the Empire; even here we have only enlarged on a few out of many reflections suggested by it. To his second subject, the condition of the Hellenic race, we have only incidentally alluded. This last is one far too interesting in itself, and far too closely connected with present events and important recent works, to be passed by in a cursory manner. We may perhaps recur to it on some future occasion.



- ART. III.—1. *I Valdesi: Ossiano i Cristiani-Cattolici secondo la Chiesa Primitiva.* Per AMEDEO BERT. Torino, 1849.
2. *Histoire de l'Eglise Vaudoise, depuis son origine, et des Vaudois du Piémont jusqu'à nos jours.* Par ANTOINE MONASTIER. Deux Tomes. Toulouse, 1847.
3. *An Enquiry into the History and Theology of the ancient Valenses and Albigenses.* By GEORGE STANLEY FABER, B.D. London, 1838.

IT was the news of the great massacre following “the bloody order of Gastaldo,” that first roused the sympathies of the English nation for the suffering churches of Piedmont. Early in the summer of 1655, tidings reached England of almost incredible atrocities in the Vaudois valleys; and letters came thick and fast from Dauphiny and Geneva, “just like Job’s messengers,” it was said, each with a sadder tale to tell than the one that came before. The voice of the blood of murdered men was crying to God, and England, now solemn and Puritanic, was prepared, as she never had been before, to lift up her voice for a suffering church. “If two she-bears out of the wood were commanded to tear in pieces forty and two children, merely for insulting the old prophet, Lord, what shall be the end of *these* murderers?” Such was the feeling with which the Puritans regarded the Vaudois massacre, and that feeling found its noblest expression in the words of the great Puritan poet—words which we never weary of repeating—

“Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter’d saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter’d on the Alpine mountains cold.”

The author of that sonnet was doing more at that time than writing verses. He was busy at Whitehall, inditing stately letters in the name of the Lord Protector of England to kings, electors, and reigning dukes, to “the high and mighty Lords” of the States of Holland, and to the consuls and senators of the Swiss Confederation, in reference to the poor remnant of the Valleys. For Cromwell had taken up their cause right nobly—had spoken firm words to kings—had sent a special ambassador to Turin—had proclaimed a fast, and ordered a general collection on their behalf throughout all the churches of England. No less a sum than £38,000—enormous in those days—was raised in consequence of that order, even the parishes in Wales sending up their quota to London. The result of Cromwell’s embassy was looked for with anxiety by many, and in addition

to mere speech-making and diplomacy, the ambassador was charged to employ his leisure in drawing up an exact history of the persecution, beginning with the order of Gastaldo, and in collecting any information regarding the Vaudois that might be generally interesting. Some were "curious to know who these people were, and what was their father's house:" and there was one man especially—"a pillar of learning, and pattern of piety," who had given young Samuel Morland a special charge to spare no labour and no cost, to procure old documents illustrative of the history and doctrines of those churches. There was nothing in the world, that venerable man said, that he was more impatient to know than the true doctrinal history of the Waldenses, from the importance of being able to trace, in the controversy with the Church of Rome, the footsteps of the faith during the middle ages. Archbishop Usher was then in London in a kind of banishment; he had not ventured to return to Ireland since the rebels had sacked his house at Armagh. But he did not live long enough to know how faithfully the young Puritan had discharged his commission. Before the documents, which he had so longed for, came in cases and black boxes to Cambridge, he had been carried to his grave in Westminster. But the whole Protestant Church remains a debtor to the Primate of Armagh. That search through the nooks and corners of the Valleys for old parchments that had lain neglected under dust and rubbish, has preserved much of the Waldensian history that must otherwise have perished, and enabled us to refer distinctly to the Church's testimony in those days, when "the woman fled into the wilderness" from the face and the fury of the great red dragon.\*

In due time the ambassador gave in his report. There was no Parliament in those days to be bored with blue-books, and hence Morland presented to the reading public in general a goodly volume of some seven hundred and odd pages, containing his History of the Evangelical Churches of Piedmont, and of the recent negotiations on their behalf. It is interesting to turn over the leaves of that fine old folio, with its date of 1658, and with great red letters on the title-page; and there is something characteristic of the age in the concluding announcement, that it was "Printed by Henry Hills, one of His Highness's Printers, for Adoniram Byfield, and to be sold at the Three Bibles in Cornhill, next to Pope's Head Alley." It was possi-

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\* It is to be regretted that no society, like the Parker or Wodrow, has undertaken the examination of such of these documents as remain at Cambridge, with the view of publishing any "pieces" which might throw light on the Waldensian history. Might not something be done yet in this way?

bly with a grave witticism that Mr. Adoniram Byfield hung out the sign of the "Three Bibles" so close to Pope's Head Alley, thereby suggesting that verily it was well for the English commonwealth in general, and for Cornhill in particular, that the Pope himself had so little to say in that quarter, that the three Bibles could be hung out under his very nose. But we do not profess to be *au fait* in the antiquities of the city. Mr. Adoniram Byfield had been of late supplying the Puritans of the metropolis with long sermons and expositions, and had on hand a stock of "Divine Characters, by that late burning and shining lamp, Master Samuel Crook, B.D.;" as also in the controversial line, "A full Discovery and Confutation of the Wicked and Damnable Doctrines of the Quakers, by Mr. Jonathan Clapham, in quarto," and many other very good books with very absurd titles. Morland, "considering the great presumption of the age he lived in," was unwilling to follow the multitude in importuning the great for their patronage; but overcoming this modest feeling, he had dedicated his book to the one man in England who best deserved the thanks of the Vaudois remnant—"To his most serene Highness, Oliver, by the grace of God, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland." And as the roll he was unfolding in the sight of the Church of God was full of mourning, and lamentation, and woe, the young Puritan had gone to his Bible for a motto to prefix to a history so terrible, and Henry Hills had appropriately printed the words in red letters in his best old English character:—"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held; and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

Now we have no fancy for bringing back the intellectual fashions of that age, any more than for returning to trunk-hose and steeple-hats. We have no wish to bring into common Christian use every Bible name from Hashabiah to Maher-shalal-hashbaz: and Brown, Jones, and Robinson might (unfortunately) choose more appropriate names for their daughters than Faith, Hope, and Charity. But there is an earnestness and unction about that old book which we look for in vain in modern treatises on the churches of the Valleys; and we suppose we injure no one when we say that it remains till this day as *the* English book on Vaudois history. It could not fail to make a deep impression at the time, and the wood-cuts that illustrated the woful tale of massacre were so frightful, that people can scarcely bear to look at them. We know nothing like them, except the Roman frescoes of the martyrdoms in the church of San Ste-

fano Rotondo. Had the hope of Morland's dedicatory epistle been realized—had the sturdy old Protector "continued long to go out and in before the people," *more*, undoubtedly, would have been done for the poor remnant in Piedmont, who looked to Cromwell as a man raised up of God, "to plead the cause of His afflicted ones against the mighty, that they should no more oppress." But ere that very year had closed—on a stormy September night, that was tearing up by the roots the old trees in Hyde Park—Cromwell lay dying at Whitehall: a few months more, and his bones had been dug out of the tomb at Westminster, and the noisy multitudes that hailed the restoration of a debauchee were dancing around the May-Pole in the Strand. Charles Stuart, not obliged, as he said, "to pay the debts of a Usurper," applied what remained of the great Vaudois Fund—about £16,000—to supply the wants of his mistresses.

We refer to Sir Samuel Morland's history particularly, as it is the one great English book on the Waldensian Church. It takes its place with the great works of Gilles and Leger. But it is remarkable that even in the Valleys there have been no great writers to continue the histories of Pezzin, Gilles, and Leger. It is true there was one brilliant episode in the "Glorieuse Rentrée" of Henri Arnaud; and we have no want of modern books on the subject of the Vaudois, but none has "attained to the first three." Among Englishmen who have in our days investigated the Waldensian history, and laboured heart and soul for the Waldensian Church, the first place is due to Dr. Gilly. It was he who revived the sympathy of the English nation for a Church that had been almost forgotten. By his graceful sketches, his more elaborate researches, and above all by his unwearied labours on their behalf, he has done more for the Vaudois than any living writer. They are also indebted to the labours, literary and otherwise, of Mr. Sims, Sir Hugh Dyke Acland, and Dr. Henderson. We might speak of others who are remembered with gratitude, or known as living benefactors by the Churches of the Valleys; and if we pass them over, it is not from the slight esteem in which we hold them. The modern Vaudois are not writers, but hard-working men, who have no time for authorship. And the few who have ventured on the field of literature have made no attempt to trace with minuteness of detail the more recent affairs of their Church, but rather to present a popular survey of its history, "*depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours.*" The four flashy volumes of M. Muston, entitled "*L'Israel des Alpes,*" are of this kind; and so also are the two carefully written volumes of M. Monastier, which we have put at the head of this article. We take it for granted that our readers are acquainted with the general outline of Wal-

densian history, and therefore do not mean to enter on it at all. It is of more importance to begin where the ordinary histories break off,—at the overthrow of the Sardinian government—and the establishment of the French power in Piedmont. And here M. Bert's book, being the most recent, serves our purpose best. But there are two questions relating to the Vaudois to which we shall allude before considering their recent history and present position. We mean their *doctrine* and *ecclesiastical discipline*.

We cannot trace the introduction of "heresy" into the Valleys to Valdo, nor Claude, nor Vigilantius. We cannot assign a date at all, and the parties who have assailed the Vaudois have not been able to point to the time when their doctrines were first introduced. We accept the language which the Waldenses themselves addressed to their princes; "We are descended from those who, from father to son, have preserved entire the apostolic faith in the Valleys which we now occupy. Permit us, therefore, to have that free exercise of our religion which we have enjoyed from time out of mind, before the dukes of Savoy became princes of Piedmont." The strong presumption from such fragments of Piedmontese history as have been preserved, is, that the Cottian Alps received the Gospel *in the second century*. Through that region lay the great Roman road by which the legions of Italy marched to Gaul: it was by these Valleys that Hannibal led the Numidian army that conquered at Lake Thrasymene. The highway from Rome to Lyons lay across these mountains; and Irenæus, or some of the early preachers of the faith of Christ, may have passed over them when carrying the Gospel to lands beyond the Alps. It was likely in this way that the "glad tidings" were first heard in the Valleys. And we have some scanty notices too, in the old histories which have lately come to light, of refugees from the Italian lowlands, who found a shelter in these regions from the persecution of the Pagan Emperors. The facts then remain, whatever may be said of Valdo or Claude, that Christianity in its purest form had taken root in the Valleys of Upper Italy in the first centuries of the Church, and that it has remained there till our own times.

The THEOLOGY of the Vaudois Church need not detain us long. M. Bert, speaking of the early Church, gives a fair summary of the dogmas which the Vaudois uniformly rejected:—"Then there existed neither the Papacy, nor Monachism, nor rites of priestcraft: neither Lent nor vigils, nor distinctions of meat, nor veneration of the cross, nor adoration of images, nor invocation of Mary and the saints: then there were neither

masses, nor belief in purgatory, nor plenary indulgences, nor auricular confession, nor celibacy of priests. The symbol of the Apostles was the compendium of the faith: the Sacred Scriptures were read by all, and Christianity, free as yet from the imposition of dogmas and the spirit of sect, guided the faithful only to this—to love God, and to worship him in spirit and in truth.”—Pp. 6, 7. Such were the dogmas which the valesmen rejected. We have no confessions of faith of that early period, but Claude’s Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians may perhaps be referred to, as presenting a fair outline of the doctrines which were held in the Valleys. But the *Nobla Leyczon*, bearing the date of 1100, (a date which has been accepted even by M. Raynouard, as worthy of entire confidence,) presents a genuine outline of the Waldensian faith. A transcript of it has been preserved in Sir Samuel Morland’s history. Seven volumes of the ancient MSS. which were deposited by him in the library of “the famous University of Cambridge,” have been lost. But those which Leger and others deposited three years later, (A.D. 1661,) in the public library of Geneva, still remain.

The fundamental doctrines of the Bible—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the work of the Spirit—were always held by the Vaudois of the Alps. They acknowledged no rule of faith but the Word of God—no sacrifice but the one atoning sacrifice of Calvary—no mediator but the Man Christ Jesus. The fable of purgatorial fire, the dogma of transubstantiation, the rule of priestly celibacy, the worship of the Virgin and the saints, and the adoration of images, they rejected as inconsistent with the teaching of the Scriptures of truth. Mr. Faber has done good service by dissipating the charges which the Bishop of Meaux had brought against the Albigenses and Waldenses, in what his admirers call “his immortal history of the variations of Protestantism.” The Christians of Languedoc and Piedmont were neither Gnostics nor Manicheans; they held neither the principles of Marcion nor of Manes. Mr. Faber’s book must hold a high place in this controversy from its ponderous and effective learning. The ghosts of Bossuet and St. Bernard, with monks and inquisitors in their train, are attacked as eagerly as if they were living men, who could blush for their detected calumnies, or hide their heads from ridicule. And the honest prebendary, when dealing with such out-of-the-way people as Peter of Clugny, and Jonas of Orleans, and Alanus the universal doctor, becomes even merry at times, and indulges in ponderous jokes in Latin and witticisms expressed in Greek derivatives. We may be allowed to smile at his pugnacity, while we love the man for his earnestness, and honour him for



the noble use to which he has turned his erudition in doing battle for the truth of God.

The religionists of the Alpine Valleys were, from an early period, denounced as heretics, but the system of open persecution, by crusades and the inquisition, was not put in force till the time of Innocent III. It was against the Albigenses of Languedoc that Dominick of Guzman sent forth his preaching friars, not with peace but with the sword, and that the Church first undertook a war of extermination. The Albigenses\* ceased to exist as a distinct sect after the murderous crusade of Simon de Montford, and such as escaped became merged in the Waldensian Church. But from that time the history of the Waldenses is a history of persecution; so that Morland says, in his graphic way, that if we had no other light to guide us in the dark and cloudy night of the middle ages, "the fires wherewith those Cadmeans, or generation of vipers, have burned the bodies of the saints, would serve us as so many torches to keep us from losing our way between the days of the Apostles and those of Calvin and Luther." The Church was in the wilderness. The caves of the earth were her hiding-place, and the perpetual hills her refuge. As the Puritan loved to express it, "it was in the clefts of these rocks, and the secret places of the stairs of these Valleys of Piedmont, that the dove of Christ was hid." A pure Christianity was thus preserved in that corner of Italy, till the Reformers rose up to preach it in all the kingdoms of Europe.

A word on the CHURCH ORDER which has prevailed in the Alpine Valleys. Until the union of the Diocese of Italy with the Church of Rome, (A. D. 1059,) the Vaudois were probably recognised as a part of the great Catholic Church,—though opposed to the new doctrines which had arisen within it. Their oldest writings belong to a later date, (A. D. 1100.) What their precise position may have been in relation to the dioceses of Turin, Milan, or Embrun, we are unable to tell, except that the Valleys were frequently referred to as a nest of heresy. The Romish Church departed gradually from the early faith, and thus became schismatic. We do not test the Church by the mere possession of numbers. If there was schism, it was not on the part of men who at length became separate by their continued adherence to the doctrines of the New Testament. Before that separation, the Vaudois, protesting against the corruptions of the Church, were not, as it seems, a community apart, with a church order of their own. The history of Peter Waldo, who, whether he was a Vaudois or not, undoubtedly held the faith which was professed in the valleys of Piedmont, may serve

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\* They were so called after the Synod of Albi in 1176.

to illustrate their position. Waldo began his labours about the year 1160, and died about A. D. 1179, or 1181. His followers, the poor men of Lyons, were a missionary community; and it seems that some of them applied to Pope Alexander III. in 1179, for permission to act as preachers. They made the journey from the Rhone to the Tiber for that purpose, and laid their French psalter at the feet of the Holy Father, but obtained little for their pains. Again, in the year 1212, they made a second application to Pope Innocent III. It was refused, with strange want of wisdom and consistency, one might think, on the part of that wily Pontiff, who sanctioned the two orders of St. Francis and St. Dominick, and turned the fanaticism of both to the service of the Church. The refusal, however, was not inconsistent after all. St. Francis went forth as a beggar, but he was entirely possessed with the spirit of Romish superstition. St. Dominick's mission was to root out heresy; the poor men of Lyons, who otherwise would have been the very stuff out of which to form an order of begging friars, asked leave to preach the gospel of Christ, and to proclaim to men in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. These followers of Peter Waldo were converts from Romish superstition, and had scruples about Church authority; but Waldo himself had sought no such sanction from the Roman pontiff, at least till the last years of his labours, and he even acted in open opposition to the ecclesiastical powers when forbidden to preach in the name of Jesus. Yet it is clear that all that Waldo and his disciples sought, in the first instance, was liberty to act according to the convictions of their own consciences. It was persecution, and the unjust exercise of power, that drove them into separation. And such, we suppose, was very much the case with the Waldenses in Piedmont, whose doctrines Waldo had embraced. We are able to trace their history distinctly enough for our purpose from the thirteenth century. The old Vaudois held firmly the right of electing their pastors, and of constituting elders in their churches. Their history uniformly speaks of barbes, and elders, and deacons, and except in times of persecution, they had an annual synod in true presbyterial order. The "barbes" were the pastors and teachers,—the elders were the inspectors and directors of the congregations,—and the deacons had charge of the alms of the Church. They had no bishops resembling the Romish or Anglican, but their Church was governed by *consistoires*, or kirk-sessions and synods. We learn also from the documents preserved by Morland, that latterly the fourteen churches of the Valleys composed two colloques or classes, *i.e.*, Presbyteries, and that these two colloques formed the Synod. The barbes were not confined to the Valleys. They amounted

at one time to as many as 140, and had a house in Geneva and another in Florence. They were not merely pastors, but missionaries, and took their place in the Synod just as a Vaudois missionary does in our day.\*

But it is time to proceed with our account of the recent history and present condition of the Vaudois.

It was the dominion of Napoleon that first introduced liberty into the Alpine Valleys. But as soon as the Vaudois became subjects of France, the English Royal Bounty, which had been paid regularly (with a few exceptions) since the time of William and Mary, was withdrawn. The pastors of the thirteen parishes were

\* Mr. Faber, in a long note to one of the last chapters of his volume, shews, from the authority of Jerome and others, that bishops and presbyters in the early Church were the same; that the Church was at first ruled by the common council of presbyters,—that bishops were afterwards appointed for the sake of order and good government; but that the subjection of the presbyters to the bishop, was “rather by ecclesiastical custom than by the verity of the Lord’s disposition.” (Pp. 553-562.) He acknowledges that he cannot prove a regular apostolic succession by Episcopal ordination. Of course he cannot. The Waldenses, on Mr. Faber’s own shewing, had protested against Romish errors from the days of Constantine and Pope Sylvester; and there is not a word in the old histories to indicate their precise relation to Claude, bishop of Turin. We do not attach much importance to the vague story, that the Bohemian separatists sent three pastors about the year 1450 to the Valleys of Piedmont to be ordained by Stephen, bishop of the Vaudois, and that said Stephen, with others officiating, did ordain the three pastors by imposition of hands. We are not of course discussing the question of Presbytery *versus* Prelacy; but we cannot see that this story proves that the Vaudois had a succession of “bishops” in the *Episcopal sense*, for they hold and teach till this day, that *all* their pastors are bishops; that bishops and presbyters in the word of God are the same; and the Moderator of the Synod, in conjunction with his brethren of the same presbyterial rank with himself, ordains to the office of the ministry by prayer and imposition of hands, even though the person ordained may have before received sacerdotal orders in the Church of Rome. Still less can it be proved that they had prelates from their saying, in their confession to Francis, that “bishops and pastors shall be blameless.” Everybody says the same; the Independent preacher and the Scotch Presbyterian use similar language. Besides, we know as a fact, that they had not prelates at that time. The theory that the change from Episcopacy to Presbytery took place in the year 1630, when all the Vaudois pastors but two were cut off by the pestilence, and Swiss pastors were imported to fill their places, is a *mere* theory without any historic evidence in support of it. Had the fifteen pastors of 1629 had a bishop, surely Gilles, their own historian, who was himself one of those pastors, and who *survived* that terrible plague-year, would have known something about it. They lost thirteen pastors, and were obliged to fill their places with pastors from France and Switzerland belonging to the same Church order with themselves, though unable to preach in the *patois* of the Valleys. This is surely very intelligible; but the idea that the Swiss pastors introduced an *organic* change in the constitution of the Church, has no foundation whatever in their history, as Gilles and Leger have given it. Mr. Faber is needlessly perplexed with the attempt to make out a regular apostolic succession, which yet he acknowledges he cannot make out. He concludes by declaring, that *whatever the polity of the Albigenses and Waldenses may have been*, they were the two Churches of the Apocalypse, witnessing for God against the great apostasy. This, we should imagine, is more satisfactory than apostolical succession.

in consequence reduced to great straits. But when Napoleon went to Milan to receive the iron crown of Lombardy, he was met by a Vaudois deputation, who represented to him the loss they had sustained. Napoleon caused the pastors to be enrolled among the clergy of the empire, and at the same time made over to them the revenues of the Hospice of Catechumens at Pignerol, and of a few Roman Catholic Churches of the Valleys, which he suppressed as useless. The Waldenses, as French citizens, were at once freed from the barbarous edicts by which they had been oppressed for centuries. They were free; but we cannot say that the day of their political enlargement brought with it any religious advancement. The new French ideas were not favourable to the progress of an evangelical Church, and the able men among their clergy were very unlike the old barbes of Pra del Tour. The venerable Moderator, Peyrani, pastor of Pomaret, was undoubtedly a remarkable man, and of no common erudition. In his youth he had been secretary to Voltaire at Ferney,—a strange preparation for the Christian ministry. But he was a man of commanding character, and he fought bravely, in a time of trouble, the battles of his Church. We certainly should not trust very much to his representation of some points in the doctrine and discipline of his Church, in which he was plainly contradicted by the old constitution and confessions, and in which he evidently led astray Dr. Gilly; but in many labours in their cause he merited and obtained the gratitude of his people; and we cannot forget how much the sympathy of the English public towards the poor Vaudois clergy, a quarter of a century ago, was excited by Dr. Gilly's graceful picture of the spare figure and grey hairs of the aged Rodolphe Peyrani.

In 1814, Victor Emmanuel returned from the Island of Sardinia, after sixteen years of exile, to ascend his ancestral throne. Like most Italian kings, he had learned nothing from adversity. In reference to the Vaudois, everything returned at once by royal edict to the old condition. The liberties which they had enjoyed for fifteen years were abrogated at a stroke.

We do not mean to enter at length into an account of the indignities to which the poor Vaudois were subjected in consequence, until the period of their "emancipation" in 1848. The Waldenses were no rebels—no movers of sedition. In all Italy there was no other people trained as they had been to fear God and honour the king. They were pre-eminently a moral people. For a century there had been no case of a Vaudois convicted of a capital offence. In days past their criminals were their martyrs. No fault was found with them, except in respect to the law of their God. They needed but one

thing, they were told, to be perfect—they were not Catholic. They clung tenaciously to the religion of their fathers. The zeal of Romish bishops had not changed them; the Inquisition had failed to terrify them; the armies of France and Savoy had not rooted them out from their fastness in the mountains. Their numbers had indeed been reduced, and their ancient limits had been narrowed. They had lost their valley of Pragela, which had ceased to be a Waldensian territory since 1727. They were confined to the three valleys of Lucerne, St. Martin, and Perouse; and in the nineteenth century, in the heart of civilized Europe, the most moral people in Italy were forbidden to acquire lands beyond their ancient boundaries. They were prohibited from practising as physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, attorneys, or advocates, except in their own community. The land became too narrow for them, and many of them were forced out to seek employment elsewhere. They were to be found among the silk-looms of Lyons, or in the workshops of Nismes; among the herdsmen of Dauphiny, or the street-porters and waiters at Marseilles. Some of them passed over into Switzerland, to teach schools or make watches at Geneva. That good old city had ceased to be so hated as it was in Sir Samuel Morland's days, "for the sincere, constant, and painful preaching of the word;" but the Vaudois, who might have found profitable occupation at home if they had abjured their faith, were careful to seek a habitation where they could worship after the manner of their fathers. Besides this plan of hemming them in within their ancient limits, it was the policy of their persecutors—the plain word is the best one—to force in among them the professors of another faith, with higher civil privileges, so as to establish a Roman Catholic influence in every parish. And the suffering Vaudois, burdened with taxes, and scarcely able with all their toil to win the scantiest sustenance from the slopes of the mountains which they cultivated, were compelled to observe the countless saints-days of their Catholic neighbours. At the same time, other means were tried to win them over to the religion of the State. They were tempted with the lure of gold; apostasy was the first step to honour and emolument. They were forbidden by the laws of the State to offer any opposition to the perversion of their friends. Their children were carried off and baptized in the Romish churches, or inveigled into the Hospice of Catechumens at Pignerol, and the bereaved parents were forbidden to reclaim them. The laws of the State afforded them no protection against the artifices of the Church. At that time, in Piedmont, the Church dared to defy a stronger power than theirs. Many of our readers may remember the sensation which was

produced in 1844, by the case of Mademoiselle Heldervier, the daughter of the Dutch ambassador at the court of Sardinia. This young lady, at the romantic age of seventeen, had formed an attachment to an advocate in Turin ; and to get quit at once of the opposition of her father, and the difficulties of the church, she fled from her family, took refuge in the monastery of Santa Croce, and professed herself a Papist. The father reclaimed his child, but the authorities refused to give her up. He appealed to the King, but Charles-Albert declared he could not interfere ! All the Protestant ambassadors at Turin protested against the insult offered to a Protestant power in the person of its representative, and the Dutch minister sent back in indignation the Grand Cross of the order of St. Maurice, with which he had been recently decorated by the King.

We have no wish to speak hardly of Charles-Albert. He did what he could, but the Church was still too powerful. When he came to the throne in 1831, the Waldenses had expected much from his kindly disposition and his early liberalism. He had been educated, they knew, by a Protestant professor at Geneva. But there was "a power behind the throne," fiercely opposed to the Waldensian heretics. Andrea Charvaz, tutor to the two sons of the King, became Bishop of Pignerol in 1834, and from the first threatened openly to put in force the old edicts against the Vaudois. In 1836, he published at Paris a volume, entitled, "*Recherches Historiques sur la véritable Origine des Vaudois*," which far outdid the well-told lies of Bossuet both in quantity and in quality.\* The Vaudois, thus attacked in high places, could not defend themselves, as they dared not print a defence of their faith in Piedmont. But the bishop said they had the press of Protestant countries at their disposal. And so they had, but M. Muston was banished ten years for printing his history of the Vaudois at Paris, and the example was not very encouraging. The bishop pursued his advantage remorselessly. The Protestant worship in the Valleys was disturbed by Roman Catholic processions, drowning with their clamour the voice of the preacher, and beyond the limits the old edicts were not allowed to lie dormant. The Vaudois who died out of the Valleys, or of Turin, were not allowed to contaminate with their unholy ashes the consecrated ground of the Papal cemeteries, but were buried by the road-side, or by the running stream. Charles Albert interfered to retrieve such an indignity in the case of a Vaudois soldier, and at his own ex-

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\* It is to be regretted that Mr. Faber, instead of spending his strength on Bossuet, had not examined the more recent and more formidable book of Bishop Charvaz. A living bishop was more worthy of attack than "a dead lion."



pense he caused the body to be exhumed, transported to the Valleys, and interred with military honours at La Tour. When the long-expected civil code of Piedmont was published in 1838, it simply confirmed the old laws, and the condition of the Vaudois became worse. Their benefactors, who had been long waiting for some amelioration, were almost wearied out; hope deferred had made their hearts sick. And hence proposals were made to the Protestants of the Alps to leave that Italian land which had been to them a hard step-mother, and to seek a home elsewhere; to emigrate to Prussia; to settle as a colony in Algiers; to cross the Atlantic, and people the Carolinas with the descendants of martyrs. But such proposals were not likely to commend themselves to men who cherished the memory of Henri Arnaud. Their land was theirs by every right under heaven, and every rock and mountain, from the Balsille to the Col de la Croix, was associated with the imperishable history of their race. The vine that had been planted so long ago in that land of hills and valleys, had not ceased to grow, though sorely trodden down. The boar out of the woods had wasted it, and the wild beast of the field devoured it, but God might yet return and visit it.

The last great effort made by the Roman Church to extirpate heresy from the Valleys, turned out rather to the contrary, and brought with it the first gleam of a happier future. It is strange how often deliverance has come to that persecuted people from quarters the most unexpected, when they seemed on the brink of ruin. At one time it was Charles IX. of France—the son of Catherine de Medici—who pleaded for them affectionately with his uncle, the Duke of Savoy. Twelve months had not passed from the time when his letter was written till the French King stood at the window of the Louvre, while the bells of St. Germain-Auxerrois tolled the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Again, when Henri Arnaud, and the remnant whom he had led back, were holding their mountain passes against overwhelming numbers, apparently nothing on earth could have saved them, had not the rupture of the alliance between France and Savoy at that very crisis induced the Duke to offer them peace. On a later occasion, when a fearful massacre had been projected, they owed their deliverance to the right feeling of a Romish priest of Lucerne. And so it was in their latest deliverance. In 1844, the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus opened a Priory at La Tour, and established a company of missionary priests for the purpose of converting the Valleys to the Romish faith. An emblematic picture was painted for their church, in which St. Maurice and St. Lazarus are represented kneeling in prayer; far beneath them appear mountains and

valleys, wrapped in darkness, and a very little church in a spot which sunlight never seems to reach ; while, on the other hand, stands the new cathedral, with the bright rays of heaven streaming from its dome.

Charles-Albert, as Grand-Master of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, visited the Valleys to be present at the dedication of the Priory ; and the Vaudois, well knowing the purpose for which it had been erected, feared the influence of evil counsellors. But Charles-Albert, who was made up of strange contradictory elements, had no sooner reached the mountains than he dismissed his troops, saying that he had no need of guards among the Vaudois. Of course, such a speech did not lack reporters ; and the Vaudois, flattered by this proof of their Sovereign's confidence, at once extemporized a guard of honour. They furbished their old firelocks, brushed their regimentals, and turned out their militia with the flags of their communes. The King was gratified with this proof of loyalty, and he may well be pardoned for smiling at times, when his new guards passed in review before him, and a standard-bearer not only lowered his colours before his king, but took off his hat and made a low bow at the same time. It was evident they were rather raw soldiers ; but they were made of the stern stuff of the mountains notwithstanding, and had occasion required it, there were men among them who could have defended their passes as their fathers did before them. The Valleys were in full jubilee during the royal visit, and the Vaudois began to entertain good hopes of still greater benefits, when the King, to the utter amazement of the Romish party, decorated with the grand cross of the order of St. Maurice the Waldensian syndic of La Tour. No deputation was received but that of the Waldensian Table, and the King caused a small monumental fountain to be erected "to the people which had received him with so much affection."

We believe it was on this occasion that the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio, who accompanied the king as equerry, became so deeply interested in the condition of the Vaudois. At all events, more liberal ideas respecting them began to gain ground in Piedmont. Gioberti, still in exile, spoke out manfully of the cruel persecutions to which they had been subjected in times past, and of the duty of Catholics to retrieve the wrongs which their fathers had done them. In November 1847, Charles-Albert published his Laws on the Provinces and Communes—the first instalment of constitutional liberty. Meantime the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio had made himself the interpreter of the liberal feeling in favour of the Vaudois, and drawn up a memorial to the King, praying for the civil and political eman-

cipation of the Protestants and Israelites. The former numbered about 24,000 in the state; the latter between 7000 and 8000. Massimo d'Azeglio in an able pamphlet supported the cause of which his brother had made himself the champion: and Count Cavour and Cesare Balbo were the first to affix their names to the memorial. D'Azeglio sent his circular to all the bishops of the kingdom; but though Pius IX. was at that time in the full flush of his liberalism, the Piedmontese prelates were puzzled and "put out" with the plain, tangible, matter-of-fact proposal to sanction the *emancipation* of the Waldenses. It put their new cry of Christian charity to too severe a proof. The Bishop of Pignerol, who had a *penchant* for persecution, recommended delay, mature consideration, and above all a private consultation with the Pope. He himself, Andrea Charvaz, "was in a peculiar position;" "his case was exceptional;" "he might be excused," "it was scarcely fair to ask him," he was very liberal himself, and "preached charity,"—"but *duty*," and that sort of thing. The Bishop of Biella quoted the New Testament, and especially St. John's advice about the mode of treating dissenters. He was especially afraid of Protestants being allowed full liberty of speech,—as the Catholic clergy, he confessed, were far behind the Protestant in the arms of controversy, in sacred hermeneutics, and in knowledge of the points of difference between the Churches. The Bishop of Albenga cited the Council of Trent and the authority of the Popes; and as a good churchman plainly refused to have anything to do with the matter; while the Bishop of Ivrea, not troubling himself with Popes and Councils, and making no allusion to the Bible at all, cited Scotti and Macchiavelli, and drew his arguments from Montesquieu and Jean Jacques.

"The consul quoted Wickefort and Puffendorf and Grotius,  
And shewed from Vattel, exceedingly well,  
That the deed would be most atrocious."

But notwithstanding this coolness on the part of the bishops, upwards of six hundred names were attached to the memorial. Public opinion was favourable to the "emancipation," and it became a toast at banquets in Turin. At length, on the 8th of February 1848, the constitution was granted, and a few days after, the official gazette published letters-patent, announcing the emancipation of the Vaudois, and their admission to all the rights, civil and political, of Sardinian subjects. Well might such rights be conceded, for it appeared from the researches of the Advocate-General, Count Sclopis, that no other people in the state could be compared to the Vaudois in point of morality. All the Waldensian houses in Turin, and the palaces of the

three Protestant legations, were illuminated in honour of this tardy act of justice; and in the Valleys, on that winter night when the news first reached them, the fires that gleamed along the hill-tops, lighting up the back-ground of cold blue rock with crests of perpetual snow, were both the symbol and the expression of the joy of a people, to whom at one stroke the chains of five centuries had been broken. A few days afterwards there was a great festival in Turin, organized by the Marquis d'Azeglio, in honour of the granting of the constitution. Among the sixty guilds and corporations that assembled in the capital, the first place was granted by acclamation to the Vaudois. Six hundred of them, headed by ten of their clergy, led the procession, bearing a blue flag with the royal arms of Savoy embroidered in silver, and the simple words beneath—"A Carlo Alberto i Valdesi riconoscenti." It was the first time in their history that they had been admitted among the corporations of Turin, or greeted with the *vivas* of that stately capital. Some of them, all eyes and ears to what was going on, could not but notice how much puzzled a part of the populace was to know *who they were*, for a procession of Vaudois was a new thing in Turin. They inquired, "who *are* these friends?" and were told, "They are the Protestants;" and then there were repeated "Evvivas" in honour of the Protestants. But still the populace was about as wise as ever, and after taking breath, began to whisper, "Ma chi sono i Protestanti?" "Sono i Valdesi," was the reply. The Valdesi were cheered again, but still the mystery was not cleared up to everybody's satisfaction, and some of the more persevering inquired a fourth time, "Ma chi sono i Valdesi?" The answer was given this time in a whisper, "Sono i *Barbetti*—they are the *Barbets*—hush!" Everybody knew the Barbets—that old hated name of party spite, but it was only whispered that day at Turin, for these men were now recognised as Italians and as brethren.\*

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\* It is curious how little is known about the Vaudois in Italy. The chances are that a well educated Tuscan has never even heard of the Waldensian Church. We once met an accomplished Neapolitan at Turin, a good scholar, and especially well informed on Italian matters. He had but lately returned from the East, where he had heard for the first time of a Protestant Church in Italy. He looked into some Romish authorities and discovered that they were Manicheans. But when he returned to Italy he resolved to know more about them, and when we saw him first he was sitting in a little circle of educated men, with a New Testament in his hands, hearing and speaking of the Gospel of Christ. One principal reason of this ignorance, and of very general prejudice where anything is known about them, is the want of a good history of the Vaudois Church in the Italian language. The only Italian volume on the subject is the book of M. Bert, the Vaudois pastor at Turin. It was most opportunely printed in 1849, and has no doubt been a source of information to many. But it does not pretend to be a history. It is an exposition of the doctrine and discipline of the Church, interspersed with historical notices. It is useful for having put in order many scattered details

No community has been more indebted to *foreign* benefactors, and among these a chief place must be given to Count Waldburg-Truchsess, Prussian Ambassador at the Court of Turin. From the time of his first mission, as representative of Frederick-William III., till his death in 1844, he was the friend and protector of his co-religionists in the Alps; and his dying request was that his ashes might rest in the church-yard at La Tour, among those of the people whom he had befriended. It was in his time that a chapel was opened at Turin, (in 1827,) in the palace of the embassy of the three Protestant Legations,—Prussian, Dutch, and English, and a Waldensian Pastor was appointed chaplain. This chapel continued to represent the Vaudois Church in the capital till 1851, when the Synod, no longer bound by the old restrictions, formed the congregation at Turin into a Vaudois parish, under the ordinary jurisdiction. It was also in great part by the help of Count Waldburg-Truchsess, that two hospitals were founded at La Tour and Pomaret. The Emperor Alexander of Russia contributed 12,000 francs for this purpose, as well as for the erection of a new Church at Pomaret, and the Russian Emperor manifested a deep interest in the poor people whose history had been recounted to him. He was “a good man,” people said, though some of his doings were not very much in harmony with such a character. But, as John Foster put it, he no doubt “said grace before he swallowed Poland.”

Frederick-William III. of Prussia established two bursaries, or free places, in his University of Berlin, in favour of Waldensian students who might go to Prussia for education. There were already from a very early period two free places in the Academy of Geneva, and five in that of Lausanne. The Vaudois students were almost invariably poor, and their education was peculiarly difficult, as their vernacular tongue was the *patois* of the Valleys, and they were obliged in the first instance to acquire the French language before studying in Switzerland, or French and German before attending the university at Turin. But this very difficulty has had its advantages. The Vaudois students are generally among the very best at Geneva and Lausanne, and no other church, so poor in worldly circumstances, can boast of possessing a clergy more thoroughly educated. But the education of the Valleys has not been left to depend entirely on foreign universities. In 1828, Dr. Gilly visited them for the first time, and the account which he published excited a very general interest in England. In 1825

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in reference to the modern history of the Church, which we are generally able, however, to collect elsewhere. And we must still repeat that we have no good history of the Church since the time of Henri Arnaud.

the Waldensian Committee in London was formed under his auspices, and in a short time the subsidy of the English government, which had been withdrawn since the French occupation was recovered. It amounts to £277 per annum; and part of this sum was applied to the endowment of the two new parishes of Macel and Rodoret, or rather to the opening of churches which had been closed for nearly two centuries for want of funds. The remainder yields about £12 per annum to each of the thirteen pastors of the other parishes, and also a small surplus for superannuated ministers, and the widows of pastors. The Vaudois parishes, within the old limits, were thus increased to the number of fifteen before the "emancipation," and since that time two other parishes, Pignerol and Turin, without the boundaries of the Valleys, were added by the Synod of 1851. In 1837 the College of the Holy Trinity was founded at La Tour, the little capital of the Vaudois, the funds having been procured by Dr. Gilly. It is now equipped with a staff of professors and a good library. A library for the pastors has also been procured by the exertions of Dr. Stewart, the Scotch clergyman at Leghorn. It is now proposed to establish at La Tour a theological faculty, so as to obviate the necessity of sending the students to foreign universities. Much may no doubt be said in favour of such a plan, which, by aid of funds from America, is on the eve of accomplishment; but, at the same time, "the atmosphere of the Valleys is not very intellectual," and we should fear a positive deterioration, if the future pastors of the Church should acquire no larger education than is likely to be got at the college of La Tour. The friends of the Vaudois should secure that at least the more promising students have the advantage of two years of a *foreign* education at Geneva, or Berlin, or Edinburgh, or at such colleges as the Table might approve. At all events, these are days when the education of the pastors must not be allowed to deteriorate.

Another friend of the Vaudois, General Beckwith, has especially occupied himself in promoting the education of the Valleys. He has lived in them for nearly a quarter of a century; and though his ideas as an English Episcopalian do not in all points agree with the simple Presbyterianism of their Church, he has devoted both his time and his money to their service. They are a small community,—the whole Protestant population of the Valleys amounting to little more than 22,000. Yet they have now a college at La Tour, a grammar school at Pomaret, five girls' schools, and the Beckwith institution, as it is called, for the education of the daughters of the pastors. Besides these institutions there are about an hundred and twenty schools throughout the parishes, the school-houses having been



chiefly built or repaired by General Beckwith. The schoolmasters receive their stipend chiefly from Holland. Great improvements have been made in the mode of education, and books and maps have been provided. Bibles, Catechisms, and New Testaments translated into the *patois* of Piedmont, have been sent in abundance from England. In no part of Italy has such provision been made for the education of the people, and for these advantages they are chiefly indebted to Dr. Gilly and General Beckwith. Assuredly these two benefactors cannot say that they have laboured for an ungrateful people. Their portraits are found in almost every cottage in the Valleys—the Canon in his robes, and the Soldier with his wooden leg. Even Charles-Albert at length recognised the long and unwearied exertions of General Beckwith, on behalf of the education of the Valleys, by conferring on him, in 1848, the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Maurice.

The “emancipation” of the Vaudois in 1848 has placed them in a new position. The old barriers are broken down, and a new era opens. In Piedmont, at least, the land is all before them. Piedmont alone has outlived the wreck of the constitutions of 1848, and the policy of Piedmont involved the fate of the Vaudois. It was a singular fortune—to call it by no other name—that the only Italian kingdom which did not return to the old law of despotism, was the one with which *they* were connected. Not one concession has been since withdrawn. No governmental commissioner now attends their synods,—their discussions are free and open, and no man makes them afraid. The heavy burdens have been loosed, and the oppressed are free. We are not at all disposed to make it a matter of reproof, that they have been slow to realize their new position. It is natural that they should have been so. “When the Lord turned again the captivity of his people, we were like men that dreamed.” They did not rush at once into the open field, like schoolboys in a holiday. They are not an excitable people, changing in a moment with changing fortune, and ready to run after novelties; and in all that they have done since 1848, they have been slow-moving, cautious, and constitutional. We do not blame them for it. Their Church has had the stern discipline of five centuries, during which it maintained its position against persecutions that were unparalleled, and firmness and fixedness of purpose have become part of its character. The Vaudois have meddled as little as any people “with them that are given to change;” and it is quite in accordance with this character that they should now be prudent as well as zealous. They may be “slow coaches”—perhaps they are—but they are moving

steadily along the great highway, and are in less danger of capsizing. They have made great progress during the last six years, but they have not once compromised their position by imprudence. Now, this is a great matter in the present condition of Italy. A religious revolution has been begun in that country,—especially in Tuscany and Sardinia, but the new Italian party\* is impulsive and progressive; and in a just dread of formalism, its tendency is towards the other extreme of getting quit of forms and church order altogether. We are convinced that “order” is a divine ordinance, and that a disorganized community cannot long continue to exercise an influence for good. Deeply do we sympathize with the evangelical movement in central Italy; but all the more on that account do we dread the influence of the anarchical views which are there so popular. We have seen the evil of such principles elsewhere. We have seen small sects setting out vigorously on some extreme idea, to which they gave a peculiar prominence. There was freshness and life in them at first, and they prospered by the sheer force of earnestness. Their system of purism was attractive: their mode of operation was novel. In comparison with them, the Church seemed to move heavily on its old and worn machinery. The energy of their first apostles sustained them for a time; but the principle on which they set out was a disorganizing one. There were original elements of weakness in the party, and after lingering for a time in a declining state, it died out from mere debility. These examples teach us the danger of giving prominence to one part of christian truth to the manifest neglect of other parts, and of setting aside that church order which is enjoined in God’s Word. We rejoice, therefore, that while a new life is springing up in other parts of Italy,—fresh, impulsive, and free, there is at the same time an old Church in the Valleys of the Alps, *eminently conservative in its character, and tenacious both of its doctrine and its forms*. This is an important fact, though it does not follow that the Reformed Church in Italy should at any cost be constructed on the Waldensian model. The Waldenses have a history of their own,—they scarcely belong at all to the common history of Italy,—they have contributed nothing to its science, its painting, and its song,—they have had no part in its artistic glory,—among

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\* When we use the phrase “Italian party,” we mean to include all the converts from Romanism in Tuscany, Piedmont, and elsewhere. It is well known that several of the Tuscan converts hold views in reference to Church government analogous to those of the Darbyites or Plymouth brethren; but such views are not general in Italy, and we are not aware that they exist at all in Piedmont. They are almost exclusively confined to the parts of Tuscany and Liguria, in which the spirit of the old republics has not wholly vanished.

them are "not many noble,"—all they have is the Gospel of Christ. It remains to be seen how far Italy appreciates their possession of *that* treasure, and how far she will acknowledge her obligations to them, as an *Italian* people preserving from the first a pure *Italian* Church.

At all events, they are not strangers, but Italians. They have at length been acknowledged as forming part of the national family. It is true—and this is an important point—their ecclesiastical language is not Italian, but French. This was the result not of choice, but of necessity. It was the plague that made them French. The great pestilence of 1630 reduced the population of the Valleys to one-third of what it had been; entire families became extinct. Of the thirteen pastors, only Gilles and Gros survived. One after another, all their brethren had fallen. Pastors were accordingly invited from Geneva, and as these could not conduct the services in Italian, the French language was introduced, and still continues to be the language of religious worship. The Italian language should now be gradually introduced, and the Waldenses, who are convinced of this, are acting accordingly. Italian is now taught in their college and higher schools; they have Italian preachers at Turin, Geneva, and Nice; at the last synod in the Valleys the opening services were in Italian, and several of the deputies used that language exclusively.

Again, the Italian party could scarcely desire a Church more simple in its forms than the Waldensian. It is well known that the new evangelical party in Italy aims at the utmost simplicity. By those who reasoned *a priori* on the subject, the opposite might have been expected; and some *did* argue that a system of "pure mentalism," as they called it, was wholly unsuited to the Italian character; and that the Italians needed imposing ceremonies, and must have the truth incarnate in some form, or represented to the eye in symbols, pictures, and images. And hence it was supposed that the Waldensian Church, with its presbyterian forms, and its calvinistic creed, must organize itself anew, and set out with bishops and a liturgy like the Anglican, if it expected to make any impression. Now, in the first place, it is certain that the Waldenses will neither have bishops nor an Anglican liturgy; and some of the Italian party will scarcely even acknowledge pastors, much less bishops. "Ne abbiamo già abbastanza," they say; "we have enough of them already." We may reason as we please about objectivity, but in point of fact the Italian converts from Romanism have shewn an utter abhorrence to images, and have had no sentimental feelings for pictures and statuary. An Italian, escaping from the most thorough

system of materialism that was ever set up in the Christian Church, makes short work of such questions as apostolical succession, priestly authority, and the distinction between homage and worship. It is a worship in spirit and in truth *versus* a great system of materialism, that makes the deepest impression; and a Church eminently simple in its forms is the only one likely to make much progress in Italy. The Vaudois have ordained pastors, but they are all equal in ecclesiastical rank. Some of them have no higher stipend than the vicar of the "Deserted Village," and even the professors have but £60 per annum, *pour tout potage*. A hierarchy is out of the question in such a case. The worship of the Church is in part liturgical, but the liturgy is only used by the clergyman, and is not in the hands of the people. The three prayers are read from a prepared form, but there are no responses, and except in the reading of the Commandments and of the Apostles' creed, the service is the same as in the Scotch Churches. The liturgy was compiled in 1839, from the three Swiss liturgies which had been formerly in use in the Valleys. The sermon is extempore. The Italian party generally object to so much uniformity in the prayers, and in the Italian stations the preachers do not bind themselves to an adherence to the forms of their directory. In the French and Swiss Churches the opening confession of sin is invariably (as far as we know) the prayer which Theodore Beza pronounced with so much effect at the opening of the Colloquy of Poissy, and beautiful as that prayer is, we have known Italians strongly objecting to the *formality* of repeating the same words for three successive Sundays. The relation of the Waldenses towards the new Italian converts from Rome is not likely, then, to encourage any introduction of elaborate ritual observances. But the Vaudois pastors are wholly opposed to irregularity and disorder. Some of the Italian party claim the right of "breaking bread" together, or, in other words, of partaking of the Lord's Supper in private, and without the intervention of a pastor. There may be some excuse for this in places where there are no pastors and no public service; though in a parallel case in the history of the Reformed Church in France, Calvin pronounced the practice unwarranted, and the Vaudois adhere to his principles, though unwilling to enter into controversy on such a point. Laymen are more largely recognised by the Waldenses than in any other church, and by the decision of last synod, a person qualified by his piety, education, and general ability to preach the Gospel, may be admitted to ordination, though he has not attended any theological faculty.

In a word, the simple and venerable constitution of the Vaudois

Church seems remarkably adapted to the religious service and wants of Italy. Its history does not date from the Reformation of the sixteenth century ; it does not rest on what Romanists call the "mere negation of Protestantism ;" and it teaches the same essential doctrines which it held from the beginning. All this is important in a country where the prejudice is strong against Protestants and apostates. Taking into account the history, constitution, and present position of the Waldensian Church, it seems to be the best organization for operating on the Italian mind. At all events, it is now on its trial in this respect, and it has done more than any other party. We do not wish to set up one part of the Church against another ; there is room enough and work enough for all, and our sympathies are with every party that is really engaged in the evangelization of Italy. In the Waldensian community, however, we have both a simple order and a sound creed, which have proved their durability by a history such as no other section of the church can present. These alone will not do the work of evangelization. There must be spirit and life in the men who teach pure Christianity in a land of graven images ; and cold, formal discourses will not counteract the hundred influences of Romanism. There has been a great improvement in the Vaudois preaching, yet we cannot but think that the Swiss model is still too generally followed.

This last subject suggests some interesting questions. The old Scotch preaching, with its elaborate divisions and long doctrinal discussions, did good in its time, in conveying a knowledge of the word of God to the Scottish people ; though it cannot be denied that under the dry bones of those dreary old discourses, people too often became dry bones themselves. As new life is entering the Church, that old style is in a great measure broken up. In England (there are brilliant exceptions) the text is too often simply diluted, like a homœopathic globule, in so many spoonfuls of water. In Switzerland, in many cases, it is merely the motto to a meditation which might be taken wholesale from Quesnel or Thomas-à-Kempis, and might be preached by Jesuit, Jansenist, or Capuchin, without offending Romish orthodoxy. The form of mere religious meditations on the ordinary commonplaces prevails : serious and unexceptionable reflections take the place of what is properly called preaching. Now the Italians want more than "predications" and "meditations ;" they can get these in Young's Night Thoughts—a favourite book in Roman Catholic Italy. They will not acknowledge a mere organization to be a church, but they will acknowledge a society of living Christians, and it is by the life that is in it that the Church will best command its organization. In this sense also the spirit of the

living creature must be in the wheels. The present circumstances of Italy will tax to the utmost the energies of the Alpine pastors. The peasants of the Valleys have never had, and never required a soft, polished, town-bred clergy, in kid gloves and patent leather boots, but simple God-fearing men, who could sympathize with their feelings, and share their trials—who could task Romanists and face a snow storm. The way has now been opened into the first cities of Sardinia, and at the outset they have had men not unequal to such positions,—either native Vaudois or Italian converts: but in so small and so poor a population there is unquestionably a deficiency, and it is to this difficulty that the Waldensian Church must now apply itself.

Since the preceding pages were written, we learn that there has been a small secession from the Vaudois communion, in two of the Italian stations—Turin and Genoa. We are not surprised that such should be the case: on the contrary, we fully expected such a movement on the part of some of the Italian converts, though we deeply regret that the name of Dr. De Sanctis should be associated with those who are unwisely dividing the evangelical community in Piedmont. We do not here enter into the details, but, with abundant opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, we do not hesitate to pronounce in favour of the wisdom and moderation of the Waldensian Table in these proceedings. Those who have seceded connected themselves but very recently with the Vaudois. They are chiefly—we might say exclusively—recent converts from Romanism, or *émigrés* from the other Italian states, and not particularly disposed to sympathize with the quiet constitutional proceedings of the evangelical Church in Sardinia. They are jealous of priestcraft, and of regular ecclesiastical government of any kind, and to some of them

“New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.”

The pastor, they say, acts as priest: he alone officiates on the Sabbath-day: he alone preaches, baptizes, and dispenses the sacrament of the Supper: while, on the contrary, their meetings should be social, and, all Christians being priests, every man who chooses to put himself forward, should be at liberty to teach and to administer the sacraments. We do not say that a man like Dr. De Sanctis, who was ordained in the Romish Church, and re-ordained in the Waldensian, holds such crude notions of church order; but, in general, the new party *does* object to any regularly constituted Church whatever. They trust more to societies, somewhat on the principle of political clubs, in which each member may speak and act freely. Now, if this be the



principle of the New Testament, the Church for eighteen centuries has been entirely astray on the point, and a new light has certainly arisen. It must be remembered that these parties have but recently left the Church of Rome—that they have been quite unaccustomed to such questions—that some of them have been rather trained to political dissensions—and that, with one or two exceptions, they are not men of liberal education. This may form an excuse for crude ideas, but, instead of fostering a presumptuous spirit, it should teach them to defer more to men who have made a life-long study of the Word of God.

Again. They charge the Waldensian Church with being “antiquated in its ideas,” slow and timid in its movements, and incapable of meeting the present wants of Italy. There might be something more fresh and stirring in the organization of societies, half religious and half political, and in establishing newspapers with “Religious Liberty and Victor Emmanuel” for their watchword: but the Waldensian Church does not believe this to be its “mission,” and we rejoice that the Vaudois pastors have not allowed themselves to be carried away by the heated spirit of the times to meddle with matters that do not properly belong to the Christian ministry. Perhaps they are not doing all that they might do: we have not found perfection in the Valleys—nor anywhere else; but we are old-fashioned enough to trust more to the preaching of the Gospel by men who give themselves wholly to prayer and the ministry of the Word, than to any new plans of these days. The Church in Piedmont is now in a favourable position for doing a great work—and *is doing it*, slowly, but surely. We strongly deprecate any rash movement that might compromise its liberties.

One word more. Since the days of the Apostle John there have been men “who love to have the pre-eminence”—bustling, consequential men, who have no idea of “esteeming others better than themselves.” How far this spirit may prevail in such divisions, we do not take on ourselves to judge. But if those who cannot submit to the control of the Waldensian Table are in earnest for the evangelization of Italy, (and some of them we doubt not are,) there is work enough for all. “Strike out, all swimmers!” We would have all to labour as they have opportunity. But when a party puts itself forward in opposition to a venerable orthodox communion, we think it right to say, that we have in nowise lost confidence in the remnant of the Alpine Church. Let the Vaudois only take heed that their lamps are burning, when they point to their old emblem, and say, “*LUX LUCET IN TENEBRIS.*”

- ART. IV.—1. *Census of Great Britain in 1851. By Authority of the Registrar-General.* London, 1854.
2. *Census of Great Britain—1851. Religious Worship in England and Wales.* By HORACE MANN. London, 1854.
3. *Education in Great Britain. Being the Official Report of HORACE MANN.* London, 1854.
4. *The Charter of the Nations ; or, Free Trade and its Results.* By HENRY DUNCKLEY, M.A. London, 1854.

STATISTICAL TABLES afford invaluable materials to the statesman and the economist, and occasionally offer hints of great significance to the moral philosopher ; but few materials are more misleading when dealt with by inexperienced or unskilful hands. To use them profitably and safely two qualities are more especially required—great sagacity and strict integrity. Before we can trust ourselves to the guidance of figures, we must feel certain of two things, neither of which are easy of attainment—their accuracy and their completeness. Before we can adopt unhesitatingly the conclusions to which they point, we must know not only that the figures we have are correct, but that there are no figures we have not which might modify or reverse our inferences. If our materials are incomplete, they must *pro tanto* be inconclusive : if they are inaccurate they must *pro tanto* tend to lead us astray. All our logic may be vitiated by some unobserved hiatus in the premises. Now even official statistics are not always to be relied upon, and seldom comprise *all* the information which directly or indirectly bears upon the subject. This is especially felt when we come to institute any comparison between the present and the past. We may be able to trust the returns for 1851, but we know that those of 1811 and 1821 were often scandalously careless and imperfect. In all calculations based upon births, deaths, and marriages, as every one accustomed to them is aware, it has been found necessary by the most experienced actuaries to correct official tables by conjectural estimates—to form a guess as to the amount and the place of the omissions which required to be supplied—in a word, to compile our statistics from our reasoning, in place of basing our reasoning unreservedly upon our statistics.

Again,—it is sometimes found that your figures, where relied upon with the robust and child-like faith of orthodoxy, land you in some conclusions utterly novel and astonishing. The untrained statistician proclaims as a startling discovery what the man of experience feels at once to be nothing but a monstrous

fallacy. His sagacity convinces him at a glance, that the premises which have led to such an issue must contain either some great inaccuracy or some great omission; and, knowing how common such are with arithmetical compilers, he refuses to place his philosophy at the mercy of a careless computer or an ignorant and incompetent returning officer. He rejects the conclusion and revises the faulty materials which led to it, till he discovers the flaw or the hiatus—which he is seldom at a loss to find. Thus, some years ago, before the Act for the Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and the care of the Registrar-General, had introduced an increasing and now nearly perfect accuracy into the returns, (for England and Wales; at least,) a student of figures observed an extraordinary and persistently regular excess of deaths at every decennial period of life. Nearly 50 per cent. more died, or were recorded to die, at the age of 20 than at the ages of 19 and 21; 50 per cent. more at the age of 30 than at the ages of 29 and 31; and so on. This was alarming and astounding enough; and a statistical society was applied to explain the anomalous excess. Of course, an experienced statist, knowing the careless habits common both to individuals speaking of age, and to parish officers entering the same in their books, perceived the explanation at a glance: the tendency to *speak in round numbers* had stepped in to vitiate the returns; and a death occurring at any age *between* 19 and 21 was constantly entered as occurring at the age of 20, so that the decennial year really included the deaths of nearly a year and a half.

A somewhat similar inaccuracy—though in this case arising from wilfulness and not carelessness—is signaled by the Registrar-General, in his returns of the present census;—and, instead of accepting and arguing from it, it became his duty to detect and rectify it.

“Persons of the age of 20 in 1851 must have been 10 years of age in 1841, and persons of the age of 25 in 1851 must have been 15 years of age in 1841; and as there is a certain number of losses by death, it is evident that, excluding the effects of emigration, the numbers at the age of 20–25 in 1851 must be less than the numbers living at the age of 10–15 in 1841, of whom they are the natural survivors. But what are the statements which the ‘abstract of ages’ express?”

“1841.	Number of girls, age 10–15, was	.	1,003,119;
1851.	... young women, 20–25,	.	1,030,456.

“Now, as the first number never could have swelled in 10 years to the magnitude of the second, we are driven to the hypothesis that, in 1841 and 1851, the heads of families returned several thousand

ladies of the age 30–35 as at the age of 20–25 ; and the hypothesis is confirmed, by comparing the diminished numbers returned at the age of 30–35 in 1851 with the numbers returned as 20–25 in 1841, where it is evident that the latter number is in deficiency as much as the former is in excess.

“1841. Number of young women stated at 20–25, 978,696 ;  
1851. ... women ... 30–35, 768,711.”

After a careful calculation of disturbing causes, the Registrar-General found it necessary to transfer about 35,000 ladies from the second to the third decennial period.

But integrity is quite as necessary to the reasoner who deals with figures as sagacity and caution. Few addict themselves much to the study of statistics except for the purpose of forming or proving a theory. The temptation then is terrible to use your materials at once partially and tyrannically—to tease and torture them till they express your language, and give their suffrage to your candidate. “Figures (said Macaulay) are like mercenaries : they may be enlisted on both sides.” This unfair treatment of arithmetical facts and tables is of two kinds. Sometimes a writer gathers from the wide sweep of his reading whatever statistics suit his purpose and tell his tale, with no regard to the value of the authority on which they rest. He finds loose statements given in a tabular shape by travellers or gazetteers, presses them into the service, and gives them the sanction of his name ; when perhaps a few moments’ reflection or inquiry would have shown him that they came from unreliable or incompetent sources. The first edition of Mr. Malthus’s celebrated work abounds in instances of this sin—a most common one, by the way, among all writers who treat of the theory of population. We remember a conversation we once held with an eminent continental statistician, generally accurate and conscientious beyond his class. He had quoted largely from and rested his conclusions greatly upon the tables given in the work of an English theorist—perhaps one of the most reckless and incompetent this country ever produced, and whose character was pretty well understood at home. “How could you (we asked) ever have made such bold use of such a worthless and unauthoritative production?” His answer was curious and candid. “Que voulez-vous ? J’ai trouvé là les chiffres dont j’avois besoin, et que je ne trouvois pas ailleurs.” At other times people give as statistics what are merely loose and reckless *estimates* of their own—often miles wide of the mark ; but which, being arrayed in all the dignity of elaborate tables, impose upon their readers as positive facts. There is another breach of integrity in these matters, more fatal and seductive still—of which

the late M. T. Sadler's work on Population is the most memorable example we remember. It consists in *coaxing* your figures ; in so arranging your tables and humouring your averages as to bring out the conclusion you desire ; in throwing out a disturbing and unmanageable year, for example, from one division into another. Mr. Sadler's object was to prove that fecundity diminished as density of population increased. He made out his case by an elaborate tabular comparison of countries, cities, and years ; and if a classification of these elements by threes or tens or fives did not bring out the wanted result, he would arrange them now in fours, now in sevens, now in nines,—till his theory came out so constantly from his tables, as quite to convince himself and to stagger many abler and sincerer statisticians. It requires no ordinary mental rectitude to be wholly on our guard against this insidious tendency to falsification.

These great postulates secured—accuracy and completeness in the materials, with sagacity and integrity in dealing with them—statistics are about the most serviceable means we possess both of forming and of testing sound hypotheses, especially in questions of social or commercial policy. In many points, too, they afford the best record of progress ; though hitherto their value in this respect has been greatly diminished by the admitted incorrectness of our earlier tables. The last census is incomparably the most perfect that has yet been taken, and will be invaluable as a basis of comparison for future times ; and even now it indicates many interesting and suggestive facts which will well repay a few minutes' examination and reflection. So much has already been written on this subject, that we shall detain our readers for a very short time over the mere figures which lie before us ; but shall be satisfied with briefly calling attention to three or four of the most curious and important facts which they establish.

During the half century which closed with 1851, the *progress* of Great Britain, remarkable as it has been in mere numbers, has been more remarkable in everything else. We are not disposed to regard a rapid augmentation of the population of a country as, by itself and necessarily, a matter for congratulation. It may even be sometimes, as in Ireland, a matter for regret and alarm—at once an indication and a cause of social wretchedness. But when it is accompanied by a corresponding or more than corresponding advance in all that makes life dignified and valuable ; when it is accompanied by augmented comforts, augmented consumption and production, increased longevity, and amended education,—it may be taken as a measure of real progress. Thus the population has increased in fifty years from

10,917,423 to 21,121,967, or 93½ per cent., but the *effective strength* of the population, i.e., the numbers of the serviceable ages, have increased in a much greater ratio. The ages of the people were first made a subject of inquiry in 1821. Since that time, while the numbers under 20 years of age have increased 37 per cent., those between 20 and 40 have increased 60 per cent., and those of the riper and wiser period between 40 and 60, have increased 55 per cent. And while in 1821, those under 10 and above 70 years of age, whom we term the *helpless* portion of the community, bore to the *effective* portion, or those between 20 and 60, the ratio of 68 per cent.,—in 1851, this ratio had fallen to 57 per cent. At the former period, 6,367,991 adults had to support 4,355,166 children and old persons:—at the latter date, 10,082,296 adults had to support 5,797,295 children and old persons—manifestly a far lighter task. In other words, the increased population is due not only to a greater number of births, but the longer life of those actually born. Longevity has increased as well as fecundity.

Again. The principal increase has taken place among the most energetic classes, as well as among the most effective ages of the population. It is not the slow, plodding, comparatively unimproving inhabitants of *country* districts that have multiplied most rapidly, but the enterprising, intelligent, aspiring, inventive dwellers in *towns*. The population of Great Britain had increased, as we have seen, 93½ per cent. in fifty years; but the population of the 212 principal towns has increased 176 per cent. in the same period—some of them as much as 300 per cent.\* It is true that a vast proportion of this rapid augmentation is due to immigration from rural into urban districts; it is true that people marry earlier and multiply faster in the agricultural countries:† but still the effect remains the same: wherever they may *be born*, a much larger proportion of the population *live* in towns than was formerly the case. People are more congregated into masses; there is more combination of labour, more collision of intelligence, more of that mental activity which stimulates progress and develops power. This change will appear to many, we are aware, a change for the worse; all must admit that it is not without its dangers and its drawbacks;—

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\* “While the population of the country and of the small towns has increased 71 per cent., that of the large towns has increased 189 per cent. in the half century.”—(*Census of Great Britain*.)

† In the manufacturing districts about 10 per cent. of those married are under twenty-one years of age; in the agricultural, about 14 per cent. (See *Eighth Report* of the Registrar-General.) The greater fecundity of women in the agricultural districts we cannot prove from official returns, but the inference is nearly irresistible to those who have read the evidence contained in the “Report on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture.”



but, whether for good or evil, it is certain that, as a nation, we live a far more stirring, vivid, busy life than our fathers. We live *faster* as well as longer.

Further. We know as a general fact that the people at large are much better off than formerly, and we can measure the extent of this improvement in some degree by the increase in the consumption of the chief articles of necessity and comfort. Unfortunately, having no statistics of home production, we can test the increase only in the consumption of articles imported from abroad. But this is a fair criterion enough, for few will augment their expenditure in tea or sugar, for example, till their wants in the way of bread and meat are tolerably supplied. We know, however, that the home growth of corn has steadily and rapidly increased with the improved cultivation of the land, yet we find that in the seven years ending—

1839—	we imported in grain and meal of all kinds a total yearly	
	average of	1,225,700
1846,	.	3,270,219
1853,	.	9,524,060

The number of animals imported for food, which was *nil* in 1830, was 5318 in 1843, and 304,247 in 1853. The consumption of tea, coffee, and sugar per head, has increased as follows:—

	Tea.	Coffee.	Sugar.
1801,	19 oz.	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>10</sub> oz.	22 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> lbs.
1849,	23 „	18	24 „
1853,	33 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> „	21	30 „

But it is not only in the consumption of articles that contribute to material wellbeing that our progress has been more rapid than that of the population. The same has been the case with the provision for secular and religious education. The following comparison is an interesting one, between the rate of increase of our numbers in each decennial period, and the rate of increase in the accommodation for those numbers in places of worship, including those of all denominations, in England and Wales.\*

\* The degree to which this rapid increase of accommodation is due to the exertion of Dissenters, may be gathered by a comparison of the table given in the text with the following, which relates to the Established Church alone.

Rate of Increase of Population.				Rate of Increase of Seats.			
1811,	.	14.3 per cent.	.	.	.	6 per cent.	.
1821,	.	18.0 „	.	.	.	1.0 „	.
1831,	.	15.8 „	.	.	.	2.9 „	.
1841,	.	14.5 „	.	.	.	6.6 „	.
1851,	.	12.6 „	.	.	.	11.8 „	.

Increase of Population,			Increase of Sittings in Places of Worship,		
<i>per cent.</i>			<i>per cent.</i>		
" 1811,	.	14.3	.	.	6.8
1821,	.	18.0	.	.	10.3
1831,	.	15.8	.	.	15.0
1841,	.	14.5	.	.	22.5
1851,	.	12.6	.	.	19.4"

The actual *state* of education in this country is far from satisfactory, but the *progress* made of late years is eminently so. The number of children receiving education has enormously increased, and the quality of the education imparted has improved at a still more rapid rate. According to Mr. Horace Mann, the number of children at school ought to be 3,000,000: it is, at day-schools, 2,144,378, and in Sunday schools 2,407,642. We have no very reliable returns for the past, of the number actually under education; but a comparison of the ascertained facts for 1851, with the information obtained in 1818 and 1833, by Parliamentary inquiries, gives the following result. Since 1818, the increase of day schools has been 218 per cent., and of Sunday scholars 404 per cent., while the population during the same interval has increased only 54 per cent. *Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendi*, is well enough for a maxim to stimulate us to continued and increased exertions; but it cannot be denied that the above indications of solid and rapid progress are at once consolatory and encouraging.

Great pains were taken by the officers intrusted with the arrangement of the Census Papers in 1851, to obtain a correct and complete account of the *occupations* of the people, and the returns to this branch of the inquiry were, on the whole, very full and satisfactory. In 1841, we could only specify the callings and occupations of 7,846,569 persons in Great Britain, out of a total of 18,844,434: in 1851, we can specify 20,763,624, out of a total of 20,959,477. But much of the intelligibility and available value of these returns appears to us to be lost, by a clumsy and injudicious classification, into seventeen divisions, and innumerable subdivisions, in the choice of which we can trace no distinct principle or idea, and which present us with no salient general facts which we can store in our memory, or from which we can deduce any noticeable conclusions. Surely, instead of such an arrangement, it would have been better to have divided the voluminous returns into four great categories, the *producing*, the *manufacturing*, the *distributing*, and the *intellectual* classes. It would have been an object of especial interest to ascertain the total number of shopkeepers of all kinds, *i.e.*, the proportion

which the distributors bear to the producers in this country,—a ratio which Mr. J. S. Mill thinks to be unreasonably and injuriously large. Or they might have been classified into those employed in *feeding, clothing, lodging, and cultivating* (i.e., teaching, amusing, governing, and reforming) the people, that we might see at a glance the proportion of industry engaged in supplying each of the four first wants of humanity. In the absence of any clear and brief arrangement of this kind, we can only glean a few curious facts. Lawyers, medical men, and clergymen of the Church of England, are about equal in numbers, averaging 18,000 each. What we may term the *incapacitated* classes—the blind, deaf and dumb, and insane, amount to 52,843. The blind number one in 975 of the population; the deaf and dumb one in 1670; the lunatics (in asylums) one in 1115. We find, too, on examining the places of birth of various classes a curious indication of the varying tastes and habits of the several races who make up our nation. Ireland furnishes 37 per cent. of our army, but only 10 per cent. of our navy; Scotland 11 per cent. of the army, and 4 per cent. only of the navy; while England supplies only 47 per cent. of the army; but no less than 82 per cent. of the navy.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the Census Returns, however, is that which records the numbers and relations of the sexes. It is a curious fact, that in this country, and we believe\* throughout Europe, though more males than females are *born*, yet more females than males are always *living*. The former die faster, and about the age of twenty-one, the number seems to be equalized. The females, taking the whole population, are about *three per cent.* in excess of the males. The proportions of males to females in 1851, were as follows:—

“ Under 20 years of age	100 to	98.856
from 20 to 40	. 100 —	105.291
— 40 — 60	. 100 —	105.628
— 60 — 80	. 100 —	118.116
80 and upwards	100 —	141.636”

The actual excess of females now in Great Britain is a quarter of a million (266,533). This has always seemed to us an arrangement fitted to call forth our gratitude. How many families are there which are dependent on the services of those super-

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\* If a return, given in the first volume at the head of our Paper can be relied upon, this proportion, which we had always understood was constant, does not prevail in the new world, at least among free white persons. The following table of the population of the United States shows this, (p. 35):—

	Males.	Females.	Excess of Males.
Under 20 years	3,930,383	3,819,026	111,357
20 and upwards	3,318,883	3,120,816	198,067

numerary women, who, if mated and engrossed by more immediate ties, would be unable to render the aid required where a wife and mother is incapacitated by sickness or by death.

There are sundry curiosities to be gleaned from this division of the returns. Thus, it appears, that notwithstanding the ecclesiastical prohibition, "a man may not marry his grandmother," a number of individuals have done this, or something like it. At least 106 men under the age of 35 are married to women between 60 and 70 years of age. In two cases men of 20 have wives of 80; in 144 cases men about 40 have wives of 80.

The next table, however, shows, that in artificial England there are far too many of those valuable supernumeraries of whom we have just spoken—too many for their own peace—too many for the preservation of a sound social and moral state. It is painful to record, that of the women in the prime of life, *i.e.*, between the ages of 20 and 40, *forty-one* per cent. in England, and *forty-eight* per cent. in Scotland are spinsters; or that of 2,856,398 women of the marriageable and child-bearing period of life, (between 20 and 40,) only 1,608,216 are married, and 1,248,182 are living in a state of celibacy. The causes and the consequences of this state of things are alike to be deplored. The causes are twofold; both we believe artificial, and both therefore curable.

One of these, indeed, is already in a great degree removed. For a long period, antecedent to our day, an unfortunate and unsound commercial policy had fettered industry and exchange, and greatly limited the field for the employment both of capital and labour. It was difficult for the ordinary run of men in every line of life to earn an income adequate to the expenses of a family. Men were laboriously seeking work, instead of work seeking men to do it. A large proportion in every profession felt no certainty of succeeding by any amount of energy and talent. Barristers without briefs,—curates on a miserable stipend,—surgeons without practice,—peasants with a scanty pittance,—labourers of all sorts and in all ranks "worthy of their hire," yet often unable to obtain it—preached lessons of abstinence and prudence which were not lost upon the nation. It became with the majority a matter of wisdom, and often of conscience, to forego or to postpone marriage till a provision for a family had been secured; and when that period at length arrived, the habits and tastes of a solitary and unaccommodating life were irrevocably formed. Now, happily, a wiser system has given a wonderful elasticity to every branch of industry, while emigration has relieved our redundant numbers, the demand for labour has once more overtaken the supply; and not only has its remun-

neration consequently risen, but every man, not actually suffering under physical or moral inability, may feel secure that his powers, honestly and steadily exerted, will suffice to maintain him. Few men now, we sincerely believe, *need* to remain unmarried after the age of thirty. If they do so, accidental incapacity apart, it must be a matter of preference or of indolence.

Numbers, however, do and will remain unmarried, especially among our upper classes, from necessities artificially created or gratuitously supposed. Younger sons are constantly doomed to celibacy, not because a marrying income is unattainable by them, but because prejudice, custom, pride, or laziness forbid them to toil for its attainment. By inheritance, or by public employment, they possess perhaps just sufficient to permit them to enjoy the pleasures and amenities of a London life; miscellaneous society stands them instead of a domestic circle,—the club supplies the place of a home,—vagrant and disreputable amours (or amours that ought to be disreputable) make them unambitious of and unfit for wives, and they prefer to rest satisfied with a pleasant, rather than labour for a happy and worthy existence. Others, again, possess an income amply sufficient for the support of a wife and family, but will not believe it to be so. Their ideas of the style and comfort in which it is necessary to live, are formed on a conventional and unreasonable standard. They will not condescend to the fancied indignities, or they cannot endure the trivial privations, of economy,—they will not ask the woman of their choice to share with them any home less luxurious than she has been accustomed to, and they condemn her to live without love rather than expose her to live without a carriage. God only knows how many noble creatures have their happiness sacrificed to this miserable blunder,—how many pine away existence in desolate and dreary singleness, amid luxuries on which they are not dependent and splendour which confers no joy, who would thankfully have dwelt in the humblest cottage, and been contented with the simplest dress, and have blest the one and embellished the other, if only the men to whom they have given their hearts had possessed less false pride and more true faith in woman's love and sense and capacity of self-abnegation. A higher and more just conception of the materials which really make up the sum of human enjoyment,—a sounder estimate of the relative value of earthly possessions,—a more frequent habit of diving down through the conventional to the real, and a knowledge of how much refinement, how much comfort, how much serene content are compatible with the scantiest means, where there is sense and courage to face the fact and to control the fancy,—would in half a generation reduce the million and a quarter of spinsters we have

spoken of to a few hundred thousands, and raise into the condition of honoured happy wives the vast majority of those "beautiful lay nuns," (as they have been called,) whose sad, unnatural, objectless existence, whose wasted powers of giving and receiving joy, it makes the heart bleed to witness.

To conclude. Figures can measure and record the progress of our race in several departments, and with a striking significance and exactitude; but some facts which cannot be arithmetically expressed are more eloquent by far. It is curious and deeply interesting to observe how much of the advance which mankind has made in some of the most essential branches of material improvement has been effected within the last quarter of a century; and on the other hand, in how many departments human intelligence reached its culminating point ages ago. It is not likely that the world will ever see a more perfect poet than Homer, a grander statesman than Pericles, a sublimer or more comprehensive philosopher than Plato, a sculptor equal to Phidias, a painter superior to Raphael. Certain it is that the lapse of twenty or five-and-twenty centuries has given birth to none who have surpassed them, and to few who have approached them. In the fine arts and in speculative thought, our remotest ancestors are still our masters. In science and its applications the order of precedence is reversed, and our own age has been more prolific and amazing than the aggregate of all the ages which have gone before us. Take two points only, the most obvious and the most signal—locomotion and the transmission of intelligence. At the earliest period of authentic history men travelled as fast as in the year 1830. Nimrod got over the ground at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour: Napoleon could go no faster. Between 1830 and 1840, we raised the maximum of speed from ten miles to seventy. The first six thousand years did nothing, or next to nothing,—the next six years did everything: reached the limits of possible achievement in this direction; for no one imagines that any greater speed is attainable or would be bearable. Again:—It is probable that Abraham sent messages to Lot just as rapidly as Frederick the Great or George III. transmitted orders to their Generals and Admirals. In 1794, the old wooden telegraph was invented and made a certain though a partial and a slight advance. But, with this exception, the rate at which intelligence could be conveyed had remained stationary at that of ordinary locomotion on horseback up to 1840. In 1840 we communicated at the velocity of twelve miles an hour. In 1850, we communicated over immeasurable distances in inappreciably infinitesimal subdivisions of time. The experiment was made, and a message was transmitted from Belgrade



to Liverpool *instantaneously*. A spark given at Dundee could fire the cannon of the Invalides at Paris. Here, too, at a single leap we have reached the *ne plus ultra* of earthly possibility. In ten years—nay, in five—we have cleared the vast space between the speed of a horse and the speed of lightning.

What more remains? This—*diffusion to all of the acquisitions made by and confined to a few*. We cannot travel faster than seventy miles an hour, but we may enable all, however humble, to travel at that speed. We cannot transmit intelligence with a celerity exceeding that of the magnetic spark, but we may make that mode of communication accessible to every class. We cannot surpass Pericles, or Plato, or Praxiteles, but we may look forward to the day, and contribute to hasten its arrival, when mankind shall be made up of such,—when these great men shall have become types, not anomalies,—specimens, not marvels,—when the Ideal shall be realized, and the selected good and the surpassing great of former ages shall be the average actualities of Being, and not, as now, at once our reproach and our despair.

- ART. V.—1. *Oxford Reform, and Oxford Professors.* By HENRY HALFORD VAUGHAN, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London, 1854.
2. *University Reform: A Speech delivered in the House of Commons, on the Oxford Reform Bill, on 27th April 1854.* By EDWARD HORSMAN, Esq., M.P. London, 1854.
3. *National Faith considered in reference to Endowments.* By H. A. WOODGATE, B.D., late Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. London, 1854.
4. *Objections to the Government Scheme for the Present Subjection and Future Management of the University of Oxford.* By CHARLES NEATE, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. London, 1854.

THE reform of the English Universities has at length commenced. The citadel of conservatism has been compelled to yield to the spirit of the nineteenth century, and after some two hundred years of independence, the champion of indefeasible rights, of non-resistance, of High Toryism in Church and State, must submit to learn the unwelcome truth—that the University of Oxford is a national institution, deriving its existence and its privileges from the sovereign power of the State, and liable to be brought into harmony with the progress of society by the same process as that which has modified so extensively the constitution of the Legislature itself.

By the Act of 1854 Oxford has undergone a revolution which is very characteristic of our age. A new order of things has been established, not by the Crown, in imitation of ancient precedents, nor by the self-reforming authority of an independent corporation, but by Parliament,—an event of vast significance, not only as clearly defining the title under which the University holds its functions and its rights, but much more as determining the certainty and the character of future reforms. Henceforward Oxford must keep her eye fixed on Parliament and the public opinion of the nation. It required a great effort to interfere with an ancient institution, which had not been touched for two centuries, and which, amidst glaring defects and shortcomings, still rendered eminent services to the country. But the intervention of Parliament having once been called in, no other limit can be set to its future action than such as its own sense of right policy shall prescribe. No question that has once entered the arena of Parliament can ever afterwards retreat from its jurisdiction. Whatever judgment, therefore, may be passed on the provisions of the new Act, it is indisputable that a great and solid advantage has been gained for the cause of progress, and a most material guarantee for the introduction of such improve-

ments as shall be required by the wants of each succeeding generation. *This Bill is not and cannot be final.* It forms a great era : not as substituting one constitution for another, but as enacting a constitution *through public discussion in Parliament.* That constitution was adopted as best calculated to render Oxford efficient in performing the services required of her by the nation. If the services are not accomplished ; or, still more, if the growth of civilisation should desire the spirit and character of those services to be altered, or new ones to be added, the precedent of 1854 will be revived, and it will be the duty of Parliament, a duty as national and acknowledged as it will be imperative, to bring the defects of the University under revision, and to apply such remedies as may seem expedient. The immensity of the change thus brought about is obvious ; and it is pregnant with vast consequences for the future.

But what has the Oxford Reform Bill actually accomplished ? It is the fruit of an agitation longer than twice the length of the siege of Troy. It is the issue of a struggle against interests so powerful, so diversified, so deeply intrenched in the habits and associations of English life, that nothing but an exposure of the most glaring defects could have opened a breach for the assaults of reformers. Have these defects been removed ? Have the reasonable demands of University reformers been conceded ? Before we can give the answer, we must know the problem. The Bill must be judged by a comparison with the requirements which it professes to satisfy. What, then, were the complaints of the nation against the existing state of the University of Oxford ?—It was certainly not the reconstruction, but the improvement of the Universities which was sought. The people of England appreciated the excellencies of their academical system ; they were conscious of the peculiar elements which distinguish that system from all others in the world, and they knew how precious many of these elements were. The Universities are strong in the affection of the English nation. It cherishes with pride and gratitude institutions which bring a larger number of the best and happiest influences to bear on the training of young men than have ever been employed elsewhere. It loves and prizes academies, which rear up the flower of the country's youth in associations which possess the complexity, the unity, the patriotic feeling, and self-consciousness of a true commonwealth ; in which reverence for age and station is mixed with a wise respect for the young, and subordination to authority with the just freedom and reasonable independence of the juniors ; where a wide diversity of ranks is so happily blended as to regulate the intercourse of all with each other, not by the conventional pedantry of mere teacher and disciple, but by the laws of a noble manhood and gentlemanly feeling ; where the young not

only acquire knowledge, but are also initiated in the great lesson of social life, by living in communities which assign to talent, conduct, and character, the noblest fields for development; where the most powerful force in education, the social action, namely, of the young on each other, the public opinion of the world they constitute, is tempered by the counsels and influences of older and more experienced friends; where religion unites with learning to impart the highest culture and the most elevated sentiments to the youthful mind; where acts of self-denial and devotion and resolute industry are called forth by examinations and distinctions which arrest the attention of the whole country, and furnish the most advantageous introduction to after-life; where prizes are held forth which not only confer an honourable maintenance, but also membership of corporations of no small social and political importance; and whence a stream annually issues forth of men that fill the foremost ranks in every department of public life, and successfully sustain the power and the glory of the greatest nation of modern times.

No unknown and suicidal passion has craved for the subversion of such institutions. No demand for reform was ever founded on a deeper appreciation of the worth of what it sought to amend than the prayer for university reform. Indeed, it may be truly asserted, that with the exception of persons who felt themselves shut out from Oxford by religious tests, those who were most active in promoting a revision in Parliament of the academical constitution, were some of the most affectionate and dutiful sons of Alma Mater. Could those cause the complaints alleged? The most conspicuous Oxford scandal, moreover, interested the largest number of persons in its removal. The great mass of parents clamoured for the abolition of favouritism and of local or personal preferences in the appointment to Fellowships and Scholarships. They demanded that merit alone should be regarded in all academical elections. They cited the example of Cambridge, which had got rid of many of the restrictions imposed against the choice of the most meritorious candidate; and where in every college the most successful student was sure to obtain a fellowship. It was an intolerable grievance that the claims of a distinguished scholar should be held of lighter account than those of the nominee of a canon, or a native of Westmoreland. The injunctions of founders were pleaded in bar of the exclamations of the public; but this plea, though it perhaps silenced opposition for a while, ultimately led to disasters. Reformers were driven on by it into an examination of collegiate statutes, and of the authority which sanctioned the present administration of the colleges; and it was soon perceived how preposterous it was to fall back against the public good on the literal wording of a single ordinance,—where the ancient spirit of

the foundation had passed away, and the general effect contemplated by its authors was wholly rejected,—where observances to which all the members of the college had pledged themselves by the most fearful oaths were omitted without compunction,—where institutions founded for the purposes of a particular religion had been handed over to those whom the founders would consider heretics and traitors,—where prayers were no longer offered daily for the souls of benefactors, although this was the special object which had induced them to bestow their means on those associations,—and where a multitude of rules, out of date now, it is true, and inconvenient, still perfectly practicable in themselves, were buried in an unauthorized, however expedient, oblivion. It was seen that college practice was arbitrary and capricious, varying in different colleges, obeying or violating regulations according as chance or private interest directed, and resisting, above all, improvements advocated on the ground of the public good, because it was felt that that public good contained a principle which, amidst the manifest non-observance of the statutes, possessed the right to overhaul the entire management of college affairs. These facts, officially proclaimed by the careful Report of the Royal Commission, made the necessity universally felt of reconciling college practice with college duty, and altering by competent authority, (which could be none other than that of the State,) statutes which, though sworn to, were not and could not be obeyed. But it was not in the colleges alone that solemn oaths were habitually violated and legality lost for the daily course of affairs. The veteran university reformer, Sir W. Hamilton, had long ago, in writings distinguished by admirable knowledge and research, drawn public attention to the revolution which had been consummated in the government of the university itself. Supreme power had been transferred to an oligarchy of the heads of colleges, the university transformed from a commonwealth of graduates composed of several faculties into the confederation of the existing colleges, the right of opening new halls suppressed, the liberty to teach, formerly open to all M.A.'s, restricted virtually to the officers of the colleges, the Tutors,—the instruction in all the faculties, except that of Arts, suffered to die away, and an entrance to the university forbidden except on the condition of admission into a college, a condition which placed the student under the absolute despotism of a college Head. Hence had resulted an aggregate of collegiate monopolies; for there was no real competition of the colleges themselves with one another, and there were students enough to fill all the colleges. The public examinations were practically reduced to the standard of the worst college. The university studies were limited to what could be taught by college tutors,—each of whom commonly lectured on all the subjects which formed the

academical course ; and the Professors were degraded and their courses rendered nominal. Every attempt to remove these usurpations was crushed by the Board of Heads, who had no inclination to overthrow their own monopoly by submitting remedial measures to the academical legislature. Then came the natural concomitants of such a system,—a want of zeal and earnestness in curbing the extravagances of youth, often a decided preference for such students as could afford a large expenditure, and a growing necessity for the grievous and burdensome extra of private tuition, the inadequacy of the regular Tutorial instruction of the college compelling students to supply the defect by the expensive and unauthorized aid of the Private Tutor.

Moreover, if the Universities were unwilling to carry out the course prescribed to them by their constitutions, much less would they listen to suggestions of improvement made by the expanding intelligence and altered circumstances of the nation. New classes had risen to wealth and importance, who were shut out from the Universities by the absence of all specific instruction adapted to their peculiar wants. They were seeking in other schools an education which necessarily engendered sentiments of antagonism, not seldom of direct hostility, to Oxford and Cambridge. The stationary numbers of the academical students, contrasted with the wonderful expansion of England's wealth and population, significantly proclaimed how much of the new life-blood of the nation was alien to the Universities: the power and influence of the England of the future were rapidly passing into the hands of those who knew nothing of Oxford and Cambridge. Even those classes which had been educated at the Universities for generations were now eager for an enlargement of their studies: they felt that the progress of society required that the foremost youth of England should be something more than mere classical scholars or pure mathematicians; whilst the amount of attainments required at the age of twenty-two from the large body of pass-men was a disgrace to the educational condition of a great people of the 19th century. An efficient instrument for wiping away this discredit had been frequently pressed upon the Universities by many of its best friends, who had advocated the institution of a general examination of all Undergraduates at entrance,—a measure already adopted with marked success in the best colleges, and calculated to exercise a most powerful and beneficial influence on all the classical schools of the country. But the authorities of the University were alarmed by the risk of diminished numbers: they shrunk, too, from applying an unwelcome pressure to the ill-trained expectants of family-livings; and so refused to adopt a measure by which the University and the education of the country would



have been equal gainers. On the other hand, the Tutorial machinery did not readily accommodate itself to the introduction of new studies. It was alone the imminent peril of reform by external authority which extorted from the academical government the creation of additional schools in history and the physical and moral sciences. Besides all this, it was obvious that the national feeling was daily becoming more alive to the impolicy and injustice of excluding Dissenters from the Universities. Their numbers were growing in the state; their weight in Parliament manifestly increasing; so much so, that Mr. Heywood obtained the large number of 106 names of members of the House of Commons to a memorial which prayed Lord John Russell to free the admission to the Universities from all religious tests. On the other hand, Oxford shewed no symptom of relaxing a single link of its connexion with the Church of England; and the necessity for the interposition of Parliament gathered strength from the conflict of feeling.

But those who cherished the noblest conceptions of the peculiar services which the old Universities could render to English civilisation in modern times—who were most eager to preserve and enlarge their influence as a counterpoise to the ideas and tendencies generated by the material developments of our age—these true sons of Oxford and Cambridge beheld with grief the existence of deeper defects which were steadily lowering them in public estimation, and pined for a reform that should do something more than sweep away superficial faults and anomalies. They lamented that Oxford was degenerating more and more into a mere school, and that the Tutorial system thought only of examinations and honours, and forgot all the higher functions of a University. It was the calling of a University to be a sanctuary for learning as well as a school for youth—to be the depository of studies for which the distractions of common life left no inclination or leisure—to be the guardian of those elements of man's spiritual and intellectual nature, which constituted his higher being and the essence of a true civilisation. Here the nation was to look for that knowledge and culture which should regulate and refine the tone of its literature—guide the principles of its statesmen—purify and elevate its moral conscience—expound and defend its religion. Here ought to be found the supreme authorities in all the great departments of literature and science—the champions of England's intellectual fame—the pioneers of her literary progress—the bulwarks of her faith against the assaults of an unbelieving philosophy and a rationalizing scepticism. Such is the ideal of Oxford's greatness as conceived by her best friends: What was the reality she presented? For the power and authority of pro-

learning she substituted the virtues of a schoolmaster ; of the wisdom and knowledge which could direct the of the intellectual movement of the world, she boasted of a number of young men who had passed brilliant examinations.

Some remains of literary eminence still lingered among the old men and new races ; but they only rendered the decay of learning more apparent, and testified to the changed qualities of the coming generations.

Does Oxford seem to be aware how calamitous, even to the interests of education alone, is the absence of authoritative learning. Young men of energy and talent are quick to distinguish between the retailers of knowledge at second-hand and the real leaders of science. The latter class command their reverence and determine their views ; and if these sources of thought do not exist at Oxford, the allegiance of her students will be transferred to London and to foreigners. Oxford prides herself in training the young in sound religion and liberal learning ; yet by neglecting to cherish within her own walls authorities confessedly pre-eminent, she practically surrenders her pupils to a teaching of which she does not determine the spirit, and to influences which lead to results which she secretly but fruitlessly condemns. She is compelled to allow London and Germany to form the minds and principles of her students, though London instils in them admiration for democracy, and Germany inoculates them with the poison of scepticism. It is no light matter for England that the ardent minds of her noblest youths should plunge into the exciting studies of geology, philosophy, and history, and not have near them a single theologian, historian, or philosopher, to whose counsels they can listen with the deference due to acknowledged greatness. If Oxford does not lead in philosophy and theology, she must follow. If the University does not herself sustain an independent and progressive pursuit of knowledge, she must submit to the ignominy and the loss of letting her pupils derive their conclusions and their views from extraneous but authoritative sources. The protestations of age and station will be levelled in vain against the invasion of books of deep research, however one-sided or perverted their principles may be ; this will be no more heeded than the commands of Canute by the advancing tide. So notorious is the fallen state of Oxford becoming, that when Mr. Horsman, in a speech distinguished alike by extent and solidity of information, and statesmanlike ability to grasp the manifold bearings of the subject, displayed in the House of Commons a picture of the inroad of German influence and literature into Oxford, the filial piety of Mr. Gladstone, unable to deny the truth of the representation, could only

supply the sorry comfort, that we are a practical people, and that our glory is not to be sought in the region of science and literature.

Si Pergama dextra  
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

Mr. Gladstone is the last man to be ignorant of what Englishmen have been and have done in every department of human thought; is he content that this generation should lower their pretensions below the standard of their forefathers? And if he is not ambitious of intellectual greatness for his country, is he insensible to the danger of foreign influence? Is he satisfied that England henceforward should follow the guidance of minds formed under influences very dissonant from her own? Germany has reconstructed ancient history by the powerful machinery of a renovated criticism: does Mr. Gladstone think that the practical talent of England, unaided by learned research, will overthrow the rationalistic remodelling of that sacred narrative which is the basis of the Christian faith? Does he suppose that English parents have learnt without alarm, that in an age of active inquiry, and in a University incessantly agitated by theological discussion, their sons are attracted by elaborate scholarship, profound philology, and unwearied diligence, to seek interpretations of the Sacred Volume from commentators, who treat it as replete with the ordinary failings of human composition, and who reject the authenticity of many parts of the Canon, and the inspired authority of all? Does he believe that they are greatly consoled by his assurance that England produces able statesmen, wonderful engineers, practical merchants, and intelligent artisans? Can he doubt the existence of an indignant sorrow that Oxford provides no antidote; that she possesses no men competent to refute the Germans, much less to present counter-attractions to draw away English youths from such dangers?

The wish to remedy this disastrous decay of learning has all along been one of the most animating motives of the ablest University reformers. It was not difficult to discover the cause of the malady; and an effectual remedy was at hand. *That cause is the excess of Tutorism; and the remedy is the introduction of a modified Professoriate.* Oxford is the victim of the utilitarian tendencies which she is so fond of denouncing. She saw the increasing estimation in which a good Degree was held; and she was contented with satisfying this educational want of the public. She sank without compunction into a public school. Yet even as a mere public school, Oxford suffers some important disadvantages. It is a school administered by a peculiar race of schoolmasters. They are unmarried men; a fact productive of

many consequences. They are necessarily young men ; for their office constituting no profession, they are ever seeking to exchange it for other occupations. Hence they are not even the best schoolmasters which the University might command ; for the ablest of her sons readily obtain large incomes and permanent posts in the masterships of other schools. So unfortunate is the University, that she cannot retain within her walls those of her members who have the most eminent gifts of teaching ; and to such as she does keep she holds out no inducement to improve themselves as schoolmasters, or to devote themselves to a single learned study. The Tutor is engaged in little more than imparting to men somewhat younger than himself those attainments which he acquired in preparing for the Bachelor's degree. No definite study is proceeded with ; there is no demand made on the Tutor by his position in the University or the country to increase his learning or ripen his knowledge. Hence the marvellous spectacle of a great University of a nation pre-eminent for practical talent allowing its public teaching to sink so low, as that Theology, Philosophy, History, and Philology, should be often taught by the same man ; hence the mischievous anomaly, that a boy in progressing from school to college, passes from a superior to an inferior instructor. The activity with which this schoolmastering process is carried on absorbs all the energy of the University. There is no leisure for meditation ; no call for the higher instruction of Professors ; they are suffered to wither away into insignificance. Neither are the highest academical dignities applied to their natural use, of encouraging men of the most promising talent to residence and industry. Headships are not the rewards of learning ; the possession of learning is generally no recommendation for obtaining them ; they are bestowed commonly from motives which have nothing to do with the welfare of the University. The whole force of Oxford, its life and energy, are concentrated in preparing Undergraduates for the Bachelor's degree. When a young man has entered into manhood through the portal of a high Degree, he is provided with no subsequent career by the University ; he is abandoned to the attractions which entice him away from her society, or he is harnessed into the objectless and unimproving drudgery of a Tutorship. Thus neither age nor station in Oxford imply any literary or scientific eminence ; and thus the principles and knowledge which regulate the intellectual life of the students are sought from men and books that are strangers to the University.

Such are the fruits of the collegiate monopoly ; of that monopoly which extinguished the University, placed supreme power in the hands of College-heads, made admission to a college the

condition of entrance into the University, and transferred her public teaching to Tutors; not to a Tutorial body, be it remembered, which dealt with the mass of the students collectively, and assigned to each Tutor those offices of instruction for which he was best qualified, but to the Tutors of each college separately, that is, to two, three, or four theoretically omniscient Fellows, however ill-chosen, inferior, and incompetent might be the body itself which supplied the Tutors. Such is the system which some of the most active reformers wished to amend.

The working of the Tutorial System had given birth to an institution, which, though an abuse and an evil, nevertheless pointed out the quarter in which to look for a remedy. The inefficiency of the Tutorial teaching, called Private Tuition into existence. This was an abuse, because the instruction necessary for the degree had to be paid for twice; and an evil of no small magnitude, by throwing a vast amount of absorbing and unimproving labour on the ablest men, at a time when naturally they would be devoting themselves to some special pursuit. Still Private Tuition indicated the correction which Tutorism needed. The Private Tutor has pupils from any college in the University; he commonly lectures in one department only; he is selected solely for his ability, being freely chosen by pupils who know him to be capable of imparting the instruction which they purchase in an open market. These were the chief elements of the ancient Professorial System, when every Master of Arts could lecture to any student, and every Doctor was a Professor; and their great value has led all the most influential writers on University Reform, and we may add, all the best Tutors, who saw in a reform of the University a guarantee for their own improvement and progress, to urge the *revival of the Professoriate*, and a modified combination of *Professorial* and *Tutorial* instruction.

Such was the problem of University Reform; such the defects and evils which the government of Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen felt themselves irresistibly impelled to correct. The first official step was taken by Lord John Russell, who appointed Royal Commissioners to inquire into the state of the Universities. The Oxford Commission was composed of persons who were practically acquainted with the working of the system, who had filled high offices in the University, and were known to be free from any spirit of rash innovation. They were the last men to put in peril the benefits which Oxford conferred on England. The Commissioners presented their Report to Her Majesty on April 27, 1852. In this most able State Paper, the history of the University and the colleges was traced out with

admirable perspicuity and knowledge; the present constitution and operation of the University thoroughly explored; whilst a large body of evidence, collected from every quarter willing to assist the Commission, sifted closely the advantages and defects of the actual system, and set forth the amendments suggested by the best talent and experience connected with Oxford. The Report concluded with recommendations, which satisfied University reformers generally by the thorough reform which they carried out, and yet dealt tenderly with the University, and were eminently conservative of her true spirit and character. The Commission advised, first of all, that the constitution of the University, which they showed to be open to grave questioning, should be placed on a legal basis by authority of Parliament. In lieu of the exclusive right of originating measures now enjoyed by the Board of Heads, they raised up by the side of this board another body, called Congregation, with equal power to initiate legislation, in which the Professors and other non-collegiate elements had an influential share. They farther recommended the extension of the University, by conceding to its members the very important right of opening new halls; and they did not even shrink from reviving the ancient practice, still retained by the Scotch Universities, of allowing Undergraduates to live in private lodgings without connexion with a college or hall. They advised a public examination at matriculation, the foundation of new professorships and sub-professorships, the emancipation of undergraduates from tutors during the latter part of the academical course, the cultivation of special branches of study, the abolition of all oaths imposed by college statutes, and of all declarations against change in the statutes, the removal of restrictions on fellowships and scholarships generally, including the obligation to enter Holy Orders, the regulation of the value of fellowships, the appropriation of some fellowships to the encouragement of new studies, the foundation of new professorships out of the revenues of some of the colleges, the opening of Headships to all Masters of Arts, and liberty to the Heads and Fellows of every college, under proper control, to alter their statutes from time to time. No suggestion was made as to the admission of Dissenters, the Commissioners having been specially interdicted from entering on that subject. Well might the Commissioners profess, "in offering these recommendations, to have been guided solely by the desire to render the great institution of the University greater than it has ever been;" so truly reforming, and conservative because reforming, were the suggestions. Legislation could not be long delayed after the publication of such a report, and accordingly Lord Palmerston announced to the academical authorities in the autumn of the last



year, the intention of the Government to bring a Bill into Parliament for the reform of the University of Oxford.

It would have been a noble triumph if the rulers of this great society had proved themselves superior to the spirit which animates ordinary corporations: if, by carrying out a real self-reform, they had won for themselves a social and moral eminence as elevated as their intellectual. But they achieved no such greatness. They submitted to the ordinary law of humanity, when invested with place and power. They were incapable of taking a comprehensive view of the improvements of which the University was susceptible. Nor had they such a spirit of self-devotion as to make changes dictated by the sole but noble motive of raising Oxford to the highest pitch of excellence and efficiency. They had combated the Commission as illegal; with trifling exceptions, they had withheld all help from it in its inquiry; and now they would hold no communion with the spirit or the letter of its recommendations. They had not, it is true, obstinately refused all improvement. Whether under the impulse of fear, or the enlightening influence of discussion, two great changes had been brought about. A middle examination in the second year, called Moderations, was interposed between the first and last examinations; and a School of History and Moral Sciences and another of Natural Philosophy, were added to the previously existing Classical and Mathematical Schools. These were excellent improvements and in the right direction; but they came too late to avert the interference of the State, and, moreover, they offered no guarantee that the oligarchy of the Heads, and the monopoly of the Tutors, could be removed by the internal energy of the University.

Some of the advocates of the University took high ground; claiming for her the exclusive right of managing her own affairs, they repudiated the intervention of Parliament as unjust and unconstitutional. But no argument can establish such a position. In the first place, it is impossible to deny that the University, as distinct from the colleges, is a public corporation, endowed with public functions and privileges, and therefore as much open to the revision of the Legislature as any other corporation in the realm. In the next place, the University could not, by its own act, regain a position of legality; and we have seen that the Commissioners, following the lead of Sir W. Hamilton, shewed that the existing constitution rested, to say the least, on a very dubious basis of law. Then, again, the University has no power of dealing with the Statutes of college-founders; it has not even the means of learning what they are, much less of inquiring how they are observed, or introducing any necessary alterations. It is notorious that many

of the Statutes have become obsolete, and that the present administration of the colleges is something wholly different from what the founders intended to establish; yet no competent authority has sanctioned this revolution, nor does any such authority exist within the limits of the whole University. Some, indeed, have pretended to find such an authority in the permission of Visitors; but it must have been felt that the case was desperate before recourse was had to such a refuge. No Visitor in modern times, we believe, has ever formally compared the whole state of a college with the injunctions of its founder, and officially ratified it as fulfilling these injunctions; and even if such a judgment had been rendered, it would have been nugatory. The judge himself, the Visitor, is not the judge contemplated by the Statutes. Most of the colleges have a bishop for their Visitor; and no Roman-Catholic founder would have considered a Protestant bishop to be a bishop at all. The institution had already travelled beyond the pale of founders, when a heretic was pronounced to be the Statutory Visitor: it had fallen under the jurisdiction of the State, from whose decree alone the present Visitor derives his authority. The only point, therefore, which could be legitimately brought under debate, is the expediency, not the right of Parliamentary interference; but this is a point on which the nation had made up its mind, and the conclusion to which it had arrived was the reverse of the advocates of the University.

The rulers of the University, alarmed by the communication from the Home Secretary, now saw that the Report of the Commissioners must be combated with other weapons than contempt. They had, by their refusal to furnish evidence to the Commission, lost the opportunity of making their views known to the public. To remedy this inconvenience, they appointed a Committee of the Hebdomadal Board, for the purpose of collecting evidence from their friends, and making such suggestions to Parliament as in their opinion would meet the requirements of the times. A goodly octavo volume was the result of their labours. Little stress was evidently laid upon its recommendations; for they were miserably insufficient, indeed nothing but mere shifts to save the Hebdomadal oligarchy; but much was expected from a vehement and elaborate assault directed against the dreaded invasion of the Professoriate, by Dr. Pusey, the Regius Professor of Hebrew. Common fears and common dangers had brought about this strange alliance between the excommunicators and the excommunicated; between the condemned arch-tractarian and the judges who silenced him. The Heads sacrificed their dread of Puseyism to their love of power; the Professor denounced his order in convulsive alarm at the

approach of influences which would emancipate young men from the fetters in which he held them. He knew that the fresh air of vigorous intellectual activity was an atmosphere that was fatal to spiritual despotism. He knew, also, that no system could present more favourable conditions for Tractarian teaching than one which repelled ability and learning from the University, and placed at its head chiefs incapable of swaying the minds of the young by the influence of knowledge and intellectual superiority. For the sake of preserving his own spiritual power, the Professor fought the battle of the Heads; and he fought it with an energy and force which astonished his allies, though it did not save them from defeat. The overthrow of the Heads was consummated; nevertheless the Professor gained his own especial end. He encountered, it is true, in his colleague, Professor Vaughan, an adversary who, with superior eloquence, sounder knowledge, and calmer dignity, swept away the angry charges which had been brought against the Professoriate; yet there is reason for believing that the entreaties and the protestations of Dr. Pusey succeeded in effectually damaging the Professorial portion of the Government Bill. That measure had not escaped the usual dangers of English legislation. Its course had been diverted by one of those political accidents which so often alter the character and destiny of measures that are launched on the restless ocean of Parliament. Lord John Russell was the political parent of University Reform: he had issued the Commission, and he brought the Government Bill into the House; but the child was not his. University Reform was inaugurated when Mr. Gladstone was in opposition: it was realized when he was in power: and this single fact led to the substitution of an Improvement for a Reform Bill. The Act would have given reform had Mr. Gladstone been its antagonist: he was its expositor, and it lost its vital principle. The collegiate monopoly remains master of Oxford: improved indeed, and likely to be better worked, but in essence and spirit still the same. This result is to be imputed to Mr. Gladstone chiefly: and we think that he would not disclaim the imputation. Lord John Russell's academical life was spent in Scotland: it was natural that he should surrender to his able and accomplished colleague the management of a Bill involving such a vast extent of detail, and requiring so much peculiar knowledge to carry it safely through a Parliamentary struggle. Mr. Gladstone had eminent qualifications for this task: a great academical name, a deep interest in literary and theological questions, an intimate acquaintance with Oxford life, unwearied assiduity, indefatigable zeal in gathering suggestions from every side, an immense power of work, and a knowledge of the subject capable of meet-

ing the endless windings of a discussion in Parliament. But on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone had disqualifications as strong. He was Member for Oxford: the persons to be reformed were his constituents: and it was hardly possible for him to do even-handed justice, between the claims of the nation and the feelings of his friends. It was hard for him to rise as a statesman above the Tutorial world, not because he is incapable of acting an unselfish part, but because the men he most respected were for the most part Tutors, and he heard and saw little at Oxford, except from a Tutorial point of view. But there was more yet. In early years, Mr. Gladstone drank deeply at the fountain of Tractarian theology: and though an enlarged knowledge of mankind, and a broader experience of life, have emancipated him from much of its thralldom, his mind still bears the scars of the wounds which it received. He has unlearned many of the positive doctrines of Anglo-Catholicism: but the general leaning of his religious feeling still shews unmistakable tendencies towards the spirit of that school. Revering Oxford, therefore, not merely as the hearth at which he was raised, but also as the central luminary which diffused the light and fire of Anglo-Catholic religion throughout the Church of England, the conscientious advocate of the paramount supremacy of authority in matters of faith would be slow to touch an academical system which, discouraging the presence of inquiring intellect, could claim respect on no other principle than authority. When Dr. Pusey, therefore, addressed his remonstrances to a friend with a mind thus constituted, he was sowing in a soil prepared to receive the seed. It was impossible that Mr. Gladstone should not be moved by passionate declamations against infidel Professors, unbridled discussion, unchecked investigation, and irreverent demands for the grounds of belief. He lacked, we fear, a perfectly firm faith in the triumph of revelation in the open field of free inquiry. He shrank from giving free play to learning and intellect at Oxford, and constructed accordingly the Bill for the reform of the University.

The Bill was brought into the House of Commons on the 17th of March. It was at once manifest that the spirit which had animated the Report of the Commissioners had not guided the formation of the Bill. Indeed Mr. Gladstone, whilst eulogizing that Report, distinctly confessed that its recommendations had not been adopted, and claimed for the Government the right of judging for itself what measures would be most beneficial to the University. Strong disappointment was felt by many of the reforming party, that proposals which met the requirements of the case so efficiently should be set aside without any attempt to demonstrate their inexpediency. The change of influence at

the helm of reform produced its natural effects. The Bill removed the more glaring defects of Oxford. It satisfied the desires of the bulk of the public, who wanted to clear away certain abuses which worked to their disadvantage, but troubled themselves little about the higher functions of the University. Fellowships were thrown open to merit; preferences attached to particular schools, counties, or families, were for the most part abolished. Every parent of a promising son might now hope to see him win the best fellowships in Oxford. Those who were offended (but we were not of the number) by the sight of a few barristers or clergymen retaining their fellowships up and down the country, without doing any thing for their money, were gratified by a restriction on the tenure of fellowships, which forfeited them after more than one year's non-residence. But here the *animus* which lurked beneath the Bill very curiously came to light. A special exception was made in favour of fellows who were employed in parochial work within a radius of three miles from Oxford, a regulation which would have filled all the parish churches within that limit with fellows for curates, and would have given Dr. Pusey and the Bishop of Oxford the command of a well-disciplined phalanx to act on the spirit and legislation of the University. A valuable relaxation of the obligation to take Holy Orders was granted by a clause, which in any case would have exempted one-fourth of the fellows from that necessity, but which was so ambiguously worded, as to admit the interpretation put upon it by Mr. Gladstone himself, that it would authorize a college, in the reconstruction of its statutes, to remove the obligation altogether. It is greatly to be regretted that this excellent provision was swept away by the avalanche which carried off at a later period so large a part of the Bill. All oaths which bound the juror not to disclose any matters relating to his college, or to resist any change in the statutes, were henceforth declared to be illegal, whilst the scandal and immorality of pledging men by oath to obey statutes whose observance the lapse of time had rendered impossible was removed by provisions for a complete recasting of the statutes of the colleges. A special machinery was instituted for this purpose. Every college was empowered to amend its statutes, and to frame new ordinances for carrying out the objects specified in the Bill; but these new ordinances were subjected to the approval of five Commissioners appointed by name in the Bill. The important provision was added, that if, after the expiration of one year, the authorities of the college had failed to frame regulations which received the sanction of the Commissioners, the Commissioners themselves were required to proceed at once to frame such schedules as would effect the objects contemplated by the Bill. This com-

pulsory power would have secured a sound and adequate reform of the colleges, if the Commissioners were men who took a wide view of the requirements demanded by the progress of society, and possessed the necessary zeal and energy for enforcing them. They were required to provide authority for the future amendment of the statutes, to apply a portion of the college revenues to the founding of new professorships, and the erecting of affiliated halls,—to regulate the election and duties of Headships,—to appropriate certain fellowships to special studies,—to regulate the emoluments of fellowships,—to amalgamate distinct foundations,—to enlarge the power of appeal, and to alter or repeal any oaths now taken on admission to any collegiate foundation. With regard to the University, as distinct from the several colleges, important changes were proposed. New Professorships were to be created, as we have said, out of college funds; and a blow was dealt—with what success we shall consider presently—against the monopoly of the colleges, by granting the power to every Master of Arts, to open, under appropriate regulations, a private hall for the reception of Undergraduates. But the most decisive measure was the overthrow of the legislative supremacy of the Board of Heads: and strange to say, in this respect alone, the proposal of the Government widely overstepped the recommendation of the Commissioners' Report. A new constitution and a new legislature were constructed for the University: the old domination was entirely swept away, and new rulers were called to preside over the future career of the University. The Royal Commissioners had retained the old Hebdomadal Board concurrently with the Congregation which they proposed to create, and they reserved to it its present executive and administrative functions, as well as its right of initiating legislative measures. According to their scheme, therefore, two bodies would have enjoyed the right of submitting new laws to Convocation, the Hebdomadal Board and the Congregation. The Ministerial Bill suppressed the Board of Heads altogether; and the executive government of the University, as also the right of initiating new measures, were exclusively confided to a new Hebdomadal Council, composed of the Vice-chancellor, the proctors, six Heads elected by Congregation, and one by the Chancellor; six professors elected by Congregation, and one separately elected from among the professors of theology; and six members of Convocation similarly elected by Congregation. The Congregation, accordingly, was the constituency created by the academical Reform Bill; its original constitution, as proposed by the Government, embraced only a portion, though a large one, of the resident graduates; the Act which was ultimately passed extended the franchise to all resident members of Convocation.

It cannot be disputed that the Bill of the Government enacted



some excellent reforms. It removed many of the most glaring scandals. It gave a sound *parliamentary* title to the University. It brought it into good working order, extinguishing statutes of impossible fulfilment, and substituting ordinances of easy execution and suited to the circumstances of the age. It abolished a legislative monopoly, or as some called it, usurpation; and created a constitution which combined the activity of young men with the experience of seniors.

The announcement of the Government proposals excited very diverse feelings throughout England. At Oxford the majority of resident reformers were satisfied: power was transferred from the Heads to the Tutors. On the other hand, the tidings of their approaching dissolution filled the Heads with the deepest grief and dismay. Their feeble suggestions had been contemptuously thrust aside: the strenuous efforts of the forgiven Professor had failed to arrest their fall: the tender and filial proposal of the Commissioners, which preserved their corporate existence, and preserved for them the semblance of outward dignity, had been passed over: they had fallen under the dominion of young men, and there was no one to lament for them. The dreaded interference of Parliament had arrived at last: and the whole country acknowledged the necessity for its action.

A loud cry, however, and not from the Heads alone, was raised against the violence done to the wills of the founders. Justice and expediency, it was urged, forbade the profanation of the sanctity of bequests. Benefactors had specially bequeathed their property for the good of their kinsmen, their fellow-townsmen, or others, for whose welfare they were particularly concerned: by what right could an advantage, so deliberately intended, and so legitimately granted, be set aside? Above all, the diversion of college revenues to the endowing of University Professorships was indignantly resented as a spoliation of private property. The progress of society, it was true, had rendered certain modifications of the injunctions of founders indispensable: certain customs had become obsolete: the founders themselves, were they alive now, would not wish for their continuance. But the impossibility of observing some regulations furnished no reason for not obeying others which the lapse of time had not affected. The English law, by its doctrine of *ci-près*, inculcated the duty of respecting to the utmost the dispositions of founders, and furnished a ready rule for fulfilling it. But to divert their endowments to purposes wholly different from the objects which they contemplated was an intolerable invasion of the inalienable right of property. The State was appropriating what was not its own: it was breaking faith with the dead. In creating those trusts with the sanction of the State, they had entered into a

real contract with the State, and had relied on the honour and good faith of the State, for the honest discharge of the engagement which it had formed. But for this reliance on the State, the founders would not have disregarded the claims of relatives, and devoted their wealth to public objects. To sanction the principle involved in the proposals of the Bill would shake all confidence in wills, and dry up the fountain of endowments.

To these arguments it would be answer enough to say, that when the main design of an institution has ceased to be practicable, injunctions and regulations have ceased to be entitled to regard. The legal doctrine of *ci-près* becomes a fiction or rather a mischievous snare, when it presses the strict observance of the letter of a bequest to a result which was entirely foreign to the thoughts of the bequeather. When the execution of a bequest has clearly passed beyond the vision of the donor, it has lapsed, not to the Court of Chancery, but to the State. The Court of Chancery is not justified in decreeing any execution of a trust, which it may not declare to have formed a part of the actually conceived designs of its creator. It has no right to speculate on what a founder might or might not have wished under altered circumstances. If what the founder actually contemplated is impracticable, the bequest is at an end, either reverting to the heir-at-law, or remaining subject for its future application to the disposal of the State. Now we know that college endowments came, for the most part, from Roman Catholic founders, and were prompted by a desire to secure for them the benefit of the prayers of those who profited by their bounty. The State, by taking away these endowments from Roman Catholics, and bestowing them on Protestants, has put an end to all prayers for the dead founders. By this Act the State has done two things: it has absolutely extinguished the object for which collegiate foundations were created; and, further, has taken them away from the founders, and positively appropriated them as its own. Protestants hold them as a gift from the State, not as an inheritance from their founders: for what founder would not have shrunk with horror from endowing heretics with his bequests? To parry this fatal argument, it is often asserted that the benefactors, could they rise from the dead, would be Protestants now, and, as good men, would desire to see their trusts administered in a manner which would be in our days the most beneficial to the University; but the rejoinder is easy. It is a gratuitous and by no means necessary assumption, that the founders would have ceased to be Roman Catholics; and, secondly, if they had become Protestants, they would not have founded these colleges at all. English Protestants do not bequeath endowments to collegiate institutions. They lack the decisive but purely Romanist motive: they have

no hope of getting good to their souls after death by the prayers of college-founders. In fact, to insist on the intentions of founders, against the modifying control of the State, can lead but to one conclusion, which is little heeded by Oxonian Conservatives: it establishes the wrong, the real, positive wrong, done to the munificent benefactors of colleges, according to the belief of Roman Catholics, that is, of the majority of European Christians even of our own age. If the State has not the right of not merely amending, but even annulling the injunctions of a trust, the founders are deprived, by an act of tyrannical force, of the precise benefit to which they applied their wealth, and their souls may be lingering in the pains of Purgatory for the want of those very prayers which, with the consent of the nation, they purchased with their bequests. There is no escape from this dilemma. It is perfectly possible to pray for the souls of founders. Either, therefore, the State possesses the right of altering or superseding the injunctions of founders, or the right of the founders to the prayers of their foundationers is incontestable; and the injury which they suffer cries loudly for the only just and possible redress, the re-transfer, namely, of the endowments of Oxford to members of the Roman Catholic Church.

But in truth, far higher ground must be taken on this important question, in which not only the Universities but every trust and endowment in the kingdom are concerned. The dead have done with this world. They ruled and disposed of it during their generation. Since they have passed away, they have no more interest in it than a babe yet unborn. The right of disposing of property is not a natural right inherent in human nature. It is accorded to the deceased, not because he retains the slightest possession of the wealth bequeathed, but as a beneficial and politic arrangement for the sake of the living. It is controlled and modified in every imaginable way in every country; not a few nations repudiate it altogether. In France no testator has the smallest power over his lands,—in England entails are limited to three generations. It is a wide-spread but most erroneous confusion to suppose that a dead man by his will bestows what is his own, just as much as if he had parted with it during his lifetime by gift or sale. To be able to deal with it as its owner may choose, is the very essence of private property. This is a right which no civilized Government, except for very cogent reasons, invades. But the laws of inheritance have always been variable; they have always been held to be subject to the changing opinions of each age and legislature, upon the very intelligible principle that the dead have ceased to own property, and that it belongs to the living to control the course of wealth as of all other human affairs. In England the national sentiment attributes greater advantages,

as regards the inducement to accumulate wealth and its wise distribution, to the power of disposal by will than to a compulsory and previously-defined descent by law; but, be it carefully remembered, it is a regard for the best interests of society, and not reverence for an imaginary inherent right in the dead, which has established this mode of inheritance amongst us. Now, in respect of ordinary private property, the dispositions of testators are subject to all the influences which guide the application of wealth by living owners. The dying share the opinions, feelings, and principles of the generation which they are leaving, and the inheritances they bequeath follow the same general purposes as the sales and gifts of their survivors. But an endowment which aspires to perpetuity is subject to other conditions. The man who pretends to control the will and action of distant ages by the laws of his endowment, attempts an injustice and an impossibility. We are none of us anything more than life-tenants of the properties we possess. It is palpably absurd to suppose that any portion of the land of England must be irrevocably devoted to any special object, because such was the will of its proprietor some dozen centuries ago. The pretence that the original design of a founder must be carried out, whether it may have been a payment in honour of Juggernaut, or a college dedicated to Venus, or the laying waste for ever of a whole county, is too ridiculous to need refutation. Nor is there any weight in the objection raised by Mr. Woodgate, that the nation entered into a contract with the testator, and pledged its faith to the perpetual observance of the trusts he created. The appeal to the examples of the national debt, or grants made by perpetual charges on the public revenue, is inconclusive. Here the State made a specific return for value given or services rendered. The covenanted repayment must be discharged, either in the stipulated form or by compensation to the inheritors of the claims. The utmost, therefore, which could be demanded upon the hypothesis of this analogy holding good, would be compensation for those of the living whose pecuniary interests were injured by a change in the endowment. Such vested interests always receive the tenderest consideration in England, and no one proposes to violate them in the case of the Universities. On the other hand, England and all that it contains belong not to the dead but the living; and this very obvious truth of necessity implies that the State is by the nature of things perpetual and paramount trustee of every public trust of whatever kind. The State is compelled, by the law of human life, to judge from time to time of the desirableness of the objects to which endowments have been devoted. It ought not to interfere lightly,—nor will it; for the friction engendered by all interference with the enjoyment of

property provides ample guarantees against precipitate innovation. But, on the other hand, no fear of breaking faith with the dead—a romantic but most unfounded illusion—will ever prevent changes which the lapse of time has rendered inevitable. It is certain that the changes will be made. That the dead are utterly powerless to avert: and the supposition of a breach of trust towards them would not prevent its perpetration in the future any more than in the past, but would simply raise the question, whether the guilt ought to be imputed to those who suffered wills sanctioned by oaths to become obsolete, or to the State, which, calmly considering the best use to which the endowments might be applied, deliberately modified the injunctions of founders. It is obvious that testators cannot fasten on posterity an inevitable guilt. The supposition of guilt is absurd; for there can be no guilt in not executing what is morally as well as physically impossible.

Who, then, will leave his money to endowments? All who ever intended so to do, and are not such utter fools as to imagine, that what they think to be desirable ends now will be thought equally desirable a thousand years hence. But we go still further. We would rejoice to see the precedent of the limit assigned to entails extended to the region of endowments. It needs only a slight acquaintance with the state of the public charities of the kingdom, and the unauthorized uses to which their funds are applied, for a man to become convinced of the expediency of such an enactment as would subject endowments to an effectual and real revision after the lapse of 80 or at most 100 years. If testators choose to withhold their gifts on any conditions short of immortality, better, we say, would it be to have no endowments at all than to sanction the false and impossible pretension to dictate unalterable injunctions to future generations.

We have ventured to risk the wearying of many of our readers by the discussion of what must seem to them a self-obvious proposition, because we know that not only the stiff-necked bigotry of Oxford Toryism, but also the conscientious scruples of many good and even liberal men, have pleaded the sanctity of the wills of founders as a bar to the diversion of college-revenues to the foundation of Professorships. The final state of the new Act leaves this important matter open to the decision of the authorities of each college and the Commissioners. It is highly desirable, therefore, to clear up the principles of the subject, and to remove any impediment which might prevent so beneficial a measure from being consummated.

But the Bill, though containing valuable improvements, was not worthy of the occasion which gave it birth. The interven-

tion of the State, after the lapse of two centuries, had been imperatively demanded by the voice of the country. It was, therefore, reasonable to hope that the Government, forced at last into action, would have organized a reform that would have given new life to the University, and rendered Oxford an institution worthy of our age and nation. These expectations were disappointed. The various elements of the University were polished up or transposed; but the seed of a new organization was not planted. Mr. Gladstone left Oxford as he found it, Tutorial. The domination of Tutors was made more universal and more secure by this measure of the Government. The Tutor, that is, the young clergyman, unmarried, looking out for extra-academical preferment, devoted to no definite pursuit, retaining merely the knowledge collected before he was twenty-two, progressing in no direction, with no feeling of the University being his home, qualifying himself for no future efficiency, either in the Church or University, commanding no authority over the student by depth of learning or literary eminence, remained still the sole active functionary of the University. The Tutor and the Private Tutor were continued still the sole regular organs of the intellectual life of Oxford. No career was opened to stop the flight of the ablest men from the University; no sphere of active usefulness was held forth, to attract distinguished scholars into residence; no guarantee was provided to raise Oxford into something more than an aggregate of schoolmasters and idle dignitaries. The monopoly of tuition enjoyed by the Fellows of each separate college remained undisturbed; every student was still to be handed over to the Fellows of his college, instead of University officers, for instruction in every branch of study. There was no revival of the Professoriate; no sincere effort to recall this ancient instrument of academical teaching into activity. There was, indeed, an appearance of doing something for Professors; but matters were carefully managed so that there should be nothing but an appearance. A third of the legislative council was allotted to Professors; but the representative Professors were to be elected by Congregation, a body in which the Tutorial interest was all-powerful. It was easy to foresee that the choice of the Tutorial electors would not fall on those Professors who were known to possess the Professorial feeling in the greatest vigour, and had the advancement of the Professorial cause most at heart. There would be no want of respectable Professors to put upon the council, to whom the idea of a vigorous Professoriate would be as foreign and as embarrassing as to the most veteran Tutors. But, if by some unaccountable accident, a wild elephant was returned to the council by the Tutorial Congregation, there was an abundance of tame ones to reduce him to discipline. Two-thirds of the council



belonged to the Tutorial party, who could easily prevent any revival of the Professoriate, which would threaten the position, gain, and influence of the college Tutors. It was proposed too, as we have seen, to found some new Professorships out of the revenues of the colleges ; but so long as no definite sphere was provided for the Professors, so long as their lectures were not incorporated into the regular and necessary preparation for the public examinations, Professors would remain on the outside of the University system, mere excrescences, without importance and without influence. Here it was that the Government signally failed to discharge the most weighty duty which devolved upon it in attempting to reform the University of Oxford. Oxford of itself can neither revive nor create a real Professoriate. The Government talked much in the House of Commons about an improved constitution, better chosen Fellows, a more vigorous administration of the University, and the great improvements hence to spring hereafter. But a more general election of fellows by merit can generate only improved Tutors ; no surrender to University officers of any portion of the tuition can be expected from college Fellows. The Tutors have but gained strength by the Bill. They will stand higher in public estimation, when no longer elected upon narrow preferences ; the desire for reform will have been largely appeased, whilst the chance of an infusion of Professors will be more remote, in fact hopeless. Parliament alone can incorporate Professors into the academical system. Parliament alone can do, what a legislature of Tutors can never be expected to do, assign such functions to Professors, as will attach a real value to their teaching, and give them a share in the life and business of the University. This is the reform which has been most prominently urged by the ablest writers on the English Universities ; its introduction or omission constitutes the vital difference between a true Reform Bill and one of mere secondary improvements. The Government recognised by the composition of the council, and the proposals for new Professorships, the necessity of such a modification of the educational machinery at Oxford. They had been repeatedly warned, both by public and private representations, that Oxford itself could not give birth to such a reform, that it must come from external authority ; yet they framed a Bill which riveted the chains of Tutorism more firmly on the University, and degraded that great institution more hopelessly into the rank of a public school.

Reformers now turned their eyes to Parliament, but the prospects in that quarter were far from encouraging. The Bill had been received with the most surprising apathy. A law deeply affecting the education of the highest classes of Englishmen excited no more interest than if the House had been discussing the fate

of some parochial school. When the measure was first brought into the House, and when it was afterwards read a second time, the House might often have been counted out; there were not forty members who cared to watch the fortune of the University. The Conservatives felt that resistance was hopeless; the majority of the Liberal party had very vague ideas about the English Universities, and left the whole matter to the management of the Government. The ignorance of the actual state of Oxford, displayed during these two debates, was truly astonishing; in such an assembly, a Government led by a chief so profoundly acquainted with the subject, and so ready both at assault and defence as Mr. Gladstone, seemed omnipotent. But a remarkable change occurred on the 27th of April. Mr. Heywood feeling that the Bill had been imperfectly discussed, and that the House needed much more instruction before it was qualified to pass a judgment on so great a matter, moved that the Bill should be referred to the consideration of a Select Committee. On that occasion Mr. Horsman made the speech to which we have already alluded, and which was certainly one of the most important and distinguished speeches of the session. He aroused the House to a sense of the greatness of the question submitted to it for legislation; he showed how it involved considerations affecting the intellectual and moral and religious condition of the kingdom of so large a character, that in importance and interest it ranked second to none that could engage the attention of Parliament. He then drew an admirable analysis of the state and working of the English Universities, and of the relation in which they stood to the civilisation and literary development of Europe; he pointed out how lamentably they fell short of the great duties they had to perform; and then tracing their defects to their causes, he indicated the remedies, and triumphantly refuted the objections which prejudice, ignorance, and self-interest opposed to their application. The effect produced by this speech was immense. The interest of the House was thoroughly awakened, and never flagged thenceforward. The benches were crowded every night that the Oxford Bill was discussed. All parties poured in amendments; every amendment was eagerly debated, and every debate raised some question of the highest national importance. The debate, however, which followed Mr. Horsman's speech did not correspond to the elevation on which he had placed the subject. His description of the evils of Tutorism was not refuted even by its accomplished advocate, Mr. Gladstone; but the House was not yet capable of a satisfactory discussion of the Professoriate; it was too new to the subject, and needed more time for reflection. But the prospect was very cheering. Mr. Horsman had made a profound impression by his powerful exposure of the absurdity of branding the intro-

duction of Professors as an invasion of German infidelity, at the very time when the works of German Professors were daily in the hands of every student, and were revered as the highest authorities in every branch of learning. The House of Commons now became conscious of the cardinal fact that Tutors were but secondary lights, reflecting the knowledge of others; and so caught a glimpse of the all-important deduction to be drawn from it, that if the students ultimately must be trained by Professors, it was far safer that they should take English rather than German Professors for their guides. It was now seen to be the duty of Parliament to raise up English Professors on English soil, thoroughly imbued with all the distinctive elements of English culture, and carrying into their literary investigations the character and principles of Englishmen. It may be confidently presumed that plentiful discussion in the then session, and a postponement of the Bill to the next, would have ended in the passing of an Act worthy of Parliament and the country; but unfortunately the state of politics prevented such a conclusion. Six out of seven great measures had been lost; and Mr. D'Israeli had taunted Ministers with the impending failure of the last, the Oxford Bill. The Government felt that such a Parliamentary disgrace must be averted at any cost. It held the passing of the Oxford Bill to be the condition of their continuance in office; and the Liberals sacrificed Oxford to the political necessities of their party. It was resolved, therefore, to push the Bill through the Session, substantially as the Government had framed it. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be only two amendments which could be made in favour of the Professoriate, with any chance of being adopted. These were, 1st, That the several elements of the Hebdomadal Council should be chosen on the principle of sectional election, as it was called—the whole body of Heads electing the representative Heads, and the whole body of Professors the representative Professors; and, 2d, That a legislative proposal which had been unsuccessfully submitted to Convocation by the Board of Heads, should be inserted in the Bill, by which the Professors belonging to each of the four schools at Oxford would be associated with the Vice-chancellor and proctors in the nomination of public examiners in those schools. The Conservatives had also proposed sectional election through Mr. Walpole, not from any wish of strengthening the Professors, but with the sole view of saving the Heads from the dreaded indignity of being submitted to the choice of young men in Congregation. Mr. Walpole moved the amendment; and the immediate consequence of this was, that the debate did not turn on the Professoriate, but simply on the general expediency of making the members of council chosen by one or several constituencies. In reference to this point, there was a

consideration of great moment, which peculiarly affected the Professors. The Government Bill recognised the importance of giving weight and influence to the Professors in the council; yet, in carrying out this object, they had devised the extraordinary machinery of placing the representation of the Professoriate in the council in the hands of their direct antagonists, the Tutors. The election of the Professors was committed to Congregation, in which the Tutors were predominant; what then was the value of the restriction, which required six members of the council to be Professors? What chance was there of the election of a Professor who was known to be able and willing to dispute the Tutorial monopoly of teaching? What political constitution, what dream of an Abbé Sieyès furnished a precedent for the notable device of making the representation of an adverse interest wholly dependent on the choice of those whom every consideration of influence, position, and pecuniary interest rendered its natural enemies? Why did not Mr. Gladstone persuade Lord John Russell to introduce this wonderful invention into the political Reform Bill? Why was not the election of the House of Commons entrusted to the Landed Interest, on the condition of electing a certain number of merchants, manufacturers, and lawyers? What would these classes have thought of such a representation of their interests? And how could a Professor who was dependent on a Tutorial constituency heartily engage in advancing the Professoriate in the University, when his constituents were likely to consider what was granted to Professors as so much taken from themselves?

If a Professoriate is ever to become a reality in Oxford, it must stand on an independent foundation; and sectional election was the only machinery compatible with the frame-work of the Bill, which would render the Professors an independent and substantive body in the University. And this is the answer to the objection so warmly urged against the amendment by many of the liberal party. It is true that the constituency would be narrow, a conflict of class-interests probable, and strife and irritation possible. But these evils must be charged to the peculiar mode which the Government adopted, of giving influence to Professors at Oxford. Unless wilful deceit was intended, the framers of the Bill must have distinctly contemplated the probable existence of these results. They placed Professors on the council, obviously implying thereby, that without such a position the Professorial element would not obtain its just weight in the council; and as obviously intending that the Professor-councillors should sustain the academical position of the Professoriate against antagonistic influences. Something more than the continuance of the present nullity of Professors was plainly designed, when one-third of the council was allotted to that body.

The manifest object was to obtain from academical what was refused by parliamentary legislation, a real incorporation of the Professors into the working of the University; and for this the independence of the Professoriate, when combined with the Tutors, was indispensable. But how is it possible for Professors to attain a fitting position at Oxford by means of an academical statute, except by those party-conflicts which are inseparable from all mixed legislatures? If such debates were thought to be dangerous to the peace of the University, there were only two reasonable courses by which they might be avoided. Either a definite position ought to have been bestowed on Professors by Parliament, or the cause of Professors being abandoned, no seats should have been reserved for them in the council, and the Tutorial congregation should have been left free to select for its legislators those whom it believed to be best qualified for the office. By rejecting both these courses, and composing the council on the principle of a balanced representation of opposing class-interests, the Government rendered sectional election practically necessary for giving reality and meaning to their scheme.

Sectional election was carried in the Commons by a small majority. The Government pretended that they had sustained a serious defeat; and afterwards reproached the reformers with having forced them by their vote to abandon the latter portion of the Bill. This was an extraordinary statement, seeing that the draft of the Bill, which was circulated in Oxford before its introduction into Parliament, adopted the plan of sectional election. The Lords, however, threw out the amendment, and dissipated the hopes of obtaining an efficient Professoriate by the Bill.

The other measure for giving life to the Professors met with an earlier doom. Ever since it had been aroused by Mr. Horsman's speech, the House of Commons had taken up the discussion of the Oxford Bill with extreme interest. Every clause, often every line of a clause, gave rise to long debates, involving a large consumption of the public time; and the end of the session was approaching. Ministers, therefore, being bent on carrying a Bill, of whatever kind, took the desperate step of mutilating their own measure. They abandoned the remodelling of collegiate statutes by Parliament, the regulation of fellowships, the improved election of Headships, the abolition of preferences in the election of scholars and fellows, the limitation of the obligation to take holy orders, and the compulsory powers of the Commissioners. Along with the clauses which perished, the opportunity for inserting an amendment for giving the Professors a voice in the choice of public examiners was lost; and thus a Bill which was forced upon the Government and the University by the public demand for incorporating Professorial teaching

into the Oxford system ended by doing nothing whatever for Professors, beyond granting permission to the colleges to create, if they were so pleased, out of the college funds, formidable rivals to the monopoly of instruction which they now enjoy.

But the withdrawal of the compulsory powers of the Commissioners dealt the most fatal blow to the hopes of reformers. The Commissioners, if men of resolution, might, by the first Bill, have enforced on the colleges such a reconstruction of their statutes as would have secured the main objects of collegiate, as distinct from University, reform. But the Act, as passed, merely requires the assent of the Commissioners to any new statutes proposed by the colleges, but confers on them no power of compelling the colleges to propose satisfactory statutes. Two-thirds of the governing body of a college may absolutely prevent any alteration of the statutes, provided they feel themselves able to certify that, "in their opinion, the ordinances proposed by the Commissioners will be prejudicial to the college, as a place of learning and education." They thus possess a veto on their own reform, and though they may want the courage to brave public opinion, and reject all amendment, they nevertheless, with such a veto, must be able to exercise a vast influence on the character of the improvements to be introduced into the statutes.

To the Government and the Liberal party belong the discredit of having brought the Oxford Reform Bill to such an issue. It was natural for the Tories to accept a measure which sacrificed, indeed, the oligarchy of the Heads—but that they knew to be past saving—but retained the sweets and advantages of privileged possession. The Liberals acted in the name of higher motives. They had set out in the avowed pursuit of nobler objects. Postponement to another session could not have entailed worse terms, and success even in this was perfectly possible, by uniting all the reformers into doing something earnest and effectual for Professors. But Mr. Gladstone was devoted to the Tutors, and was resolved to give no real help to the Professoriate; and the Liberals wearied out with long debates, and many of them unacquainted with the Universities, cared only about saving a Ministry, which feared, above all things, the disgrace and danger of losing every great measure of reform which it had announced at the opening of the session.

One important measure escaped the general wreck. The ancient right of Masters of Arts was restored by a clause which empowers members of Convocation, under regulations to be framed by the University, and, in default thereof, by the Commissioners, to open private Halls for the reception of students, who shall be matriculated and admitted to all the privileges of the University, without being entered as members of any exist-



ing college or hall. The labours of Sir William Hamilton bore fruit at last. The usurpation of the exclusive right of receiving students by the colleges, which he had so perseveringly exposed, fell before his assault; but it is to be feared that he gained the name rather than the substance of a victory. Such an extension, if capable of being largely carried out, would change the face of the University. It would lay the axe to the root of the Tutorial monopoly, and create a soil from which flourishing Professors would hereafter spring forth. Every line of the Bill shews how vehemently Mr. Gladstone would deprecate such a misfortune; but in making the concession, he was free from any alarm of it occurring. Private halls cannot compete with the colleges. A college possesses a large range of buildings, kept in repair by the college-funds, rent-free residences for the Head and Tutors, and an ample supply of rooms for students, the rent of which is all clear profit. On the other hand, a private hall is an adventure involving the outlay of a large capital and many risks, the profit of which must provide for repairs, taxes, and depreciation, before it can yield any income to the Principal. The Head and Fellows of a college, besides entire exemption from risk, enter the lists with a handsome income derived from the college-funds: the Principal of a hall has nothing but the rent and fees paid by the students to look to for a remuneration of his labour, and repayment of his obligations. He may have been popular enough to fill his hall; but in the event of sickness or death, where is the successor to be found, able and willing to take the hall, with reimbursement of the outlay? A hall will have no advantages for tuition. College Tutors will still regulate the examinations; and, being a body constantly changing, will as constantly alter the character of their questions. Hence, young Tutors, fresh from their degrees, will continue to be the men best qualified to prepare students for the degree: whilst the Principal of a hall, who will be a married and permanent officer, must inevitably, however able, grow more and more out of date, and less qualified to meet the shifting phases of the examinations. He may, indeed, be a man of progress and true learning, and keep his eye on his science, instead of the examinations: alas, he will be only the more unsuited to help his pupils to first classes, for he will only load them with lore, which no questions of the Tutor-Examiners will elicit. All, therefore, that we expect from the opening of private halls is the springing up of a few institutions for the reception of a poorer class of students, built and probably endowed by private benevolence, and under special restrictions as to the mode of life and discipline of the students. They will be, so far, a valuable addition to the University; but will exercise no influence

in modifying its system, or creating a career for learning within its pale.

Mr. Heywood succeeded in obtaining another extension of the University, demanded alike by expediency and justice. He has brought a college-education and the bachelors' degree within the reach of every class of the Queen's subjects. The Act forbids the imposition of any religious test or oath, whether at matriculation or the taking of the bachelor's degree. It will hereafter become a matter of astonishment that so just and reasonable a regulation should have been so long and so bitterly resisted. The State has the deepest interest in the education of all its members. The Dissenters, in respect of numbers, wealth, and Parliamentary influence, constitute a very important part of the community: and if the boast be true, that our Universities furnish the noblest culture England possesses, and produce the citizens most deeply imbued with the highest refinement, the most elevated principles, the most gentlemanlike feelings, and the soundest knowledge, surely it directly concerns every Englishman, that those who may be our actual legislators, and who certainly will have great weight in determining the course of public affairs, should be brought by the State under the moulding power of the Universities. It is not the Church, but Dissent, which incurs risk by the admission of Non-conformists to institutions administered by Churchmen exclusively; and if hereafter—as must inevitably happen—Convocation and the academical franchise are thrown open to Dissenters, their numbers in the University will be so few, as to bring no danger on a reasonable connexion of it with the Church. The bulk of Dissenters is composed of classes who dream not of college-education; whilst the absorption of their wealthier families by the Church is incessant. The Dissenters will never convert Oxford to Dissent; but they will soften its exclusiveness, and bring it more into harmony with our time. Dark hints, indeed, were bandied about in the debate on Mr. Heywood's motion, that the colleges might shut the door which Parliament had opened, and that enforced attendance on the college-chapels, and even compulsory participation of the sacraments, according to the ritual of the Church of England, would exclude those who could no longer be driven away by tests. It is hardly to be believed that the colleges will attempt so desperate and losing a game, as a direct quarrel with Parliament, backed by the public opinion of this country. Many Dissenters would readily attend at the chapels, and some few would join in the celebration of the Communion, according to the service of the Church of England; but so unfitting, so arbitrary a regulation, as the employment of the services of the Church for the purpose of

banishing Non-Conformists from the University, could lead only to a severance of the union, not only of the Universities, but also of the colleges, with the Church. In any case, the opening of halls by Masters willing to receive Dissenters could not be prevented; and the peace, as well as all the best interests of the University, would be brought into jeopardy by the spirit of faction and jealousy which such an antagonistic division of the contending parties could not fail to produce.

For the sake of clearness, let us briefly recapitulate the chief provisions of the Act. It substitutes for the Hebdomadal Board a Council endowed with the exclusive right of proposing measures to the academical legislature. That Council consists of the Vice-Chancellor, the Proctors, six Heads, six Professors, and six members of Convocation, the last eighteen being all elected by a new constituency called Congregation. Congregation is composed of all resident members of Convocation, besides the Heads, the Professors, and other officials. To Congregation every statute framed by the Council must be submitted. It is allowed the use of the English language, but is incapable of making any amendment in the proposals of the Council. Every member of Congregation, however, may, on the promulgation of a proposed statute, send amendments in writing to the Council, to be dealt with according to their pleasure. The Academical Bill, to become law, will require the sanction of Convocation as heretofore.—Licensed Masters are entitled to open private halls, under regulations to be made by the University,—colleges are empowered to alter and amend their statutes, and the objects they are to aim at are specified,—election to Headships, Fellowships, and Scholarships by merit, alterations in their tenure, abolition of preferences, the promotion of the main designs of founders and donors, the consolidation and redistribution of emoluments, the conversion of fellowships and scholarships attached to schools into exhibitions, and the amending of the statutes from time to time with the consent of the visitor. But the colleges are only invited to make these reforms. If they object to make such ordinances, the Commissioners are authorized to frame statutes for the colleges, subject, however, to an absolute veto, conferred on two-thirds of the governing body of each college who may prevent such statutes from taking effect, by a declaration under their hand and seal, that in their opinion such ordinances will be prejudicial to the said college as a place of learning and education. The right also of preference belonging to schools is not to be abolished, if their governors or the Charity Commissioners dissent therefrom.

And now, what will be the future of Oxford under the ope-

ration of this Act? Will it discharge those high functions which belong to a great University? The answer rests with the new government of Oxford. An improved class of residents will now administer the affairs of the University; for in spite of the mischievous veto on their own reforms accorded to the colleges, it cannot be doubted that the elections to fellowships will be purified by new statutes, and that the appointments of the University will be filled by better men. An oligarchy of seniors, who possessed no intrinsic qualification for supreme power, and who being nominated for life, kept up little sympathy with the intellectual life of their juniors, has passed away; in their place Oxford has obtained an elective government, with a large infusion of young men, and composed of the representatives of various interests. Such a body will be far more alive than their predecessors to the feelings, opinions, and requirements both of the University and of England. Patriotic and energetic men will doubtless spring up in the Council who will prove themselves superior to the selfish promptings of class-interests, and will advocate reforms suggested by a single-eyed regard to the welfare of the University. Then it is a great matter that both the collegiate and the University authorities will henceforth possess a clear conscience towards the statutes under which they act. The consciousness of defective legality opposed infinite impediments to improvements. Men were afraid to repair a building whose foundations were known to be unsound. Even minor and unobjectionable reforms were avoided, because they raised the embarrassing question, on what principle any change whatever could be effected. The University now enjoys a clear and irreproachable title; her statutes can now be obeyed, and provision has been made to alter them, whenever there shall be need. Thus the University will be amenable to the national will, and yet will possess an independent existence of her own. The Act puts Oxford in the stream of public opinion, and the consequences of this fact will henceforth reflect the common sentiment, and no longer that of a peculiar and isolated body. This much is carried, and beyond the power to revoke of all shortcoming Commissioners or reactionary academics.

These considerations would make us very hopeful, were it not that the Act has made Tutorism dominant at Oxford, and that *the reform of Tutorism is the very essence of University reform*. Tutorism—that is, the monopoly of the public instruction of the students by the fellows of each college separately—has swallowed up the University, annihilated the faculties, destroyed all demand, all room for learning, driven away the ablest men into other professions, extinguished the vigorous and

independent pursuit of knowledge, and made Oxford a mere aggregate of schoolmasters. To exterminate these evils is to reconstruct Tutorism; and will a Tutorial government be capable of such an effort? We fear rather that the evils will continue; and then when the disappointed nation perceives that a solid reform has not been gained, the struggle will be renewed. Public attention will then be directed to the Professoriate, and the House of Commons will recover that debate on Professors which it lost by the abandonment of the latter part of the Bill. We will conclude by a few words on this vital point.

In his elaborate attack on the Professoriate, Dr. Pusey has placed the contest between it and the Tutorial System on a false issue. He assumes throughout, that the University must adopt one or other of two opposite systems; that it must elect between catechetical teaching, or Professorial lectures, delivered to large classes, without any personal contact between teacher and pupil. Dr. Pusey knows right well, that if he can persuade the country that the University can employ one only of these methods of instruction to the exclusion of the other, his triumph is secured. The common sense of Englishmen will never tolerate the notion of sending their sons to a university to lounge away their years in the lecture-rooms of Professors. By the help of this fallacious assumption, Dr. Pusey avoids all discussion of the defects of Tutorism; he frightens the world with the bugbear of dilettante Professorial classes,—with youths sitting with listless inattention, or writing down without thought the undigested lore which drops from the lips of a great Professor, and then quietly takes for granted, that if young men are to be well worked by their teachers, Tutors alone must be employed. These are the shifts of a man who is anxious that the whole truth should not be seen. Catechetical teaching is in no danger at Oxford, whether Professors or Tutors be the public instructors of the University. So long as a severe examination in specified books and sciences awaits students, so long will they seek and obtain that personal instruction which alone can prepare them for such a trial. Hence the vigour with which Private Tuition flourishes at both Universities. It is sanctioned by no public authority; yet it is the most effective instrument of the academical system, and that precisely because it furnishes the closest catechetical teaching. At Cambridge, the Private Tutor does become practically the sole real teacher of the University; at Oxford, though his career is less developed, he is rapidly reducing the lectures of Tutors to insignificance. If, therefore, these lectures were abolished, and Professorial instruction, even of the quality described by Dr. Pusey, were substituted for them, the only result, as far as cate-

chetical teaching is concerned, would be that it would become universal. It would flourish in its most energetic form, the direct, close, personal contact of Tutor and pupil, consulting his particular wants, remedying his peculiar difficulties, and insuring his actual progress in every part of his studies. The advent of Professors, on the hypothesis of Dr. Pusey, would be the triumph of catechetical teaching.

But, in the next place, it is not the abolition of Tutors, but their combination with Professors, which is the reform demanded; and this, which is the true question at issue, Dr. Pusey does not meet. The wished-for reform might be correctly designated as rather the improvement of the Tutoriate than the introduction of the Professoriate. For what is it that the advocate of the Professoriate seeks? That the Tutor should devote himself to a single science,—that he should have strong and direct academical inducements to deepen his knowledge of that science,—that he should teach in conjunction with a Professor,—and that the Tutorial career should be the regular preparation for the Professorship. The Tutor would thus obtain a real profession within the University,—his instruction would acquire an ever-increasing value for his pupils,—and his learning would win for him a prize of the highest distinction in England. The Tutoriate and the Professoriate would thus constitute two divisions of the same system. How different would then be the Tutor's position from that to which Dr. Pusey consigns him. The advocate of the Tutors cares little for their welfare. He disconnects the pursuit of knowledge from their office—treating, in fact, the Tutorship as an unimproving, but comfortable provision for the Fellow till the college-living falls vacant, or preferment beyond the University opens the real business of life. Not one suggestion does Dr. Pusey make which has the real improvement of the Tutor for its object; so unerring is his instinctive feeling that to promote the good of the Tutors is to advocate the Professoriate.

But can the union of the two bodies be accomplished? We answer, that the only thing wanted is an earnest will on the part of the University to carry out the measure. No difficulty need be found in forming such an organization as would place every student under the care of a Tutor in each branch of his studies, under the guidance of occasional lectures from Professors; and by giving the Professors an influential, but not exclusive, weight at the public examinations, would enforce careful attention to their lectures both by Tutors and pupils. Such a Professoriate, amply endowed, and subject to no excessive amount of labour, training Tutors and Under-graduates at the same time, and bringing the most accomplished science to bear directly on the spirit



of the University, would offer the noblest field for eminent genius and intellectual power. It would escape the perils which Germany has witnessed. It would be effectually checked by the public examination, and the necessity for mastering the books prescribed by the examination statutes. Its lectures would resemble those of Germany solely in being delivered by the first men in each department of learning. Dr. Pusey objects, that such lectures would not expound the last discoveries in science, or the profoundest investigations of philosophy; why therefore employ so mighty an instrument as the teaching of the most learned men in the land for the training of undergraduates? Is it to be supposed, he asks, that Professors would find in the obligation to deliver such lectures a powerful stimulus for devoting unwearied labour to the cultivation of science? Certainly not. But the academical system will be so constructed, that the regenerated Tutoriate will infallibly produce eminent men; and the result will be, not that profound attainments will be acquired for the sake of delivering the Professorial lectures, but that the lectures will be delivered by men of profound attainments. Dr. Pusey intimates that books of lasting merit would not come forth from such men; but says Professor Vaughan,—

“ Although Oxford has eagerly asserted her office as a teacher of the Moral Sciences, and stakes her character upon this, yet, while her tutors and heads of houses have scarcely produced a work of—I do not say European, I do not say national—but even of academical and Oxonian reputation, the professors of the Scottish, and French, and German universities have filled the world with their fame. The works of Smith, Reid, Stewart, and Brown—(for I will say nothing of Kant, Hegel, Schelling, and Cousin,) have been in the hands of all who take an interest in such subjects. Even those who have received moral truth from heathen writers, have ever referred to some German or Professorial work for a connected account of the doctrine and progress of the ancient philosophers of Greece. Tenneman and Ritter—generally known in Oxford as the authorities of the history of philosophy—were or are German professors. Again, ancient history owes little or nothing to Oxford, and much to professors. . . . . In studies purely classical, with one or two recent exceptions, nearly everything has been done by professors. Porson was a professor, Elmsley a professor, and Gaisford a professor; and German names, printed and ticketed on the backs of useful and valuable books, cover, it might be said, the interior walls of our colleges. Ruhnken, Valckenaer, Ernesti, Heyne, Hermann, Lachmann, Bekker, Dindorf, Doering, Orelli, Bähr, Goeller, Poppo, and scores more might be noted, but it is enough to say that not only the familiar, but almost the only books known to classical literature, are those furnished by a Professoriate.”

Dr. Pusey would have us believe, what he has not dared openly to assert, that Tutorial instruction leaves nothing to be desired on the score of efficiency; but no man who has had any experience in education, not even Dr. Pusey himself, will dispute the enormous difference in value between the teaching of a superior and that of an inferior man. That those who have explored the widest boundaries of a science are generally also the clearest expositors of its rudiments, has almost passed into a proverb. "There is a freshness in the view of facts, however long known, of one who has the powers and the habits of advancing a science: there is an insight, an accuracy and a caution in his statement of principles already established, and a general appreciation of their value and ground-work, which an inferior man can never possess, and which give a reality, a truthfulness, and a hopefulness of still higher laws, or more correct expressions to his teaching of even elementary propositions. It is therefore of importance that the services of the investigating and creating mind should be given to the class-room; the more so, as by such employment, the Professor does not lose all time and opportunity for the advancement of truth." Who has read the sketches of Niebuhr's Professorial lectures, and not felt the power of his intimate familiarity with ancient Rome, of his vivid realization of her very aspect, and of the public and private life of her citizens, as if he had lived amongst them, of his creative genius in reproducing every Roman as a living man, as though present to his very eye? There is no novelty here; no learned and profound disquisition; no recondite erudition; yet this is the very pith and marrow of history; and what no one but a great historian can produce. Can the inestimable value of such teaching enforced, too, with impressiveness of countenance, gesture, voice, and personal presence, be questioned?

Dr. Pusey has raised a violent outcry against the infidelity of German Professors; and he insinuates that they were infidels because they were Professors. It would have been more to the purpose if he had met the historical question, whether they were not infidels because they were Germans,—Germans of a particular age, under peculiar circumstances, both political and social. To assume a necessary and inseparable union between a Professoriate and infidelity, in the face of the history of every University in Europe, is simply absurd. But we are reminded that we have no space left for entering on this topic. We refer our readers to the masterly and eloquent argument of Professor Vaughan. For ourselves, we content ourselves with the remark, that the Church and nation which have been most distinguished in Europe by steadiness of belief, whose faith in every essential element has never varied since the Reformation, whose con-

stancy in the Christian profession has been the most unshaken, are also the Church and nation who have educated their clergy, down to this day, by the agency of Professors. Professorial Scotland has not reared an infidel clergy, and she has done what Tutorial Oxford has failed to do; she has retained a pure and unsullied allegiance to the doctrines and principles of her Church. Scotch Professors, unlike Oxford Tutors, have not inculcated a teaching which terminates in a long series of defections from Protestantism. Dr. Pusey, of his own free choice, has imported religion into the discussion of academical reform. He has voluntarily invited public attention to the religious results of the Tutorial system; the prudence of such an appeal is more than doubtful. It may be very edifying to Dr. Pusey to see around him so many young men submissively imbibing the elements of Tractarian doctrine; and doubtless he finds in such a sight a gratifying proof of the excellence of the Tutorial method; but will England be content to continue Oxford as a nursery for Rome? Nay, much more, will she obtain in Anglo-Catholic teaching a real security against the infidelity with which Dr. Pusey attempts to frighten her into support of Tutorism? No truth is more firmly established by history than that the abuse of the principle of authority is the high road to rationalism. Oxford has reached the first stage; may she not travel to the journey's end? The Romish priesthood has often been a seminary of unbelief, not by accident, or by force of circumstances, but by the operation of a necessary law. If thoughtful minds are required to accept, as the unerring interpretation of divine truth, the opinions of a few generations of fallible men, under the impressive name of the Church, they will inevitably be driven into a disbelief of the existence of a real standard of religious belief, or into rationalistic processes for eliciting its meaning. Such has been the fate of Roman Catholicism; such might be the fate of Oxford, if Dr. Pusey's teaching became supreme.

There are many circumstances belonging to our age which heighten the danger of rationalism. Unless we are to be forbidden to think, it is impossible, or rather it is most undesirable to withdraw the sacred volume from the investigation of historical criticism. Nothing could be more fatal to the cause of revealed religion, nothing, we add, more false, than to suppose that the Bible will not bear the fullest examination. One battle in this field has already been fought and won. The revelations of geology—for they are the revelations of God working in nature—alarmed many for the safety of the Bible. Science pursued its way; and the discoveries of geology, it may be confidently asserted, have not cost Christianity a single believer. It

will be the same with Historical Criticism. It must not, it cannot be checked; let us only hold firmly by the faith, that in the fresh air of free discussion we need not fear for the truth. Dr. Pusey once taught this great lesson; now he would stifle investigation by peremptorily appealing to what Cyprian and Augustine thought and wrote. He scorns to shew that Cyprian and Augustine were good scholars and good critics. He cannot afford to prove that their interpretations of Scripture are borne out by the laws of Greek and historical science: for to sit in judgment on the opinions of these eminent Christians, and to *prove* them to be correct, would be the overthrow of the principle of authority, and an admission of a higher tribunal. But he forgets the fearful danger to which he exposes the religious belief of his youthful hearers. When the conviction dawns on their minds, that scholarship and critical science find one meaning in the Bible, and those with whose opinions Christianity is authoritatively identified find another, what will be the issue? The results of one experiment point out what may be expected from another. The attempt to found the Church of England on the authority of the fathers has made many renounce that Church, and has not won a single convert from Rome. Dr. Pusey will not be more successful in the second and far more dangerous attempt. The laws of language and scientific investigation will prevail; and if, when they refute the assertion of the fathers, young men are taught that to differ from the fathers is to reject Christianity, what can the end be but a swelling of the ranks of the unbelievers?

We require to know the grounds on which Cyprian and Augustine framed their opinions, and to forbid us to form an estimate of the sufficiency of those grounds is as foolish as it is impracticable. This is not to trample on authority; for if authority has its rights, it has also its limits. The example furnished by successive generations of Christian men can never be stripped of its legitimate weight. The record of what the Christian faith has done for the world, of the heroism it has sustained, of the elevation to which it has raised the human race, must attach supreme value to the belief which has been the animating principle of Christians in each age. But that belief has ever been an aggregate of many elements,—some divine, others earthly. In the divine elements dwells the living force of Christianity,—the earthly are coloured by the state of knowledge and the mode of thinking of each successive age. From the days of the Apostles down to our own, the opinions of no single generation have presented unmixed truth to the reception of the Church. To sift, therefore, the chaff from the wheat, the human from the divine, is the abiding duty of the Church.

It is a process which never ceases, but it is also one which the Church has ever been anxious to escape. The human heart is impatient of the consciousness of the admixture of error with religious truth. It refuses to acquiesce in the manner in which God has willed that His revelation should exist in the world. It has made every effort to determine the truth once for all. At one time, the decrees of Councils,—at another, the declarations of a Pope,—at a third, the consent of a few selected generations called “antiquity,” have been held up as the embodiment of pure truth. But each attempt has failed. It has always been easy to point out error in the declarations of the pretended oracle. Hence the necessity for revision and modification incessantly recurs. No angry protests against unsettling men’s minds,—no fond imaginings that certainty has been reached, will ever remove this necessity; the admixture of human thought will crumble away, and if Christian thinkers fail to repair the breach, infidel assailants will enter.

These considerations establish the vast importance of a perpetual school of scientific theology. We are often told that theology is not a progressive science. If this assertion is intended to mean that theology leads to no discoveries, it is true; but if it is meant that the materials of the Christian faith admits of no reconstruction, or of no difference in the mode of viewing them, it is entirely and dangerously false. To take one instance out of many,—Can any educated man doubt that the fundamental question of the canon, the basis of all revelation, the source of every special element of the Christian faith, demands the study of the most accomplished scholars of every age? or that the authenticity and claims to inspiration of each of its parts will always be subjected to renewed investigation? Can any one be ignorant that such inquiries are and will be prosecuted both within and without Christianity, whatever may be thought of them by the authorities of the Church; and that if false conclusions are not refuted by superior learning, grievous wounds will be inflicted on the power of Christianity over the world? It may suit some to teach that the Church has pronounced finally on these matters; but such a dictum will not be enough for those who know that the so-called judgment of the Church is nothing more than the opinion of men who lived several centuries after the composition of the Sacred Book, and were little qualified by critical ability to settle questions which even at the time were much contested. To inculcate on young men the perfect sufficiency of *such* judgments, whilst forbidding them to prove their soundness by independent examination, is only a sure way of delivering them over to the influence of unbelieving criticism.

This is a matter which concerns Oxford deeply. Dr. Pusey advocates Tutorism, because it is the guarantee of no-progress, and leaves the field open to him for preaching submission to authority. If such preaching produces its natural fruits,—if it swells the ranks of the rationalists and the infidels, Dr. Pusey submits as to an evil inseparable from the moral constitution of the world. The truth, forsooth, is the only remedy for sin and error. It is the Christian teacher's duty to proclaim the truth, and to leave the issue with God. : But it behoves well the people of England to consider whether they will expose their sons to the fatal assumption which underlies this statement, namely, that the opinions of any number of fallible men are the divine truth itself. They will disbelieve, we are persuaded, the possibility of recalling any past age, or of converting the nineteenth century into the fourth. They will see that the teaching which attempts to resist investigation, to stereotype thought, and to substitute trust in others for insight and conviction, abandons the highest elements of man's nature to the unbeliever, and renders him supreme in the domain of reason. They will refuse to believe that this is the condition to which Christianity has called the human race. They have more faith than to believe in so miserable a theology. They believe rather that Christianity is a leaven, empowered by Divine might to animate the mind of man, under every possible development of his religious, moral, and intellectual faculties. They believe that God the Creator is the same as God the Saviour; and that the freest exercise of the reason which is His gift will but attest the revelation of His Son.

And if this is so, English parents will desire to see intellectual progress, not ignored, but mastered by a sound theology. They will hesitate to place their children under the terrible dilemma of repudiating either their understanding or their faith. They desire that their sons should be reared with a noble and manly training, under the guidance of men who are masters of the highest knowledge, and thereby capable of confirming their pupils in the Christian religion. Only they have been slow to perceive the impediment which Tutorism has opposed to the accomplishment of this great end. They have been alarmed by Oxford Tractarianism. They have been startled, too, by the exhibition of prominent Deistical writings, which have emanated from Oxford men. But they have not fully apprehended the necessary connexion of both these phenomena with each other, and with Oxford Tutorism. Hence the victory which Tutorism has been suffered to win in the Bill of University Reform. The Bill has not attacked the malady which afflicts the University. It has opened no career for learning, furnished no incitements



to the independent pursuit of knowledge, provided no great authorities to command the reverence of students in a single department of human thought. It has done nothing to avert the flight from the University of every man of superior talent and learning. It has left Oxford dependent for her theology, her philosophy, her history, and her scholarship, on London, Paris, and Germany. It has not accomplished the grand object of University Reform. That Reform is still to come. We have shewn that the composition of the new academical constitution forbids us to expect Tutorial reform from its hands ; and the election of the members of the first Council have confirmed our forebodings. Tutorial influence is predominant in it ; so much so, that we should cherish stronger hopes of obtaining liberal measures from the old Board of Heads than from the new Council. The reformed constitution cannot, we are persuaded, generate an efficient Professoriate. Without such a Professoriate, Oxford remains unreformed.

ART. VI.—*Evidence before the Committee on Public-Houses,*  
1853, 1854. Report, 1854.

A "SOBER LIFE" is one of the first things prayed for in the Liturgy of the Church of England. Of course, the phrase must be taken in a broad sense. But even were it cut down to its narrowest signification, it would be no unfit prayer for the Christian Church in any of the British isles. Startling as it may appear, it is the truth, that the destruction of human life, and the waste of national wealth, which must arise from this tremendous Russian war, are outrun every year by the devastation caused by national drunkenness. Nay, add together all the miseries generated in our times by war, famine, and pestilence, the three great scourges of mankind, and they do not exceed those that spring from this one calamity.

This assertion will not be readily believed by those who have not reflected on the subject. But the fact is, that hundreds of thousands of our countrymen are daily sinking themselves into deeper misery; destroying their health, peace of mind, domestic comfort, and usefulness; and ruining every faculty of mind and body, from indulgence in this propensity. And then what multitudes do these suicides drag down along with them! It would not be too much to say, that there are at this moment *half a million homes* in the United Kingdom, where home happiness is never felt, owing to this cause alone; where the wives are broken hearted, and the children are brought up in misery. For the children what hope is there, amid ceaseless scenes of quarrelling, cursing, and blows,—when, as Cassio says, "It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath," and the two devils together have driven from the house all that peace and sweetness, which should be the moral atmosphere of the young? Then the sober part of the community pays a heavy penalty for the vices of the drunkard. Drink is the great parent of crime. One of the witnesses before the Committee of the House of Commons states that he went through the New Prison at Manchester (it contained 550 criminals) with Thomas Wright, the prison philanthropist. "I spent an entire day," he says, "in speaking with the prisoners, and in every case, without exception, *drinking was the cause of their crime.*" One of the Judges stated, some time ago, at the Circuit Court in Glasgow, that "every evil seemed to begin and end in whisky." Judge Erskine

in the same way declared at the Salisbury Assizes, in 1844, that ninety-nine cases out of every hundred arose from strong drink. The Admiral of the Mediterranean fleet has stated, that since the allowance of spirits was reduced to one quarter of the old amount, the number of punishments has fallen more than 70 per cent! Where a hundred men were punished before, only twenty or thirty are punished now.\* The amount of evil to which drinking leads in this respect is incalculable. It would not be too much to say that if all drinking of fermented liquors could be done away with, crime of every kind would fall to a fourth of its present amount, and the whole tone of moral feeling in the lower orders might be indefinitely raised.

Not only does this vice produce all kinds of positive mischief, but it also has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason, and will,—soaking their brains with beer, or inflaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, and the library, and the Church all united, against the beer-house and gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. Well may we say with Shakespeare, “O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!”† The alarming amount of madness in the United Kingdom is well known to be in great part owing to the abuse of fermented liquors. Lord Shaftesbury states that having been for sixteen years Chairman of the Lunacy Commission, he has ascertained that no less than three-fifths of the cases of insanity, both here and in America, are from this cause.‡ It is, in short, intoxication that fills our gaols. It is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums. And it is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England.

One of the reasons why pauperism, especially, is so greatly enhanced by these habits of drinking, is, that the health of the poor is seriously damaged by them, and the lives of tens of thousands cut short. Dr. Carpenter gives a fearful list of the diseases that are generated by alcohol,—delirium tremens, insanity, oinomania, idiocy, apoplexy, paralysis, epilepsy, moral perversion, irritation of the mucous membrane of the stomach,

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\* Dr. Carpenter's *Physiology of Temperance*, p. 53.

† Othello, ii. 3.

‡ Speech at a meeting of the Manchester Association for the regulation of Public-houses.

gastric dyspepsia, congestion of the liver, and a multitude more. And he shews that even moderate doses of the poison, regularly taken, tend to produce the same result, and also to elicit all kinds of diseases that might else have lain dormant, and slowly to sap the faculties of body and mind. There is no doubt that a large amount of suffering is caused by drinking, even when it does not by any means bulge out into drunkenness.

Looking, then, at the manifold and frightful evils that spring from drunkenness, we think we were justified in saying that it is the most dreadful of all the ills that afflict the British isles. We are convinced, that if a statesman who heartily wished to do the utmost possible good to his country were thoughtfully to inquire, which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention, the true reply—the reply which would be exacted by full deliberation,—would be, that he should study the means by which this worst of plagues can be stayed. The intellectual, the moral, and the religious welfare of our people; their material comforts; their domestic happiness, are all involved. The question is, whether millions of our countrymen shall be helped to become happier and wiser,—whether pauperism, lunacy, disease, and crime, shall be diminished,—whether multitudes of men, women, and children, shall be aided to escape from utter ruin of body and soul. Surely such a question as this, enclosing within its limits consequences so momentous, ought to be weighed with earnest thought by all our patriots.

The causes of this characteristic national vice,—the reasons why some countries, especially Ireland, Scotland, Sweden and Norway, Russia and England, are so much more drunken than, for example, France, Italy, Spain, and the southern countries of Europe, is an important subject of inquiry, and one on which much light has not yet been thrown. One thing, however, seems clear, that cold and damp are motives to intoxication. The stomach is a short-sighted guide. Where the atmosphere is wet and chill, it issues orders for carbon, of which fermented liquors afford the largest supply. It does not reflect, that though the demand may be proper at the outset, indulgence will rapidly turn it into a mere craving for stimulus. This, however, seems to be a chief cause of the greater comparative drunkenness of the north of Europe. We see the principle illustrated every day. Cold and exposure send their victims to the gin shops. The cabman yearns for his glass of cordial more than the clerk at his desk, and more in a bitter north-easter than when a July sun is shining. Brewers find that their trade falls off in sharp weather, which might seem to point the other way; but the reason has been ascertained to

be, that the public betakes itself to spirits at such times in preference to those drinks that contain less carbon.\*

But whatever account science may give of the causes, the dreadful result is before us. As Gloucester says in *King Lear*, "Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects." It remains true, that the British people, one of the most intelligent, religious, and prudent in the world, is also among the most drunken. It is surely worth our while to inquire diligently by what means this scandal may be removed from our national character. Happily in this investigation we have the encouragement of knowing that, though a century ago drunkenness was almost universal in the middle and upper classes, it has been nearly expelled from them; and though it is difficult to trace this happy result to its causes, at least here we have a rock of hope as to the lower orders. We have actual experience to prove that the hold of drunkenness upon large masses of the community *can* be overthrown.

Nor are we without encouragement as to the working-classes. According to the evidence given before the Committee on Public-Houses in 1853 and 1854, by those who have had opportunities of judging, the country is by degrees improving in sobriety; and some statistics are furnished which bear out this view. For instance, Mr. Alderman Wire gives a table, from which it appears that had each man, woman, and child drunk as much in 1851 as each man, woman, and child drank in 1836, there would have been 140 millions of gallons more consumed in 1851 than were actually used. In other words, the quantity consumed in 1851 is less by 140 millions of gallons than it would have been, had each person drunk as much as was usual fifteen years before.† The fact is encouraging. It implies that the moral

\* Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his amusing "Psychological Enquiries," remarks, that "According to Mr. Brande's tables, the proportion of alcohol in gin is as much as 50 per cent., while in London porter it is not much more than 4 per cent. The porter drinker, therefore, must drink  $6\frac{1}{4}$  pints of porter to obtain gradually, the effect which the gin drinker obtains at once from half a pint (eight ounces) of gin. Gin drinking, however, is in some other respects better suited to the ill-disposed part of the population." *Inter alia*, it does not distend the stomach so much. But, query, does it matter whether the stomachs of the ill-disposed part of the population are distended?

† This is borne out by statistics given by the Manchester Association for the regulation of Public-houses. They shew that the average consumption of spirits was,—

12,170,000	gallons in 1831-2
13,774,000	" " 1850-1

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Increase, 1,604,000

But as the population meanwhile had increased by four millions, it follows that

agencies that have been at work during the last twenty years have been really influential.

But this should act as a stimulus to further efforts, and we shall accordingly proceed to suggest some means that seem likely to tend to a victory, which, if achieved, would outweigh in real importance to our country the capture even of Sebastopol or Cronstadt. Some of the practical suggestions that we shall put forward may appear startling,—but the country must be willing to make large sacrifices, for the sake of lessening the load of misery and guilt, which daily spring from the drinking habits of the working classes.

And our first proposal is, that the sale of intoxicating liquors should be forbidden after *ten o'clock at night*. We are convinced that such a measure, if rigorously carried out, would be one of the greatest blessings that the Legislature could bestow upon the country. How thankful would tens of thousands of men, and hundreds of thousands of wives and children, have cause to be to the strong arm of law, if it did for the bread winner what he is really unable to do for himself,—if it forced him to go home when the natural time of rest had come! What multitudes who now go late to their work in the morning, surly, discontented, with aching heads and bitter hearts, would rejoice that they had been fairly *driven* from the temptations which they had not power to resist. Of course that large class, who are more terrified by the possibility of imaginary inconveniences, than touched by the certainty of present evils, will say that it is necessary to have the public houses open to a very late hour, because of the travellers, cabmen, and others, unavoidably in motion at night, who all the more require refreshment, because it is the night time.\* But the reply to this difficulty is simple. *Let the coffee-houses remain open as long as they choose.* Thus refreshment of the best kind would always be at hand. There are about 1400 coffee-houses in London, for example, and doubtless their number would rapidly increase, if they alone might supply their harmless beverage to the night customers. That coffee is a sufficient drink has been established over and over

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the consumption of spirits had fallen from  $\frac{1}{6}$ ths of a gallon per head in the former years, to  $\frac{1}{8}$ ths of a gallon in the latter, or 15 per cent.

So, too, as to malt liquors, while  $2\frac{1}{6}$  bushels per head were consumed in 1831 and 1832, only two bushels were consumed in 1850 and 1851.

\* The clubs would not come under the rule, because they are the property of those who use them. A man may of course drink in his own house. If it be thought hard that places of public amusement should not be allowed to sell liquors after ten, might not a license for selling after that hour be had for a very high price, say £50 yearly. We do not wish this, but we would submit to it.



again. An additional proof has been afforded by the experience of the workmen at the Crystal Palace, many of whom we have observed making their coffee for dinner, having renounced all stronger liquors.\*

We trust that no squeamish timidity will prevent our Statesmen from cutting the knot, and making it the regular duty of the police to see that all the houses for the sale of fermented liquors are shut up at the time proposed. And one way of facilitating such "early closing" would be by making every customer found in the house after that hour liable to a fine, as well as the publican to more serious penalties. This would not only punish the guilty all round, instead of selecting a single victim, but it would enable the publican to turn out his customers with ease, by reminding them that they were themselves in peril. "The men tempt the landlords;" we are told in evidence, "they say, If you will not serve us now, we will not come here again. In some cases the landlord is almost compelled to serve them; and if you punish the men who hold out the temptation, you would cut at the root of the evil." So a publican states to the Committee, that if the landlords had an opportunity of saying "No; if I serve you, you will be punished for it," it would have a most powerful effect.

Upon the point of the immense importance of early closing, the evidence is most emphatic. We shall only quote that of a city missionary,† who says,—“In my opinion the houses should be closed at ten o'clock. . . . . Take the crime of wife-beating; men do not beat their wives before ten o'clock at night,—a working man goes to the public house where he has men of his own class to talk with,—he calls for his pipe, and sits talking comfortably till, say ten o'clock,—he is then what the publicans call mellow; and if the house closed then, he would go home and take his beer to his wife, but if you keep that man till he is getting really drunk, and he keeps on drinking till twelve, he is then perhaps turned out of the house and makes a disturbance in the street, and then goes home and beats his wife. . . . . Upon the question of prostitution, one woman who kept twenty-six bad houses told me, that if all the public houses were closed

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\* As far as travellers are concerned, of course, hotels and inns would open their doors to receive such for the night, and give them refreshment. That would be a totally different thing from the gin palace, standing with its doors invitingly open, with blazing lights, and every temptation to the passer-by to go in and drink. But the legal definition of a *bona fide* traveller must be, that he has paid for a bed at the house where he wants to be supplied with liquor after ten o'clock. Such a definition is essential; without it there will be perpetual inconvenience and confusion.

† Mr. Wayland, author of *The Million Peopled City*.

early she should have to close some of her houses. The women I have placed in institutions tell me that their best time is when men are excited with drink. They come out of the houses at eleven, twelve, or one o'clock, and during those hours they have more command over the men than at any other time."

It is needless to pile up evidence. No one who knows anything of the working classes can feel a moment's doubt as to the advantage of the change. We trust that another session may not pass without a measure of the sort indicated being carried into effect. At any rate, even if Parliament cannot make the effort, let it place the power to do so in the hands of the magistrates or of the rate-payers themselves. The Committee in their Report name eleven o'clock as the hour they would propose; but we see no reason for not going further. That hour—from ten to eleven—is the very turning-point in which drinking grows into drunkenness. Let us not be satisfied with half the good, when we can double it so easily. The essence of the plan is to *remove the man before his drinking has gone to excess*, not merely to turn him out when already "half seas over." Of course, so great a blow to the drinking of fermented liquors would excite some outcry among the publicans. But we repeat that the evil we have to deal with is so vast and terrible, that the remedy *must* be sharp. Moreover, it should be remembered that though a noise might be made by a portion of the publicans, a large number of them, and those the most respectable, would hail the reform with pleasure. Their long hours are painful to them and their families.

And while we would urge the closing of public houses at ten o'clock on week-days, we trust that the reform which has been adopted in Scotland, with respect to the Sunday, will be extended, *though with some decided modifications*, to England as well. The results of the Scotch experiment have hitherto been satisfactory. In Edinburgh in the first six months, the number of persons charged with Sunday drunkenness by the police, fell from 171 in 1853, and 240 in 1851, to 30 in 1854! In Glasgow, from an average of 577 in former years, the number fell in the first three months to 223. In Dundee it diminished by 663 in the first five months. From other towns we have no official returns, but what is particularly satisfactory is, that crime has also diminished in a remarkable manner. The daily average of prisoners in the Edinburgh City Jail fell from an average of just 600 in the same months of the previous seven years, to an average of 415! And this, though sixty-one of the prisoners were in jail before the Act came into force. A city missionary in Edinburgh states, that since the Act the attendance in the

mission church has been doubled, and that in visiting the homes of even the most degraded people in his district, he has not seen so much as one case of drinking on Sunday.

In England some important steps have been already taken in the same direction. The first move took place in 1839, when it was made illegal to open public houses from midnight on Saturday till mid-day on Sunday, and "the results," we are told in evidence, "have been highly favourable to morals and good order." In Lancashire, for example, the apprehensions for drunkenness fell off by thirty per cent. in the six months after the Act came into force, while in the metropolitan districts the diminution in the first five months was from 2301, as the average of the two preceding years, to 1328, or forty-two per cent.\*

The Superintendent of Police at Bradford states, that this partial closing has been most beneficial. "Truly the change was wonderful," he says. "The most horrid scenes of drunkenness and riot used to take place on the Sunday mornings . . . but so soon as the new regulation was put in force, the Sunday morning's riot and debauchery were at once stopped. The beer-houses in this borough were as well conducted as in all large towns, yet here there is a fearful amount of crime and desecration. In some of them, on the Lord's-Day evening, there are rooms filled with both sexes, drinking, smoking, and indulging in loose jests and obscenity. I have seen about fifty to sixty of both sexes, from fifteen to ten years of age." Mr. Hunter, a beer-seller at Birmingham, says,—“When I first entered the business, I was allowed to open at four on Sunday morning, and I kept open till ten in the morning, and that caused a great deal of drunkenness.” . . . “The best thing,” he adds, “for the improvement of the morals of the working classes, was the closing of the public-houses on the Saturday night, and not opening them till half-past twelve on Sunday. It has worked a miracle to a very great extent. You do not see one drunken man on Sunday out of twenty that there used to be in Birmingham.”

A further advance, it is well known, was made by Parliament last session, in closing the public-houses at ten o'clock on Sunday night, and we are assured that much benefit has accrued; but we are not in possession of any official statistics on the subject. In the "Times," however, of January 8, we observe a statement by Mr. Clay, the Chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, that he has examined the cases of committals to the prison of men for drunkenness, and for offences caused by drunkenness,

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\* Report of the Commissioners of Police to the Statistical Society, read May 1841.

during four months before and after the passing of the Act. The following are the particulars :—

*Committed for Trial.*

Four months before the passing of the Bill, . . .	65
Four months after, . . . . .	33

*Committed Summarily.*

Four months before the passing of the Bill, . . .	106
Four months after, . . . . .	67

*Committed Summarily on Mondays.*

Four months before the passing of the Bill, . . .	85
Four months after, . . . . .	17

The reverend gentleman remarks,—“ A decrease of more than 31 per cent. on the whole, and of more than 50 per cent. on the Monday committals, is a pretty strong proof of the beneficial working of Mr. Patten’s bill.”

How ripe public opinion already is for the extension of these reforms, is proved by the immense number of petitions presented to Parliament last session, and which contained 270,000 signatures. At Dublin, a petition was signed by 70,000 persons of the poorer class, and another by 700 persons of high respectability. At Merthyr Tydvil a petition has been numerously signed, not only by working men, but by the whole of the publicans in the neighbourhood, with one exception only. They crave to have rest on Sunday, like other tradesmen. The chaplain of Preston Jail states, that “ almost all the labouring classes, when they are sober, and have the use of their reason, would wish to have the public-houses closed on Sunday. Their wives would be more glad than any other portion of the community.” From the Evidence it appears, that in not closing the public-houses on Sunday, (except from one to three and five to eight,) Parliament is actually refusing a boon for which the working classes would be grateful, because they earnestly desire to be *saved from a temptation* which they cannot overcome of themselves. Mr. Haddocks, a joiner, says,—“ The general opinion of mechanics is to have the houses closed on Sunday.” Mr. Bowthorpe, a coach-painter, observes,—“ I believe the mechanics would approve of it very much. None of the working classes, except the most immoral, leave their work on Saturday evening with the *intention* of spending two or three hours at a public-house, but they have not sufficient moral rectitude to resist the temptation. They turn in and waste their money. Then they go home. The wife generally remonstrates, unless she is broken in to it, and then there ensues one of those

family quarrels which the magistrate is supposed to settle; but a great many of these cases never come before the magistrate. I believe it is the *temptation which induces the men to use the public-house on the Sunday.*" A cab-driver states that the majority of cabmen would like the public-houses to be closed on Sunday, "as that might induce their masters to take out a six-day instead of a seven-day license. The men would be a soberer set of men, and spend less money at the public-houses. Many men since those 'six-day numbers' have been out, are a different set of men altogether. They are more moralized and better behaved. They begin to have a little self-importance which they had not got before." \* He adds a curious fact, that they gain more, because they look more respectable, clean their cabs better, and do not sleep and loiter away their time so much,—so essential is a day of rest to man.† A stone-potter again is asked whether, if the public-houses were closed on Sunday, except from one to three, anybody would complain of any inconvenience? "Not the slightest, I should think," is his reply; and having stated that it had been a frequent topic of conversation with his brother mechanics, and that out of sixty, fifty signed a petition in favour of entire Sunday closing, he adds, "They believe it would be a benefit to their wives. They would miss it at first, and it would appear hard at first, but they believe ultimately they would reap the benefit. . . . Some of the men do not now go to the public-houses at all on Sunday, and there has been a marked difference in the appearance of the men, and of their families. . . . Were the public-houses closed, they (the drinking men) would speedily be better clothed, and be out enjoying themselves with their families, those that did not prefer going to places of worship. . . . They would begin to get a kind of self-respect for themselves."‡

There seems again to be no doubt that a large part of the trade would rejoice in the relief which such a restriction would give them. Several, of whom Mr. Glass and Mr. Chamen were called before the Committee, have on principle given up opening their shops on Sunday. They have provided jugs with close fitting lids, in which on Saturday they send out beer for the Sunday dinner to those customers who require it. They say that they have not suffered at all by the alteration.

Mr. Maber, a publican at Islington, carried round a petition one evening in favour of Sunday closing, to twenty-four houses,

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\* Since this was written, we hear that an end has been put to the six-day licenses, on the ground, it is said, that the revenue suffered from so many of them being taken out!

† Report, 1083, &c.

‡ Report, 1854,—1000, 1080. Dft. p. 18.

and the landlords of nineteen of them signed it. He thinks that the respectable publicans would be in favour of such a measure, and as to the customers, he says, "There appears to be a better feeling existing respecting the matter, things are so altered; people see things in a different light. There is a great deal more comfort in a family when a man takes home his refreshments, and has them with his wife and family. Closing the houses on Sunday morning has a great deal to do with it." "If we have a great evil to deal with," he adds, "we must use strong measures." A city missionary in Marylebone says he tested the feelings of the publicans and beer-house men, by offering them a petition to sign in favour of Sunday closing, and forty signed the petition for entire closing; thirty-six were for closing except at mid-day; fourteen would give no opinion; only thirty-four out of the 125 were entirely opposed. And 600 or 700 working men put their names to the petition. The "constant answer" that he received from men whom he knew to be drunkards, and whom he found in the tap-rooms, was touching. On his saying "we are going to try to close the houses partly on Sunday," "Oh, close them altogether, sir," was the invariable reply.\*

There is another restriction which we hope to see placed on public-houses, and that is, that *no wages should be paid in them*. Serious evils ensue from the system which is pursued in many parts of the country of regularly paying wages in the pot-house. The consequence is, that many employers of labour set up beer-shops for the express purpose of paying their men in them, and compelling them to lay out a large part of their money there. Mr. Charles Balfour, who has had rare opportunities of mastering the subject, says that he has *always, in every case*, found the payment of wages in public-houses to have a demoralizing and injurious tendency. Among others who bear similar testimony, a city missionary relates that the mechanics say to him, "We are told to be at a certain public-house by seven o'clock, and we do not get our wages till half-past eleven, and the publican looks black, and the men joke us if we do not drink, and we are obliged to drink." There is no reason at all why the employer of labour should not pay his men at his own home or office, or on the spot where they work, without exposing them to a strong temptation to throw away their wages on liquor. In our opinion, any publican convicted of allowing such payments in his house, and also the persons by whom the payments are made, should be liable to a fine.

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* Report 1854,	2342,	Dft. page 21.
Do.	24,	Do. 22.
N.	2192,	Do. 22.



There is one other regulation which we rather suggest for consideration than recommend, viz., that if any person is found in a public house, or coming out of it, in such a state of drunkenness that the police have to take charge of him, not only that drunken person,\* but also the publican, should be fined: And still more strongly would we urge, that if the individual thus found be a *woman*, the publican should be fined still more heavily. Perhaps such a rule may remind the reader of the ukase of the Empress Catherine, for the regulation of evening parties at St. Petersburg, in which she forbade the gentlemen to get drunk before nine o'clock, and the ladies to get drunk at any time, or on any pretence whatever. Gladly, however, would we make it penal to sell spirits to a female at all, if there could be any machinery for enforcing the law. Perhaps the nearest practical approach to it would be to inflict a somewhat heavy penalty on any one who should allow a woman to get drunk in his house. If any steps can be taken to diminish female drunkenness, they ought to be adopted at once. Of all the afflicting spectacles that can be witnessed, there is none so utterly dreadful as to see a woman,—a wife,—a mother,—staggering drunk out of a gin-palace. The imagination shrinks from following out the evil to all its results; but no one can have visited the poor in great cities, without being profoundly conscious of the desolation caused by female intoxication. Why not punish the man who supplies the means of such ruin?†

Such, then, are regulations which we would fain see imposed upon the sale of fermented liquors. They should not be sold after ten o'clock at night, except to actual lodgers. Nor on Sunday, unless during a very limited portion of the day. No wages should be paid in public houses. The publican should be liable to a fine for suffering a customer to get drunk.‡—No one, surely, will deny that if these regulations were carried into effect, they would be a powerful hinderance to intoxication. But the only question is whether they could be *enforced*; and upon this point we would offer a few suggestions.§

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\* At present the fine for drunkenness is 5s. This is so large that the law is forced to allow the man a fortnight to find it, and thus it is hardly ever paid. A one shilling fine might be exacted at once.

† Mr. Neison has shewn that the proportion of female criminals to male criminals, is the same as that of female drunkards to male drunkards. In each case there is about one woman to five men. (*Dr. Carpenter's Physiology of Temperance.*)

‡ It might be well to require the publican to hang up these rules in a conspicuous place in his shop, so that he and his customers might be continually reminded of them.

§ May we suggest that the present arrangement should be altered, by which the policeman has to attend at the court, in *his own leisure time*, to convict any

We are glad to observe that the Committee adopt a suggestion, which was several times thrown out in the evidence, in favour of appointing Inspectors of public houses. The success of Lord Shaftesbury's experiment of inspecting lodging-houses, is adduced in the Report as a strong argument in favour of the plan, and we heartily hope it will be carried out. It would go far to extinguish the worst class of public-houses, and it would also stimulate the police to great activity.†

But if Parliament really intends to cause the trade in liquors to be conducted with propriety, and to make it the interest of the publican to prevent drunkenness and disorder, the first thing to do is, to revise and reform the LICENSING SYSTEM. The main features of that system are as follows. Any one can demand a license for selling *ale* or *porter* from the Excise, on payment of three guineas,—if six householders will sign his certificate, and his house is rated at a certain amount. But the permission to sell *spirits* can only be granted by the justices or magistrates, and they may refuse it if they please. This plan looks well, and certainly is better than nothing at all. But practically it is found to have serious defects. The truth is, that it is not a proper thing to leave it to a small body of men, however respectable, to decide whether a district shall or shall not have any more shops of a certain kind: and who, out of many applicants for them, shall be successful. It is a power with which no individuals can fitly be entrusted, especially when they can have so little ground for their decisions.

The great defect, however, in the present system is, that it inevitably produces a monopoly in the sale of spirits. Obviously, if the magistrates will not license any new public-house in a street or district, because they consider it to be supplied already, then the existing publicans are freed from any intruding competition. Beer-shops, indeed, may be set up by almost any one, but they do not seem able to vie with the public-houses so effectually as might be supposed. It is thought to be owing to this monopoly that there is so much difficulty in getting pure ale or

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parties whom he has accused of breaking the law? Clearly if the State means a policeman to enforce the law, it should not require him to do so at the cost of his own rest, but should remunerate him fairly for the leisure which it thus exacts from him. This is a wholly distinct thing from giving him "blood-money" upon conviction. All we ask is that he should get a *quid pro quo*,—if it be but sixpence an hour,—for the leisure he sacrifices. Otherwise the evidence clearly proves that he will not take the trouble to carry out the law. Yet surely the State owes it to the fair trader to compel *all* to obey the restrictions it imposes.

† It should be one of the prominent duties of such an Inspector to find out what public houses (in which we now include beer-houses and coffee-houses) were used as brothels; and indict them accordingly.

porter. On this point, however, opinions differ, and the evidence seems to shew, that great competition *increases* adulteration in these articles, because then the publicans try to undersell one another, (knowing that the masses think more of cost than of quality,) and to do this they must put water and drugs\* into their beer. The great facility and profit of adulteration will make it common under any system. But still the present one does certainly create a monopoly in the sale of spirits, with various ill consequences to the public.

It may seem inconsistent to blame the licensing system for being too stringent in its restrictions in the sale of spirits, and at the same time to blame it for its laxity as to the sale of beer. Yet this, in truth, is its most mischievous fault. Its inventors seem to have thought that ardent spirits alone were guilty of all the mischief caused by drunkenness, and that malt liquors could do no harm. But no one who has any acquaintance with the subject will deny, that this experiment of allowing any one (for that is practically the case) to set up a beer-shop has done unbounded mischief. At present, the beer-shops are the very hot-beds of vice and crime, and there is no one interested in the welfare of the working-classes, who will not joyfully hail any improvement in the plan by which such licenses are obtained.

Influenced, however, by the dread of monopoly, the Committee have gone so far as to recommend that every one who takes out a license for the sale of beer should be at liberty to sell spirits too. A more pernicious liberty than this would be, we can hardly imagine. As we said just now, the experiment of throwing open the sale of beer has caused more ruin and demoralization to the lower orders than any other measure of our day. Its whole career has been in beautiful keeping with its commencement, of which the Rev. Sydney Smith says, "The new beer bill has begun its operations. Everybody is drunk. Those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state." Why such folly should be carried farther, by granting an equal facility to the sale of ardent spirits, the public will be at a loss to conceive.

There is something, no doubt, attractive in the simplicity of the Committee's proposal; the only objection to it is, that it would increase drunkenness instead of lessening it. We venture, in place of that proposal, to put forward a scheme which, unless we are mistaken, would be of more service to the country.

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\* It has been ascertained, however, that sugar and salt are almost the only such ingredients used.

Let it be remembered what the points are at which we are aiming. In the first place, we want to lessen drunkenness. In the second, we want to do away with monopoly.

Accordingly, at the outset, we must sweep away the system of allowing A to settle whether B shall engage in trade or not, and whether the parish wants more liquor. Such arbitrary powers are sure to be abused. Caprice, ignorance, over-scrupulousness, political feeling, jobbery, and twenty other disturbing forces, come in; and in one district all the spirit trade will be confined to half a dozen hands, while in another it will be open to almost anybody. But, it may be said, are we to have no security for the respectability of the publicans? Certainly we must. But let the basis of our legislation be the principle, that any one shall be free to engage in the trade, who has given sufficient guarantees in *hard cash* for his good conduct of it. This principle would be simpler and surer, and would cause no monopoly,—except that mere riff-raff would be excluded.

The way we would apply it would be, that, in the first instance, a certain yearly sum should be paid to the Excise for the license, of whatever kind it might be: that for a coffee-house being cheapest; that for a beer-house decidedly more; that for a spirit-house perhaps twice as much. But beyond and beside this, no one should be allowed to take out any license for the sale of fermented liquors, without his first depositing a certain sum as *caution-money* in the hands of the Excise. This sum should be returned to him, if at any time he retired from the trade and surrendered his license, or to his family, in the case of his death. But in case of his being convicted of certain specific offences against the laws for the regulation of public-houses, a portion of this caution-money should be forfeited. On a second and third conviction, further portions should evaporate in the same way. On a fourth, the remainder should disappear; he should lose his license, and be incapable of holding one again.

We are satisfied that this arrangement would be of great value. It would shut out from the trade the good-for-nothing persons who now set up a beer-shop when everything else fails them. It would imply that the applicant had at least that degree of respectability which the possession of a little capital generally indicates; and its tendency would be to prevent public-houses from multiplying with mischievous rapidity;—yet it would cause no injurious monopoly, because every respectable man with a sum of money in his pocket might step into the trade. And finally, the risk of forfeiting the caution-money would be a

powerful motive to the publican to observe the regulations proposed above.\*

With the same view, of securing, as far as possible, that the trade in fermented liquors should be in respectable hands, and of increasing the motives to good order among those engaged in it, we would also urge a second recommendation, which, like the first, had the support of various witnesses before the Committee. At present no one can obtain a beer license unless he produces a certificate of character signed by six rate-payers. This is found to be of no use at all. Anybody will sign anything, if they are asked. Our proposal is that such a certificate, signed by at least four rate-payers, should still be necessary; but that if the holder were ever deprived of his license upon a fourth conviction, these four persons should each be compelled to pay a fine to the Excise in consideration of their having given him a false character. This would be more effectual than merely binding sureties to pay the publican's fines, in case he cannot do so, which is the proposal of the Committee. A plan of this kind would be a powerful check upon the publican; for he would be always afraid that, if he went on badly, his certifiers would withdraw their names, and then, if he could not procure substitutes, he would have to surrender his license. Of course, however, in such case his caution-money would be returned to him.

We believe that such arrangements would go far to secure both our objects. They would have the effect of confining the trade in fermented liquors to men of some credit and standing. And meanwhile the monopoly of the trade would cease, because at any time a respectable man, with a small capital, might set up a rival shop to those already existing.†

The Committee have made one recommendation which unquestionably ought to be adopted. There can be no doubt that coffee-houses should be included amongst other houses of entertainment, and that a license (though of much smaller cost than those for the sale of beer or of spirits) should be necessary for keeping them; and also that they, like public-houses, should be under the supervision of the police. We regret to say that many of them are far less innocent than their name might seem

\* It has been suggested that the brewers would advance the money. If so, they would of course only advance it to a man whom they could trust, and they would take care that he did not forfeit it by breaking the law.

† That a certain degree of monopoly must be caused by *any* restriction is clear; but in this case the monopoly would at least be thrown open to every one who had saved or been intrusted with a small amount of capital, and whose character stood well in his neighbour's eyes.

to imply. Sir Richard Mayne represents them as scenes of "very great disorder and mischief." He believes that spirits are very frequently consumed in them, and that some of them are brothels. Mr. D. Whittle Harvey (head of the London police) says that he finds more violations of the law taking place in coffee-houses than in public-houses.

How useful the coffee-houses might become, under good management, may be seen from Mr. Balfour's interesting account of Mr. Pamphilon's coffee-house in Sherard Street, Golden Square:—"Mr. Pamphilon was a tailor, and he undertook to supply the working classes with a good meal and the best coffee. I say a good meal, because some of the coffee-shops sell very bad articles, not coffee at all, nor tea at all; but this man wanted to sell a good article, and to supply a good fund of literature. If you go into that house you can procure a good cup of coffee, and a loaf of bread and butter for threepence half-penny. You can read all the leading periodicals of the day, from the *Quarterly Review* to penny publications. He is so famous as a coffee-house man, that if a person were to establish a house in his name, he would get custom. He got a large custom of mechanics, gentlemen's servants, coachmen, and in fact all grades. The house is very much used by foreigners, and there is an excellent library."

We recommend this account to the notice of our benevolent capitalists. Might not a sum of money be profitably invested in such a house, if a thoroughly respectable manager were put in?

While proposing various legislative restrictions on the sale of intoxicating liquors, we must not pass over the idea which has been making way of late in some quarters, that the simplest way of dealing with the subject would be to pass a "Maine Law," forbidding the sale of them altogether. Undoubtedly it would be a happy thing for our country if such a law were sought for by the people themselves, and enforced with their full concurrence. Experience has shewn that a "Maine Law," sustained by public opinion, is not by any means so absurd a piece of legislation as it looks at first sight. The experiment has been successfully tried in Maine, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. A law against the sale of spirits has recently been enacted, and received the sanction of her Majesty, in New Brunswick. A still stronger one has been carried by ninety votes against five in the Canadian Parliament. A law of the same kind prevails at Buenos Ayres; in the Sandwich Islands; in Madagascar, and in Liberia. The Hindoos in some parts of India have petitioned that it should



be applied to them; and our own Government has put it in force among the miners at the Australian diggings.

From the States of Maine and Massachusetts we have the following returns:—At the City of Portland, Maine, during the nine months of 1851, before the law came into force, there were forty-two committals for drunkenness. In the three months after it came into force there were *none at all*. On June 15, 1852, the house of correction was empty! At Salem, Massachusetts, in the two months before the law came into force there were 150 committals for drunkenness, which were diminished by 115 in the two months after. At the City of Lowell in the two months of 1851, before the law came into force, there were 500 persons reported as drunk. There were 320 less in the two months of the following year. At Springfield the drunkenness was diminished by 75 per cent.; and we are also informed, that in Massachusetts the commitments for crime are officially reported to have decreased from 40 to 80 per cent. The Poor Rates have nearly vanished, and the gaols in some places are reported empty. The people rejoice in the law and sustain it heartily.\*

The chief objection made to such a law is, that it would be greatly evaded. But the use of it would be, not so much to deprive drunkards of their liquor, as to *remove temptation from those who are not yet fallen*. We think, under these circumstances, it might not be amiss to permit the application of a similar law to some parts of the United Kingdom. In fact, we are ourselves acquainted with villages where it has been virtually enforced, with the utmost benefit, by the mere refusal of the landlord to allow any sort of beer-house on his estate. But what we would throw out for consideration, is the question, whether it should not be allowed, that where five-sixths of the rate-payers of a parish demand the entire extinction of all the places for the sale of fermented liquors, their prayer should be granted, and all licenses then existing should expire, after a fair time had been allowed for the publicans to make other arrangements.†

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\* These returns are all given in the Appendix to the Report on Public Houses. 1853.

† Perhaps it would be a good test of the reality and thoughtfulness of the feeling, if the rate-payers were not suffered to extinguish the public-houses without repaying their keepers the sums they had paid for their licenses, or even giving them some extra compensation. Indeed, the chief difficulty in the way of any application of a Maine Law, would arise from the hardship it would be to the publicans already established; and yet, if it were only done by forbidding the issue of any more licenses, so that at the death or retirement of each holder, his shop would cease to be a public-house, the process would be extremely slow. If the Maine Law were applied in the way we have proposed, it would in each case spring from the *public opinion* of the locality, and be supported by it.

Before we conclude the *legislative* portion of the remedies that should be set in array against Drunkenness, we must not omit to notice the great importance of lowering the duties upon tea, coffee, sugar, and perhaps also upon light French wines. We heartily go along with Mr. Gladstone's reduction of the tea duties, and we have no doubt that every 6d. a lb. taken off such harmless drinks has a powerful influence in promoting sobriety.\* We shrewdly suspect that to the influence of tea and coffee, amongst many other causes, may be attributed that progress of the upper classes in this country in sobriety to which we have already alluded. One way in which every reduction of the duties on those articles would tend to temperance would be, that it would greatly stimulate the opening of coffee-houses, and by enabling them to procure coffee and tea at a lower price, an improvement would arise in the quality, and therefore in the attractiveness of the beverage they provide. Of course, while the War lasts we must not look for lowered duties; but we trust that the eyes of our statesmen will be turned this way, and that they will be ready to take their first chance of assailing taxes, which are such active partisans of drunkenness.

We have now recommended some means which our statesmen might put in action, to check the plague of drunkenness. Many superficial politicians, indeed, have a favourite dictum, that Government can do nothing to promote or preserve morality, and that therefore all such efforts must be vain. Of course, legislation does not go to the root of the matter. It does not begin by altering the character of the people—but it may be a most efficient auxiliary in the cause. Can any one doubt, that if spirits and beer could be sold by any one who chose, without any license whatever, there would be a vast increase of intoxication? Was it not proved to be the case in the last century when wheel-barrows of gin went about the streets, tempting every one to partake of the poison? Undoubtedly the State can do much to *lessen the temptations* to drunkenness, but still its efforts must be backed up by those of private individuals. We will go on, therefore, to consider some of the powerful agencies, which private persons might wield with great effect, in the same cause. For we firmly believe that if the middle and upper classes would sedulously set themselves to the work, this great evil might be exceedingly lessened, if not gradually overcome.

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\* In 1821, when the duty on coffee was 1s. per lb. 7,327,283 lbs. were consumed. In 1841, when it had been reduced to 6d., no less than 27,298,322 lbs. were consumed.—*Parker's Progress of the Nation*, p. 559.

We propose therefore to take a brief but broad survey of the methods which are already applied in various places, and which if universally pushed forward would tend to make Great Britain a sober land.

In the first place, it is certain that Education and Drunkenness are enemies, and that as you increase the one you lessen the other. It must be remembered, however, that the essence of the matter is not the *quantity* of education given, but the *quality* of the education. A mere mechanical driving of dry knowledge into the memory can have little effect in elevating the character out of the region of the grosser vices. Yet till lately such has been the nature of the ordinary education given in schools. Now, however, deeper and juster views are making way. In the schools for the poor, an attempt is now frequently made to call forth the powers of reflection, and the love of reading and inquiry. These are latent in human nature, and only need the stimulus of lively and cheerful, but earnest teaching, to come forth. The result of such education is sure. Train the working classes as Mr. Dawes did in his Hampshire parish, to open their eyes to the phenomena of the world around them—to feel wonder and delight in looking into the construction of the air, the water, the animals, the plants, and the earth itself, and most assuredly minds so brought out will silently rise out of the level of pot-house pleasures.

One of the chief reasons why education has not hitherto done all it might in behalf of temperance, is that its promoters have till the last few years been content with *starting it*, without carrying it into the lad's life, after his early schooling is over. Experience has shewn, that the teaching given in the first twelve years of life, however excellent, is soon rubbed off a boy's mind, unless the seeds then sown are watered for many years after. This is the grand educational problem which has to be solved, *how to go on educating a working boy till he has grown into a man*. Bitter are the complaints of all promoters and teachers of schools, that the children are rent away from their tending at a very early age—that their minds droop and wither because time has not been given to foster their intelligence. Now, as this difficulty is a fact which cannot be pushed out of the way, the only plan is to look for some way of getting over it. The problem cannot be solved unless pains are taken to give the school children *a taste for reading*, which should be maintained and nourished by Libraries of interesting books set on foot all over the land.

On this subject, three things may be affirmed with confidence: the one is, that the seeds of a love of reading lie hid in the soil

of nineteen minds out of twenty;\* secondly, that these seeds must be nourished to make them grow abundantly; thirdly, that the crop they produce will consist, not of intelligence alone, nor industry alone, but of increased sobriety, order, and refinement of every kind.

For the whole tone of character is elevated by reading well-chosen books. But perhaps still more do we look to them as one of our best coadjutors in the cause of temperance, because they offer a *substitute* for the amusement of the pewter-pot and the gin-glass. Undoubtedly much of the dissipation that goes on in beer-shops arises simply from the vacancy of the long evening to the uneducated working man. He has no "pastimes" to give wings to the heavy hours; and since human nature must and will have some kind of excitement, he betakes himself to that afforded by the public-house. Now it is an ascertained fact, that where pains are taken to give school children amusing books, the parents in many cases take delight in listening to them, or reading them; and thus the germ is found of "evenings at home" in the poor man's cottage, in its most satisfactory form. If one of the family reads aloud, and the others sit stitching and listening to the tale, we need not greatly fear the allurements of the beer-shop.

The principle on which all this rests, is simply that the truest way to get rid of evils, is not to hack at them, but to *choke them out*. To kill weeds, sow wheat. You must turn up the ground indeed, and manure it, but then get in the good seeds, and trust to them to suffocate the bad ones.

This principle, that the way to get rid of evils is to supplant them, has another important application to our subject. We must set ourselves to drive out the gross pastime of drinking, by enticing the people to amusements that are at least harmless, and may be positively beneficial. It may be doubted whether the wise and good generally look upon amusement with the respect it deserves. It is rather borne with than sought out; allowed, as better than low enjoyments, than encouraged as being a really good thing in itself. Now, the truth is, that to a man who has been hard at work all day, it is a matter of much importance that he should be enlivened and cheered in the evening by gentle excitement. It is a right good thing for him to have social pleasure, to have his eye or his ear feasted, and if possible, that "his mouth should be filled with laughter." "*Desipere in*

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\* Those who doubt this, should see what is done in many schools where the teacher takes pains about it. Even in the lowest rank, you can get every child to love books by tact and perseverance.

*loco*," is not only *dulce* but *utile*. Indeed, the fact that amusement is congenial to man, is a proof that it is intended for his good.

Our present reference, however, is to the effect of amusements in withdrawing the working-class from low indulgences; and on this point much satisfactory evidence was laid before the Committee. At Birmingham, for instance, we are informed by one of the magistrates, that there are cheap concerts for the people every Monday evening; that they are crowded, and are very beneficial in keeping the working people from the public-house. Mr. Balfour again says, "I have conducted five or six very large festivals in connexion with societies which do not allow any strong drinks at their amusements. One festival was held two years ago, for two days, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and we had, I think, 37,000 persons on each day. We hired the gardens, and it was a proviso that no strong drinks were to be allowed. We had all sorts of fireworks, a band of music, dancing on the green, and other amusements of a harmless nature. They were principally attended by the working-classes, and during those two days there was not an individual in a state of inebriation, though we did not break up till ten o'clock at night. And the manager of the Surrey Gardens said, 'that not even a flower had been displaced.'" He gives other instances, equally satisfactory; and adds, "If large concerts could be got up at a cheap rate, it would be attended with benefit. The experiment has been tried at Leeds. A society there, called 'The Rational Recreation Society,' formed themselves for the express purpose of providing entertainments of a rational nature for the people; they had cheap concerts, and a band on the moor two or three times a week. When I was there, I was very much struck by the attention of the working-classes, in fustian jackets, at the concerts, and also to the band on the moor."

With reference to this point, it is painful in reading Mr. Balfour's evidence, to find how much worse was the behaviour of our navvies than that of the French ones upon the Havre railroad. "There were two Frenchmen to one Englishman, and at night the French would go and take their evening meal, and then go to their concert or their ball; while the Englishman would go to his drinking habits at the Café, and have his brandy, &c." He says, however, that they mixed up with the concerts and dancing amusements of the French "with avidity." We presume, he means, after a while; and this encourages us to hope, that if such recreations, under proper conduct, were provided, our people would soon take to them, and that this would do much for their sobriety. Mr. Balfour was present at one of the largest festivals

at Paris, and not a single Frenchman did he find, during the whole time, in a state of intoxication.\*

The Rev. F. Bishop, minister of the Domestic Mission in Liverpool, after commenting on the mischief done by concert rooms and dancing rooms, where connected with public-houses, proceeds to say that there are Saturday evening concerts held at Liverpool, unconnected with any drinking house, which are attended by immense numbers of people, and are very beneficial. "It is a common thing," he says, "for the mechanics, with their wives and families, making parties to attend them, and go home after them at half-past nine or ten o'clock." Such cheap concerts as these ought to be in every way encouraged; and, therefore, we should propose that any one might take out a music license on paying half a guinea, provided that he was not the keeper of any kind of public-house. If so, the license should not cost less than ten guineas; for it is highly important to keep the amusements of the people apart from the sale of intoxicating drinks. And it would be desirable, that on a representation to the magistrates, they should be authorized to inquire into the character of the amusements provided by the holder of the license, and that if they should appear to be noxious and immoral, the magistrates should send for the holder, and warn him. If he neglected that warning, they might withdraw his license.

It would be well, too, if private persons would endeavour to stimulate the taste for music which prevails amongst the poor; and by opening school-rooms, &c., for very cheap concerts, at once give it vogue, and at the same time keep off disorder. A clergyman (or layman) might keep the lads in a parish very pleasantly together, after they had given up school, by assembling them once a week—perhaps round his own piano, to sing and chant with him, and afterwards to read some interesting story. Such intercourse between rich and poor would do good to both classes.

At a manufactory with which we are acquainted, the partners have occasionally invited a portion of the men, with their wives and families, to a soiree in the schoolroom, giving them tea and cake, and then a lecture. And afterwards the young men, who belong to the reading-room, have volunteered to recite passages from plays and poetry, intermingled with glees, and terminating with a hearty "God save the Queen." How

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\* A friend of ours saw written up on an inn in a back street in Paris, the following placard, "Comfort for the Englishman,—roast beef, plumpudding, beer, tea, gin."



much more pleasure is given, and good done, by such an entertainment, than by a formal dinner party, which probably would cost five times as much, while two hundred would enjoy the one, and twenty be bored to death at the other !

Lectures are greatly in vogue now-a-days, and are, we really believe, exceedingly useful ; but they will never reach the lower classes unless they are very simple, very playful, and are illustrated by pictures or other objects to please the eye or the ear. The working man's Educational Union has issued several series of superb diagrams, at a small cost, to aid such lectures, and the effect will undoubtedly be good. The Birmingham magistrate whom we have quoted before, states that it is the increased taste of the people for lectures, and similar amusements, that takes a great many of them away from the public-houses. " I am told so," he says, " by police officers, who have a thorough knowledge of it."

The system of excursions into the country again is becoming so universal, that it requires no stimulus from us. We are aware that many persons look upon them with some degree of anxiety, thinking that people waste too much money upon them, and that they give rise to scenes of disorder. Undoubtedly some evil attends the good in this case, as in others ; but we are convinced that the harm is greatly outweighed by the benefit. Such trips into the country promote the health and happiness of the poor, and also their intelligence ; and divert them from the public house. They encourage family affection ; for in such amusements the wife and children are almost always sharers.\* They are still more harmless with the public-houses closed on Sunday. From London it is easy for the working-classes to run down by railway or steamer to places expressly provided for them, but in many country towns there are no such outlets ; and it has often filled us with surprise and regret, that so many country gentlemen and noblemen, whose parks adjoin the towns of England and Scotland, take actual pains to exclude their poorer neighbours from them. There are indeed many noble exceptions ;—among which we may mention Lord Westminster's opening Eaton Park, close to the town of Chester ; the Duke of Devonshire opening Chatsworth ; Lord Ellesmere doing the same at St. George's Hill, by the Weybridge Station, one of the loveliest spots within twenty miles of London ; Mr. Barclay of Bury Hill, allowing the Dorking people the free use of the hill in his park. Such instances are not uncommon. Still

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\* In Mrs. Gaskell's tale, called " Tibby Marsh," there is a beautiful account of such an excursion.

the base and selfish course of closing the park gates to all but the wealthy, is much too common;\* though to a man of ordinary feeling it would be more delightful to see the hard-worked mechanic, with his wife and children, enjoying a ramble among the trees and the cattle, than to feel—Here are my 500 acres, into which not a human being dares to come, “except on business !”

It may perhaps be said that it is disagreeable to have numbers of “snobs” running about one’s grounds and doing damage. But that they would do damage, if they felt that they were kindly treated, we deny. And as to the destruction of privacy, might not the park at least be thrown open when the proprietor is away, or perhaps on one evening in the week. But we are sure that the proprietor who has once tasted the pleasure of seeing his poorer neighbours in high enjoyment of his advantages, will not be sorry to sacrifice to them the privacy of a part at least of his grounds; especially if he lays out one corner as a cricket ground or bowling-green, and another for quoits or such harmless games.

But perhaps the most important measure that a proprietor can adopt for the welfare of the cottagers on his estate, and for the lessening of drunkenness, is by providing allotments† for the poor. Nothing is more beneficial to them in every way; nothing tends more to make them contented, and comfortable, and thrifty; and no amusement is more fascinating for their children, than the cultivation, in their leisure hours, of their plot of ground. It is an unfailing source of interest for their minds, as well as of vegetables for their dinners. And happily it pays the landlord admirably, both by lowering poor-rates, and by the large rent which the peasants are glad to give. It has already spread widely through many parts of Britain; but still is far from being universal.

How much difference is produced in a village by a careful interest in the welfare of the people, is well illustrated by Mr. Balfour in his important evidence. He was employed to take moral stock, so to speak, in two country places; one of which had been neglected, the other cared for. In the former (a village in Bedfordshire) the females were in a very demoralized

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\* A painful case of this kind, is that of the Duke of Cambridge shutting up Combe Wood—the favourite resort for so many years of multitudes of Cockneys. As he does not live there, and as he is paid £12,000 a-year by his country, in addition to all his appointments, it seems hard. A foot-way is still retained, but woe to the man who moves off if even a few yards.

† The best amount is one-third of an acre, but it ought to be as near the cottage as possible.

state, and a large number had illegitimate children ; sixteen out of twenty of the women were opium-eaters, and a fearful state of ignorance and vice prevailed. In the latter, Luton, also in Bedford, and a great place for straw bonnet-making and plaiting, and therefore liable to unusual temptations, there was a "high state of morality among the females,"—only three illegitimate children in the poor-house, out of a population of 14,000, and the people temperate. This gratifying state of things he expressly refers "to the provisions made in a religious and scholastic point of view," viz., the schools, places of worship, libraries, missionaries, savings banks, &c. He especially remarks on the thrifty nature of the working men. "There is a building society, and it has had a very good tendency, as it has everywhere, in creating a saving habit amongst the poor. The more they save, the less they will go to drinking houses."

This last remark is of moment. Undoubtedly it is one of the surest ways of raising the moral tone of the working classes to teach them to accumulate ; because it tends so much to give them *comfort* instead of *debauchery*—to make them thoughtful, and to induce self-control. Much is done for this purpose. Building societies, savings banks, &c., are spreading everywhere ; and a new movement has been growing in the last four or five years in favour of penny banks in schools. One with which we are acquainted, established in a school in a very low part of London, but open to any adults as well as to the children, has been in existence for three years, and has already enrolled four thousand different depositors. Though the deposits are often called out, they are soon replaced ; and meanwhile, instead of having been lavished on drink, they have been accumulated till enough was gathered to buy a pair of shoes, a Sunday coat, a neat gown, or pay for a trip into the country ; all of which go some way towards the elevation of that lowest class, who avail themselves of such a provision.\*

Employers of labour, whether masters with their servants, or manufacturers and others with their men, may do a great deal to promote habits of saving, by urging it strongly on them when paying their wages, and undertaking to deposit their savings for them. In one of the London breweries no less than £12,000 has been laid up in the brewery savings bank, by the working men alone, in addition to their benefit club ;† but this result has been attained by pains on the part of both the partners and of the clerks at the head of the various departments.

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\* In this bank no interest is given, except 6d. a year upon each clear sovereign.

† *Fraser's Magazine*, Nov. 1854,—“London Stout.”

One potent and harmless engine of amusement is already in the nation's hands, but is allowed to go to rust in a somewhat reckless way. We refer to the Museums, scattered all over the land, but above all to the British Museum. It strikes us as one of the most singular instances of the "follies of the wise," that an institution which is managed by four-and-twenty of the best and cleverest men in England, and is backed up with the wealth of the nation, is yet placed under such strange restrictions. Think of such a source of innocent amusement, formed too at a vast expense, being only open to the public three days a-week, and these only from ten till four or five! What should prevent Museums from being thrown open at all hours, from nine every morning till ten every night, except one day in the week for cleaning? In fact, if they must from official obstructiveness be idle 150 out of 168 hours of the week, it would be far better that their few useful hours should be in the evening, than in the day time; for all the collections, but especially those of sculpture, (such as the Nineveh and Elgin marbles in the British Museum,) would look more splendid by gas light; and every one could go in the evening, while not one person in a hundred can go during the working hours of the day.\* And while the hours ought to be more liberally dispensed, Museums might be made very much more attractive, and very much more useful, if full explanations were attached to each object of curiosity, concerning its history or habits, so that it might become in fact a starting point for information and instruction, whereas, now it is a mere *object*, "and it is nothing more."

The great importance of better dwellings, improved drainage, and supplies of air and water, for the promotion of sobriety, as well as of health, is beginning to be clearly understood. It is a great misfortune that the Model Lodging-house Company has hitherto only paid a dividend of one and a half per cent. on its capital; for if the enterprise could have been so conducted as to return a clear six per cent., there is no reason why ten or twenty millions might not have been invested in that useful speculation. We think its promoters have too much set themselves to surround their tenants with every comfort; whereas it would be better to secure mere ventilation, water, cleanliness, and separation, to ten thousand families, than several rooms and conveniences to five hundred. We are convinced that such lodging-houses would pay a fair return if they were managed with economy; and till that is the case, they never will spread far and wide through our great towns.

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\* It is said that there might be danger of fire; but surely only the grossest negligence could cause any such risk, if gas were laid on through the building.

We should gladly dilate, if space allowed, upon the various methods that are at work at the present day, for the spread of religion amongst the working-classes; for assuredly we look to these as among the surest instruments for promoting sobriety, as well as all the other virtues. But we can only remark generally, that if the drinking class is to be reached, these means must be of an *aggressive* character. That class must be sought out in the byeways and lanes, *and compelled to come in*,—by Scripture readers, city missionaries, out-door preaching, ragged churches, and so forth. Building splendid churches is a very useful work, but the same money would go still further were rooms taken and fitted up in all the most beggarly parts of our great cities, and men of homely eloquence employed to give addresses in them every Sunday, and on one or two evenings besides. What we want is a more *retail* system of distribution, to carry religion like bread to an easy distance from every door, and, as it were, hold it up before the eyes of the populace.

We have only one more suggestion to make, and it has already been acted upon in Manchester with much spirit and success. It is, that those interested in the welfare of the poor should everywhere form local associations, for inquiring into the state of public-houses and beer-shops, and for watching their conduct. Not only would the publicans be made cautious if an eye were thus fixed on them, but the police would receive that stimulus without which our best legislation is vain.

Such, then, are some of the ordinary practical means, which, in our opinion, statesmen and private individuals might adopt to abate drunkenness in the British isles. And now a concluding word about Teetotalism.

There exists in many quarters a feeling of dislike to Teetotalism. It would root up the use, it is said, in order to remove the abuse of stimulating drink. Some object to it, because they think it substitutes low and material motives for the higher ones, that ought to conduct to sobriety; and others view it with dislike, because they think its results can only be temporary.

Whatever weight may lie in these objections, there is one not ineffective reply to them. Multitudes of drunkards have become sober men by means of the pledge, who probably could not have been reclaimed in any other way. We must have material facilities before moral influences can begin to work,—and that is just what the pledge affords. It arrests the drunkard in his career, and gives him the opportunity of listening to the voice of reason and conscience. As to the alleged exaggeration, unquestionably the best thing for a man to do, who cannot resist the temptation to take too much, is to take nothing at all. So insidious a fiend is drunkenness, that he who parleys with it is

undone. Nor is there much substance in the objection, that the teetotaller uses low motives, where high ones ought to bear sway. Providence has kindly given great force to the influence of public opinion upon man, and why should we not use the weapon which has thus been placed in our hands? When men associate themselves in bands to resist a certain vice, they as it were organize the force contained in the wills of all, and bring the aggregate to bear upon each. Each member is so much one with the body to which he belongs, that partly from sympathetic feeling, partly from the direct dread of what his brethren will say, his will is stayed upon theirs, till it has grown strong enough to stand alone. Is this a moral influence which a wise man would cast aside as unworthy and deleterious? The real defect in Teetotalism is, that it is often the child of excitement or fanaticism, and is apt to die if not nursed by influences of that class. But this is so far a defect, which it has in common with every other special and one-sided effort for the good of the poor. They must all languish if their promoters be not kept steadily in earnest. One element in them that without doubt tends to the decay of Teetotal Associations, is, that they are essentially negative not positive. The members say, *We will not* do this, whereas all vital energy arises from saying, *This we will* do. We would suggest, that such associations should in all cases become benefit, or clothing, or coal, or shoe clubs, as well as teetotal associations; and the comforts thus secured by the members would give respectability to such bodies in the eye of their neighbours. We fully believe that Teetotalism may thus be made an engine of real usefulness, if taken up by the clergy and other persons of influence, and worked with enlightened vigour. It is the Maine Law in its best form, when men of *their own accord* combine to protect themselves from temptation, to which single-handed they must fall a prey.

That Teetotalism, whether sound or not in theory, has already done good work, is proved by the extraordinary results produced by it in Ireland,—“The falling off in the consumption of spirits in that country in the year 1840-1841, is,” says Mr. Porter, “one of the most remarkable events of the day. It resulted entirely from the efforts of one man, the Rev. Theobald Mathew, a Catholic clergyman, who availed himself of his power of influencing his fellow-men to produce a sudden change in the habits of vast numbers, reclaiming them from the vice of drunkenness and its accompanying evils to an extent which nothing short of the fact itself could induce us to think possible.” In the five years, 1835-39, the number of gallons of spirits charged with duty for home consumption in Ireland amounted to fifty-eight millions, or eleven millions and a half per annum. In



the five following years, when Father Mathew's mission had taken effect, the number of gallons amounted to thirty-one millions, or six millions and a quarter per annum, being a decrease of *five millions per annum*! And the blow thus struck still retains a great part of its force, as it would seem; for in the five years ending in 1852, the number of gallons has amounted to thirty-seven millions, which is still short of the first amount by more than twenty millions, being a decrease of four millions per annum.\*

We conclude, earnestly commending the suggestions thrown out in the previous pages to the consideration, if not to the adoption of our readers. We are face to face with the most prolific source of sin and misery in our age. Let us not be misled by a spurious humanity to deal with it softly. The evil is mighty. The remedies must be strong. But we feel about Parliament, what a certain lady once felt about her lord,

“ Yet do I fear thy nature,  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way.”

In truth, the real responsibility rests ultimately with the public. The gales must blow off the “*popularis aura*,” or the Legislature will not have the courage or the vigour, perhaps hardly the right, to rid the people of a yoke from which they show no zeal to be set free.

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\* Nor did these effects arise from greater evasions of the law. In the first five years we have mentioned, there were 15,800 such evasions detected by the police. In the second five years there were but 9500. In the last there were but 4900.

- ART. VII.—1. *Reliquiæ Antiquæ: Scraps from Ancient Manuscripts, illustrating chiefly early English Literature and the English Language.* Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., and JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. Two Vols. London, John Russell Smith, 1845.
2. *The Illustrated Book of English Songs, from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century.* Illustrated London Library. London, 1854.
3. *Songs from the Dramatists.* Edited by ROBERT BELL. London, John W. Parker and Son, 1854.

By far the greatest proportion of our earliest English literature—that is, of the rude literary attempts which were made in the genuine English tongue before Chaucer enriched it and made it plastic by his genius—consisted, as all scholars know, of metrical narratives or romances, possessing little other merit than that of plot or incident. Literary historians attribute this fact to the influence of the Norman taste introduced at the Conquest. The very distinction between the Trouveurs, or minstrels of Northern France, and the Troubadours, or minstrels of Southern France, was, that the former occupied themselves chiefly in the production of narrative pieces of greater or less length, under the various names of *contes*, *lais*, *romans*, *fabliaux*, and the like, while the latter regaled the lords and ladies in the castles of the more sunny south chiefly with luxurious love-ditties, and other soft lyrical effusions natural to the lands of the olive and the vine. Whether this predilection of the Normans for the narrative over the lyrical form of literary composition was owing to their Scandinavian origin, we need not inquire. It is enough that such was the fact, and that the Normans, in coming over to this island, brought with them the taste for the narrative rather than the lyrical mode of literary production, and impressed it upon the nation which they helped to form. During the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, one of the chief in-doors amusements of the Normans in their castles, both in England and Normandy, was listening to lays and romances in French verse, recited to them, with more or less of musical accompaniment, by professional minstrels who carried them about in their memory, and earned their bread by repeating them wherever they were wanted. Sometimes priests and monks, or lords and ladies of literary culture, employed themselves in composing such romances and committing them to

writing; but, in addition to these more ambitious compositions, some of which survive, the minstrels had a stock prepared by themselves, and better adapted for their purposes. The essential thing, in each case, was to have a story, no matter of what kind, so long as it interested the hearers. The passion of the time was for stories; and the business of the minstrel was to purvey stories from every possible quarter. Tales of actual Norman history were, of course, in demand; but, where these failed, tales taken from Scripture history, or from ancient Greek or Roman history, or from the times of Charlemagne and the Moors, or from the rich magazine of British and Armorican legends, were equally welcome. Moreover, besides the heroic tales or romances proper, there were facetious and satirical tales of real life, suited for special company and for lighter occasions. Still, essentially, it was the narrative, the succession of incidents, that pleased; it was this that the minstrels attended to, and it was by their superior adaptation to the prevailing taste in this respect that certain romances and jocose tales became more popular than others.

Precisely as it was among the lords of the Norman castles and their retainers, so, with but the difference of language, was it among the English-speaking part of the community. They, too, in their households and villages, required some kind of literary amusement, after their hard work in the fields and the workshops; and they, too, whatever were their original Anglo-Saxon tastes, learned to like best those rude narrative compositions in metre which their Norman masters had brought into fashion. Whether there ever was a class of English minstrels in the same strict sense as there was a class of Norman minstrels, may be doubted; Percy supposes that there was, and Ritson maintains that there was not; it seems certain, however, that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, if not as early as the twelfth, there were lame and blind old wanderers—the true ancestors of our popular men of letters—who earned their bread and their night's lodging by going about the country with their budgets of stories, and reciting them to delighted audiences in barns and at rustic firesides. Originally, these stories of the English minstrels, if so they may be called, were chiefly versions into the vernacular tongue of the stories which their more privileged brethren, the French minstrels, rehearsed in the halls and kitchens of the castles; and of the early English metrical romances that survive, the French originals of some may be yet identified. Occasionally, however, the Saxon genius would purvey for itself by going to new sources, and inventing stories out of fresh material. The fourteenth century was the most flourishing time of the English metrical romance. In that cen-

tury, in addition to such legends as "King Horn," "Sir Tristrem," and "Havelok the Dane," already in circulation, scores of metrical narratives were produced in English—some in the standard octosyllabic measure, which Scott, from a sense of its fitness for this kind of purpose, revived four centuries later; and some in the ballad stanza which has since been so general. It was in this century, too, that French began to fall out of use even among the nobles and higher ranks, and English, such as we now recognise it, began to assert its rights as the national tongue. Accordingly, the composition of French romances by natives of England became at this time more rare, and the whole nation, from the court downwards, accepted the English romances as their proper literary recreation. Men of rank and ecclesiastics began to attempt lengthy compositions in the prevailing form, but with more of pretension to regularity and art, and to publish them with their names attached. Such were Robert of Gloucester, Robert de Brunne, Adam Davie, Laurence Minot, and others, whose names figure as the earliest known names in English literature, simply because, arising in the midst of a community which already possessed a taste for everything in the form of metrical narrative, and also a stock of such narratives in circulation, they first brought clerkly talent into a popular field, and endeavoured to write for the eye as well as for the ear. Such was the condition of things when Chaucer appeared, dear and great old Chaucer, with his portly courtly figure, quiet downcast eyes, and wheaten hair and beard, of whom one cannot think, as he stood in the midst of all his contemporaries, with all the named and unnamed romancers of the three preceding centuries at his back, without saying, as the Host said of him to the company of his Canterbury Pilgrims,

Now, ware you, sirs, and let this man have place.

There is nothing more astonishing in the history of literature than the appearance of Chaucer among his English contemporaries of the fourteenth century. There is hardly an instance of such genius, so isolated. There is nothing before him that can be compared with him, and one has to overleap two centuries before one comes upon another English poet or English writer worthy to be called his successor. And when one considers his place and function in the history of English verse, one finds that it consisted in this, that the genius for narrative and descriptive poetry, which had been rudely expressing itself before his time, and up to his time, in all kinds of rough metrical attempts, obtained in him its first great and cultured representative. Acquainted, as a reader, with all the metrical narratives, both French and English, which then constituted the literary stock

of the nation, and acquainted besides with much that Continental literature, and all the Latin literature of his time, could furnish in the way either of models or materials, Chaucer, like Shakespeare after him, obeyed the true instinct of the literary nature, and, instead of striving after new forms, adopted that which he found in use. Chaucer is pre-eminently a narrative and descriptive poet. Almost all his minor poems are narrative in their form, with but an occasional excursion into the region of the allegorical, or the moral and reflective; and his matchless masterpiece is a collection of stories, romantic, pathetic, and humorous, dramatically set, as it were, in a moving picture, or procession of incidents, from the real life of his own time. Like Shakespeare, he did not trouble himself with inventing the plots of his tales. He took his materials from every available quarter, and contented himself with linking the incidents he borrowed according to the suggestions of his fancy, as he wrote—enriching each, and sweetly prolonging it by additions from his own stores of fact and imagery; infusing into all the warmth of his gentle yet keen and clear spirit; adorning and clothing all with speech the most apt, and exquisite, and luscious; and rounding and smoothing all into the most finished shapes of verse. In short, the passion for narrative poetry, which the Norman Trouveurs had brought over into England, and which had given birth to numberless attempts, first in French, and then in English, since the date of the Conquest, put forth its blossom, and became mild and developed art in the poetry of Chaucer.

But though it was towards narrative and descriptive literature, in all its forms, that the genius of England tended, by an instinctive preference, during the first period of its exercise—and the immense number of Latin chroniclers of which England can boast during these three centuries after the Conquest, is but an illustration of the same tendency—there are not wanting literary remains of other kinds. The ethical and practical spirit of the Anglo-Saxons survived the Conquest, and re-appeared in such rough poems of a didactic character, and of direct social reference, as those which go by the name of *Piers Ploughman*. Some touch of this spirit, with a distinct ingredient of Norman wit and inquisitiveness, is to be traced in the poems of Chaucer himself. Above all, however, the English of those days had their songs. The literary genius of England, it is true, has never been conspicuously lyrical. It was the Trouveurs that first directed and inspired it. The Troubadours, with their canzonets and love-letters, remained in Provence and Italy, and their spirit passed rather into the literature of Southern Europe. Nor were the circumstances of the English nation such as to beget among them that kind of fervour and excess of emotional

faculty, which finds its natural utterance in bursts of song. In this respect there has always been a great difference between the English and the Scotch. The English have no body of song at all comparable to that series of songs which have sprung, during the whole period of Scottish history, from the heart of the Scottish people. Even recently, it is poets of Scottish or of Irish birth that have carried most of the lyrical fire into English poetry; and all along it may be observed, as Mr. Dallas has remarked in his *Essay on Poetry*, that such songs as English writers have produced, are songs not of primary or personal, but rather of secondary or represented emotion—songs made, so to speak, for characters and situations previously conceived by the dramatic imagination. There are exceptions, but such is the rule. Nevertheless, the English always have had their songs. In the old Norman castles, the minstrels not only recited *romans* and *fabliaux*—they also sang *chansons* to certain melodies, and with instrumental accompaniments. The Saxons, too, had their glees, which they trolled out with their manly voices—riotous and rough things, seasoned, in many cases, with bitter political allusions. And thus the composition of verses to be sung to known or to new tunes, was practised as an art after the Conquest, as well as the more extensive business of the preparation of romances and facetious stories. Nay more, then as now, without any such deliberate practice of song-writing by professional minstrels songs would be produced and put in circulation. Individual men walking over the fields, or by the sides of rivers, and humming their cares or their joys to themselves, would fling off their moods in snatches of song almost without knowing it; and sometimes the whole nation, excited by some public event, would rid itself of its peccant humour in an outburst of sarcastic doggerel ending conveniently in a chorus.

Of the numberless songs of various kinds which must have been in circulation in England before Chaucer's time, the specimens that have been preserved, sometimes in old manuscripts, and sometimes in the form of scraps quoted by the Latin chroniclers of the period, are extremely scanty. Recent research has added a few pieces to those recovered and published by Percy and Ritson; but probably, if all the scraps were printed together, they would not fill more than twenty or thirty octavo pages.

Strangely enough, the very earliest scrap of English song, if not indeed the very earliest bit of recognisable English speech, that is preserved to us, dates from before the Conquest—a circumstance which would corroborate the theory of those who maintain that the English language is not a mere disintegration of Anglo-Saxon brought about by the Conquest, but the continuation of a Saxon vernacular in use in England before the



Conquest. This precious little fragment comes to us embodied in the text of a Latin chronicle, called the "Chronicle of the Monk of Ely," written about the year 1166. The writer of that chronicle speaks of a song, called King Canute's song, said to have been composed by King Canute the Great (1017-1036,) and which was still, after nearly a century and a half, very popular in his days—"sung publicly in choirs, and repeated in proverbs." As King Canute was rowing one day on the river Nen, says the story, near to the Minster of Ely, the holy music from the choir of the Minster came floating on the air to where he was rowing. His Danish heart was touched, and listening at once to the music and to the soft splash of the oars, he became all of a sudden metrical. Keeping time with his head he chanted some verses to his knights, of which the burden was as follows:

" Merrie sunge the monachs binnen Ely  
Tha (when) Knut King row thereby;  
Roweth, knightes, near the land,  
And hear we these monachs' sang."

Noble old Dane, one can believe of him more easily, after this, that other story of his commanding his chair to be taken down to low water mark, and sitting there, with all his knights about him, till the sea, contrary to orders, washed the sands at his feet, and convinced his knights that his power, though great, was limited! The Nen, we believe, still flows by Ely; and, should chance ever lead us into that neighbourhood, we hope to identify to the actual eye the spot, now seen only in vision, from which, eight hundred years ago, there was let loose from the lips of King Knut in his boat that little snatch of metre which, hanging, as it were, for a century and a half in the local air and memory, was at last booked for us by the monk of Ely, and so has come down to us as authentically the oldest bit of English speech of which there is any record.

It is a narrow escape, however, that English Literature has made in being able to date its beginning from so nice a little relique as King Canute's song. Supposing that this relique had not been preserved for us, we should, in that case, so far as appears, have had to date the origin of our literature from the following distich, which now stands second, by some fifty years, among our scraps of early English:

" Hightest thou Urse?  
Have thou God's curse."

There is no genial man but must be glad that English literature has not to take its start from this. Yet it is good straightforward English, too, and it came from the mouth of an Archbishop. The scrap has been preserved for us by the chronicler, William

of Malmesbury, who wrote about 1130. According to this chronicler, who praises the neatness and elegance of the words, they constituted the salutation addressed by Aldred, Archbishop of York, who died in 1069, to Urse or Ursus, Earl of Worcester, when that nobleman had offended him by refusing to take down one of his castles, the ditch of which encroached on the burying-ground of a monastery. The Archbishop must have been a "good hater;" and we can make out a certain symbolic value in the fact that the very second specimen of literary English we have should have been in that mood. We trust it is symbolic also that it was not the first; for, with all respect for Dr. Johnson, we prefer King Canute's vein, and think that the "good hater" holds but the second rank throughout the whole course of our national literature.

The two scraps we have quoted belong to the eleventh century. Various little scraps might be cited from Ritson and others as reliques of the twelfth. Not to delay longer among these scraps, however, the interest of which is chiefly philological, let us pass at a leap to the thirteenth century, in which we first find any reliques of real poetic interest. Three reigns filled up this century in England,—those of John, (1199-1216,) Henry III., (1216-1272,) and Edward I., (1272-1307.) It is to the reign of Henry III., or the first half of the thirteenth century, that authorities agree to refer the following exquisite little song—a rote or rondo for four voices—the music of which, with directions for singing it, will be found in Ritson and in Hawkins's History of Music :—

Summer is icumen in ;  
Loudé sing cuckoo ;  
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,  
And springeth the wood new.  
Sing cuckoo !

Ewe bleateth after lamb ;  
Loweth after calve cow ;  
Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth ;      (*goes to the 'vert' or*  
Merrie sing cuckoo.                              *ferns for shelter.*)  
Cuckoo, cuckoo !

Well singest thou cuckoo ;  
Ne swike thou nauer noo. (*meaning obscure.*)  
Sing cuckoo noo, sing cuckoo !  
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo noo !

There is another fragment given by Mr. Wright in his *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* from a manuscript in the British Museum, and referred by him to the same period as the preceding. It has no

great merit, but may pass as a sample of the hymns or sacred songs that were then common. It is part of a hymn to the Virgin, and we quote but two stanzas,—

Of one that is so fair and bright  
*Velut maris stella,*  
 Brighter than the day is light,  
*Parens et puella,*  
 I cry to thee, thou see to me :  
 Levedy (lady), pray thy son for me,  
*Tam pia,*  
 That I mote come to thee,  
*Maria !*

All this world was forlore,  
*Evá peccatrice,*  
 Till our lord was y-bore,  
*De te genitrice.*  
 With ave it went away,  
 Thuster night, and comes the day,  
*Salutis ;*  
 The welle springeth out of thee,  
*Virtutis.*

Both the foregoing are in King Canute's vein rather than in that of Archbishop Aldred. But the state of England in the thirteenth century was such as to stimulate also to literary production in the Archbishop's vein. The reigns of John and Henry III. were times of vehement internal discord, occasioned by those long struggles between the Crown and the barons, which assured the liberties of Englishmen ; and the reign of the great Edward was passed in continental wars, and in wars for the subjugation of Scotland. As was natural in these circumstances, there sprang up a crop of political songs, and of songs in celebration of remarkable historical events, most of them breathing the spirit of political or national partisanship. The most spirited political ballad of this period is undoubtedly the famous one first published by Percy, written immediately after the triumph of Sir Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, over King Henry III. and his party at the battle of Lewes (1264,) and directed particularly against Henry's brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, then enjoying the dignity of Emperor of Germany, to which he had been elected in 1256. Richard, who had brought over a host of foreigners into the country, had accepted an offer made by the barons of thirty thousand pounds, on condition of his arranging such a peace as they wanted. Despite this agreement, he fought against the barons at Lewes ; and so incurred the accusation of treachery which the author of the

song—evidently a vehement partisan of the barons against the Crown—brings against him. Two stanzas of the song will show in what a strong bold strain Englishmen could then express themselves.

“Sitteth alle still, and hearkeneth to me :—

The King of Alemaigne, by my leantié,

Thritty thousand pound asked he

For to make peace in the countré,

And so he did more.

Richard, though thou be ever trichard, (*treacherous*),

Trichten shalt thou never more.

“Richard of Alemaigne, while that he was king

He spend all his treasure upon swiving, (*licentiousness*),

Haveth he not of Walingford overling, (*lordship over Walingford*),

Let him have, as he brew, bale to dring, (*drink*),

Maugre Windsor.

Richard, though thou be ever trichard,

Trichten shalt thou never more.”

Passing on to the fourteenth century, and to the reigns of Edward II. (1307-1327,) Edward III. (1327-1377,) and Richard II. (1377-1399,) we find the number of reliques, both of the sentimental and of the political kind, increasing upon us—hardly in such abundance, however, as might be expected from our then being within the shadow of such a great poet as Chaucer, whose period of activity, seeing that he was born in 1328 and died in 1400, may be said to coincide exactly with the latter half of the century. Of the various songs of this period which we have seen, and on which we may fancy Chaucer nursing his genius in his youth, the best is the following, which we somewhat abridge, explaining the old words as we best can.

“Blow, northern wind,

Send thou me my sweeting,

Blow, northern wind, blow, blow, blow.

“I wot a burd in bower bright,

That fully seemly is on sight,

Menspful (*graceful*) maiden of might,

Fair and free to fond (*love*).

In all this worldlike won, (*habitation*),

A burd of blood and bone

Never n’wist I none

Lussomer in lond.

Blow, northern wind,

Send thou me my sweeting,

Blow, northern wind, blow, blow, blow.

" With lockés liefélike and long,  
 With front and face fair to fond,  
 With mirthes monie mote she mong, (*meaning obecure,*)  
     That burd so breme in bower ;  
 With lussom eye, great and good,  
 With browen (*brows*) blissful under hood,  
 He that rest him on the road,  
     That lovely life honour.  
         Blow, northern wind, &c.

" Her lure (*complexion*) looms light  
 As a lantern a-night ;  
 Her blee (*face*) blinketh so bright,  
     So fair she is and fine ;  
 A sweetly swire (*neck*) she hath to hold,  
 With arms, shoulders, as man wold,  
 And fingers fair forty fold ;  
     God wold they were mine.  
         Blow, northern wind, &c.

" She is coral of goodness,  
 She is ruby of rightfulness,  
 She is crystal of clearness,  
     And banner of bealtie (*beauty* ;)   
 She is lily of largess,  
 She is perwink (*periwinkle*) of prowess,  
 She is solseckle (*sunflower*) of sweetness,  
     And lady of lealtie.  
         Blow, northern wind, &c.

" For her love I cark and care,  
 For her love I droop and dare,  
 For her love my bliss is bare,  
     And all I wax wan ;  
 For her love in sleep I slake,  
 For her love all night I wake,  
 For her love mourning I make  
     More than any man.  
         Blow, northern wind,  
         Send thou me my sweeting,  
         Blow, northern wind, blow, blow, blow."

Almost as good as this, and in a graver strain, is the following, printed by Mr. Wright for the first time in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, and identified by him as the composition of Friar Michael of Kildare, in Ireland, a number of whose songs and hymns, written about the year 1310, survive in a manuscript in the British Museum. We simply modernize the spelling—there being no reason why the difficulty of reading such old

“Lully, lully, little child, why weepest thou so sore?  
Need is must thou weep, it was y-yarked thee yore,  
*(doomed thee of old?)*  
Ever to live in sorrow and sigh and mourn évér,  
As thine eldren did ere this, while they alives were.  
Lully, lully, little child, child, lullay, lullow,  
Into uncouth world y-comen so art thou.

“ Child, if betideth that thou shalt thrive and thee, (?)  
Think thou were y-fostered upon thy mother’s knee ;  
Ever have mind in thy heart of those thingés three—  
Whence thou camest, whom thou art, and what shall come of thee.  
Lully, lully, little child, child, lullay, lullay,  
With sorrow thou came into this world, with sorrow  
shalt wend away.

“ Child, thou art a pilgrim, but and an uncouth guest ;  
Thy days beeth y-told, thy journeys beeth y-cast ;  
Whether thou shalt wend, north other east,  
Death thee shall betide, with bitter bale in breast.  
Lully, lully, little child, this woe Adam thee wrought,  
When he of the apple eat, and Eve it him betaught.”

Some other specimens of pre-Chaucerian song may be found in Ritson. Chaucer himself, as befitted the great poet of his day, and the laureate of the splendid courts of Edward III., and his successor Richard, threw off from his easy pen numberless little songs and ditties, which, if they survived now, we should doubtless find as superior to the songs produced before his day, as his narrative poems are superior to the romances and tales



of his predecessors. We have his own authority for the fact, that he had written many such trifles in his time, of some of which he repented in his old age. Very few of these pieces, however, are now to be identified as the compositions of Chaucer.

Whoever knows anything of the history of English literature, knows that the period which elapsed between the death of Chaucer, and the appearance of the extraordinary cluster of poets and prose-writers who adorned the reign of Elizabeth, is one, not only of comparative, but of all but total literary sterility. From 1400 to 1570, in fact, is an absolute gap in English literary history. Not that there was not abundance of writing, and latterly even of printing, during these hundred and seventy years; but that the kind of matter which was then written and printed was not that of which posterity was likely to take much note. The period in question includes ten entire reigns—those of Henry IV. (1399-1413), Henry V. (1413-1422), Henry VI. (1422-1461), Edward IV. (1461-1483), Edward V. (1483), Richard III. (1483-1485), Henry VII. (1485-1509), Henry VIII. (1509-1547), Edward VI. (1547-1553), and Mary (1553-1558)—besides extending some little way into the reign of Elizabeth. Walking along this extensive tract of time, filled otherwise with so much that is momentous and interesting, one encounters as representatives of the literary activity of England, but such names as those of Occleve and Lydgate, versifiers of the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI.; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and Woodville, Earl of Rivers, both of whom were writers of the time of Edward IV., and both patrons of Caxton the printer; Hawes and Barklay, versifiers of the reign of Henry VII.; John Skelton, the satirist of the same reign, who also lived into that of Henry VIII.; Sir Thomas More, and the reformers Tyndal, Latimer, and Cranmer, all of whom lived in the reign of Henry VIII., and some of whom survived him; and lastly the poets, Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, both of the same age. This may seem a tolerable list in point of number, and some of the names are those of men otherwise remarkable; but when we examine their claims on the score of literary merit, it seems preposterous to speak of them as the successors of Chaucer. In short, for about a hundred and seventy years after Chaucer, literary genius appeared to have vanished, or nearly so, from England. The causes of such a long period of literary dearth and littleness it is difficult to decipher. It cannot be that at this time there was any deterioration of the actual nerve and faculty of the nation, for during no period was England more energetic, or English society in a state of richer ferment, intellectually and politically. Most probably it was that the very agitation and ferment in

which English society was engaged during all that period, was of a kind to preclude the historical conditions necessary for the development of literature, and to compel intellect into other modes of exercise. Literature, as all know, flourishes best in times of order and national leisure. Men, indeed, write, and often in increased quantities, in times of convulsion and social excitement; but what they write is not true or pure literature—not histories, and poems, and tranquil essays,—but pamphlets and polemical treatises. At no time were the conditions of calm literary activity more absent from England than during the period in question. First there came the persecutions of the Lollards, with all the controversial zeal thence arising on both sides; then came the wars of the Roses, dividing England for many years into two camps, and keeping all in a state of restlessness; and, lastly, just as England was again becoming consolidated after the astute reign of Henry VII., came the great struggle of the Reformation, with its flood of vexed questions, perplexing the reign of his terrible successor. These agitations, as we have said, bred a literature of their own, but it was not a literature in King Canute's vein. It was rather in the style of the Archbishop's distich—a literature of terse argumentative prose, or of mutual objurgation and debate, or of ethical appeal, or of fierce invective and satire. Accordingly, if we were to select one man as more than any other the true literary representative of the period of English history intervening between Chaucer's death and the outburst of the Elizabethan drama, it would be Skelton the satirist. There was little in him of the Chaucerian spirit—which, so far as it lingered in England at all, passed rather through Lydgate and Hawes into Surrey and Wyatt; but he was, more than any of these, the man of his time.

Yet poesy was not extinct in the island; and Chaucer *had* his successors. It is a curious fact, that at the very time when literature in England was at its lowest, there took place that rich outburst of Scottish poetry, which is associated with the names of King James I., Henryson, Blind Harry, Gawain Douglas, William Dunbar, and Sir David Lyndsay. It was as if the spirit of Chaucer, taking possession of the Scottish King James I., during his captivity in England, had passed with him into the northern part of the island. James, Henryson, Douglas, and Dunbar, were far more worthy to be called Chaucer's successors than any of their English contemporaries. The song and poetry of Scotland, however, does not come within our present survey, and it is for evidences of the continuance of literary faculty in England, notwithstanding its apparent extinction in high places, that we are now looking. Are there any such? Undoubtedly there are. In the first place, the fifteenth century

seems to have been the time of the rise of the genuine ballad-literature of England. The ballad, in the form in which it is known from such specimens as "Chevy Chase," "Sir Cauline," "Robin Hood," and "Adam Bell and Clym o' the Clough," may be conceived as a development and modern improvement of the old metrical romance. The national taste for narrative remained powerful as ever in the popular mind even after narrative poetry had attained to its artistic perfection in Chaucer; and so, while Chaucer's poems served as full gratification of that taste, as it existed among the more cultured and courtly classes, and, by satisfying it, helped to change it, the peasantry and the people were still left to cater for themselves. The old metrical romances had become unsuitable in spirit and in form; and the four-line ballad—a kind of compromise between the mere metrical narrative and the actual song—took their place. Old subjects, which had been treated by the minstrels in romances, were redacted into the new and more convenient form; and new incidents, affecting the local imagination, either as they actually happened, or as tradition kept up the memory of them, were also thrown into ballads. In fact, the people would accept those narratives in which they delighted only in the ballad form; and hence the purveyors of popular literature over the country, who now stood in the place of the old minstrels, became makers of ballads. Thus arose most of those fine old ballads, which we now read with so much pleasure in the collections of Percy and others, and some of which are still in oral circulation in certain districts. It is curious that the north of England was more peculiarly the native region of these ballads. Indeed, with the exception of "Chevy Chase," and one or two others, the ballads printed in Percy are either Scotch, or common, with certain variations, to both sides of the border. In the north of England, then, we are to suppose that, amid all the convulsions and controversies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the rural population, penetrated only superficially by the polemical spirit which prevailed in the south, and letting things take their course, had still leisure at their firesides, and still, for the amusement of that leisure, kept up a literature of their own in one favourite form. And so, also, in the matter of songs. For the production of one class of songs—those which are political or satirical—a time of social excitement, as we have seen, is by no means unfavourable; and there were always nooks and corners in England, where, whatever was going on in the nation at large, private love, or joy, or sorrow could have their usual lyrical scope. In short, precisely as, in the north of England, literature, driven from high places of society, lingered among the people in the form of ballads, so all over England it lingered among them in songs.

The specimens that remain of English songs belonging authentically to the fifteenth century, are more numerous than those referred to the fourteenth, but still not very numerous. Here, by way of example of the political song direct, are the opening verses, from Ritson, of a song against the Lollards, written apparently in 1413, with special reference to Lord Cobham,—

“Lo, he that can be Christe’s clerk,  
And know the knottés of his creed,  
Now may see a wonder werk,  
Of hard haps to take good heed.  
The doom of death is heavy dreed  
For him that will not mercy cry;  
Then is my rede, for muck ne meed,  
That no man mell with Lollardy.

“I say for myself, that wist I never,  
But now late, what it should be;  
And by my troth I have well lever,  
No more ken than my A, B, C.  
To loll so high in such degree,  
It is no perfect policy;  
Safe sicker sample to thee and me,  
To be ware of Lollardy.

“It is unkindly for a knight,  
That should a kinge’s castle keep,  
To babble the Bible day and night,  
In resting time when he should sleep;  
And carefully away to creep  
For all the chief of chivalry.  
Well aughten him to wail and weep,  
That such lust hath in Lollardy.”

The following are some verses from a song contributed by Mr. Halliwell to the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, and which, if it is not a latent attack on the Catholic clergy, and, therefore, an opposition song to the preceding, is but a piece of rhythmical nonsense.

“The false fox came unto our croft,  
And so our geese full fast he sought,—  
With how, fox, how, with hey, fox, hey,  
Come no more unto our house to bear our geese away.

“The false fox came unto our yard,  
And there he made the geese afeard,—  
With how, fox, how, &c.

“The good wife came out in her smock,  
And at the fox she threw her rock,—  
With how, fox, how, &c.

“ The good man came out with his flail,  
And smote the fox upon the tail,—  
With how, fox, how, &c.

“ He took a goose fast by the neck,  
And made her to say ‘ wheccum-queck,’—  
With how, fox, how, &c.

“ ‘ I pray thee, fox,’ said the goose, ‘ tho  
Take of my feathers, but not of my toe,’—  
With how, fox, how,” &c.

Belonging to the period under notice, are a good many moral songs, or songs of sententious sarcasm and advice—as if the ethical and practical spirit of the Saxons were at this time in greater force than the pure poetical feeling delighting in mere phantasy and beauty. In fact, in England during the fifteenth century we find more of the influence of Chaucer’s friend, the “moral” Gower, in such attempts at verse as were made, than we do of Chaucer’s own higher cast of genius. Here is a specimen of one of these “moralizations;” we find it in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, certified by Mr. Halliwell as being of this date:

“ Sit among the knightes all,  
At the council but ye be call;  
And see and say not all.  
Whatsoever ye think avise ye weel.

“ An thou go unto the wine,  
And thou think it good and fine,  
Take thy leave when it is time.  
Whatsoever ye think avise ye weel.

“ With thy tongue thou mayst thee spill,  
And with tongue mayst have all thy will;  
Hear, and see, and keep thee still.  
Whatsoever ye think avise ye weel.”

The following, from Ritson, is also a song in the genuine Saxon mood. It is entitled, “A song in praise of Sir Penny:”

“ Penny is an hardy knight;  
Penny meikle is of might;  
Penny of wrong he maketh right,  
In every country where he go.

“ Though I have a man y-slaw,  
And forfeited the kinge’s law,  
I shall find a man of law  
Will take my penny and let me go.

“ And if I have to do far or near,  
And Penny be my messengér,  
Then am I no thing in dwere, (fear),  
My cause shall be well doe.

“ And if I have pence both good and fine,  
Men will bidden me to the wine.  
‘ All that I have shall be thine,’  
Sickerly they will sayen so.

“ And when I have no more in my purse,  
Penny bet ne penny worse ;  
Of me they holden but little force ;  
‘ He was a man, let him go.’ ”

The following from the same source, is in a more imaginative vein. It is of the time of King Henry VI., and is called, “A song on the ivy and the holly :”

“ Nay, ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wis,  
Let holly have the mastery as the manner is ;  
Holly stand in the hall fair to behold ;  
Ivy stand without the door, she is full sore a-cold.  
Nay, ivy, nay, &c.

“ Holly and his merry men, they dancen and they sing ;  
Ivy and her maidens they weepen and they wring.  
Nay, ivy, nay, &c.

“ Ivy hath a lybe (?) she caught it with the cold ;  
So mote they all have that with ivy hold !  
Nay, ivy, nay, &c.

“ Holly hath berries as red as any rose ;  
The forester, the hunter, keep them from the does.  
Nay, ivy, nay, &c.

“ Ivy hath berries as black as any sloe ;  
Here come the owl and eat them as she go.  
Nay, ivy, nay, &c.

“ Holly hath birdés, a fair full flock ;  
The nightingale, the popinjay, the gentle laverock.  
Nay, ivy, nay, &c.

“ Good ivy, what birdés hast thou ?  
None but the howlet that cry, *how, how*.  
Nay, ivy, nay,” &c.

The holly puts us in mind of Christmas and its carols. Various English Christmas carols of the fifteenth century have been



printed by Ritson and others; but we have seen none so good as one printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, and contributed to that publication by Mr. David Laing, who found it in a MS. volume of "Metrical Romances and Moralizations," in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. We copy but a part of it:

" This endurs (indoors?) night I see a sight,  
 A star shone bright as day;  
 And ever among a maiden's song,  
 Was 'By, bye, lullay.'  
 This endurs night, &c.

" This lovely lady sat and sung,  
 And till her child did say,  
 ' My son, my lord, my Father dear,  
 Why lies thou thus in hay?  
 Mine own sweet brid, what art thou kyd (?)  
 And knows thee lord of aye;  
 Never the less I will not cess  
 To sing, " By, bye, lullay." '  
 This endurs night, &c.

" This child until his mother spake,  
 And thus methought he said,  
 ' I am kened for heaven king  
 In crib though I be laid.  
 Angels bright shall to me light,  
 Ye wot right well in fay;  
 Of this behest give me your breast,  
 And sing, " By, bye, lullay." '  
 This endurs night, &c.

" ' Mine own dear son, since it is thus  
 That thou art lord of all,  
 Thou should have ordained thee some bidding  
 Into some kinge's hall.  
 Methinks aright a king or a knight  
 Should be in rich array;  
 And yet for this I will not cess  
 To sing, " By, bye, lullay." '  
 This endurs night, &c.

" ' My own dear son, to thee I say,  
 Methinks it is no lie,  
 That kings should come so far to thee  
 And thou not them deny.'  
 ' You sarwn (?) see the kinges three  
 Upon the twelfé day;  
 And for that sight, ye may be light  
 To sing, " By, bye, lullay." '  
 This endurs night, &c.

“ ‘ My own dear son, sin it is thus  
That all thing is at will,  
I pray thee, grant me a boon,  
Gif it be right of skill,  
Child or man that will or can  
Be merry on this day,  
To heaven bliss grant it his,  
And sing, “ By, bye, lullay.” ’  
This endurs night,” &c.

To the foregoing specimens of songs of the fifteenth century might be added one or two composed by Earl Rivers and other known writers. What we have quoted, however, must suffice by way of sample of English song-writing in that age. Nor can we go on to give specimens of the much superior song-writing of the first half of the sixteenth century,—that portion of the century which preceded the great age of English dramatic literature. It is enough to say, that the age of Henry VIII. seems to have been very prolific in songs of all kinds—political, satirical, moral, fantastic, and bacchanalian ; and that it seems to have been at this time, in particular, that those quaint sentimental songs were put in circulation, of which Shakespeare was evidently so fond, and many snatches from which are quoted in his plays. It is to be remembered that by this time printing was doing its work in this as in other departments of literature, and that songs instead of being, as heretofore, confined to manuscript, were now circulated in black letter sheets,—the effect of which was to make the same songs popular over the whole nation, and even to make certain songs, with but variations of dialect, the common property of England and Scotland. Most of these black-letter sheets have perished ; and though Percy and others have recovered some of the old songs of that period entire, it is chiefly by their titles, or by scraps of them cited in the dramas of Elizabeth’s time, that their character is known. A list of some fifty or sixty songs might be made out, all of the pre-Elizabethan part of the sixteenth century, of which scraps varying from a line to a verse or two in length still survive.

On the history of English song, as it was affected by the all but universal determination of the national genius towards the Drama, which took place in the latter part of the sixteenth century, we do not so much as enter. To those who desire to study this subject we recommend Mr. Bell’s judicious and pleasant little collection of “Songs from the Dramatists ;” while to those whose curiosity extends over the larger subject of the history of English song-writing from the sixteenth century to the present day, we may recommend the “Illustrated Book of English Songs,” where there will be found an ample selection

of songs of all kinds ranged in chronological series. On the first topic, we will only say that it seems to us that the cause of song was improved by the rise of the national drama—not only because the necessity of lyrical interpolations on the stage, to be sung before large audiences, created a demand for finer and more finished songs than had previously existed, but also because, as we have already hinted, the composition of songs for dramatic situations seems more suited to the English genius for song, such as it is, than the composition of songs expressing primary and personal feeling. On the second point we will say, that, with considerable acquaintance with such English songs as have been composed since the sixteenth century, we know none that, in their kind, are half so exquisite, and true, and deep, as the lyrical snatches that occur in the plays of Shakespeare. Greatest in every other respect, he is greatest in this too; and if any Englishman were to risk the assertion, that the English could produce one or two songs as good as any of the Scotch, his only chance of not being laughed at, would be in proving his assertion by singing, as sweetly and thrillingly as we have heard them sung more than once, several of Shakespeare's keenest ditties. But Shakespeare knew the conditions of a true song:—

“That piece of song,  
That old and antique song, we heard last night,  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.  
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Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.”

ART. VIII.—1. *Table Traits, and Something on them.* By DR. DORAN. Second Edition. London, 1854.

2. *Habits and Men; with Remnants of Records touching the Makers of both.* By DR. DORAN, Author of "Table Traits," &c. London, 1854.

IF books find readers in proportion to the interest which their subject-matter awakens in the universal heart of society, these volumes must soon make their way into general circulation. We think of nothing so much as of our food and clothing, and the means of obtaining them. With a vast majority of men the necessity of providing food and clothing for themselves and their dependents is the great origin of human action. For food and clothing the labourer toils, the artisan drudges, the soldier dies, the author writes, the divine preaches, the lawyer argues, the physician cures. They are, indeed, the Alpha and Omega of humanity. In other words, they are the marks of the beast. They separate the human from the divine, and remind us almost every hour of our lives what miserable finite creatures we are.

This is a very obvious commonplace, but it is one of which, to speak paradoxically, we are only insensibly sensible. We are continually feeling the truth of it in detail, but we seldom recognise it broadly as a whole. To the very poor—the many condemned to endure day by day the misery of absolute cold and hunger—who do not ask what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed, but how they shall eat, and drink, and clothe themselves at all—this great matter of food and clothing is necessarily omnipresent, both in its integrity and its details. But, addressing ourselves to those who eat and drink and are sufficiently clothed, as a matter of course—who know neither the agony of famine, nor the intense enjoyment of a full meal after a protracted fast—to the classes, indeed, to which the readers of this Journal mainly belong, we would ask whether it has ever occurred to them at the end of a day to consider how large a portion of their thoughts has been devoted to, and in how large a degree both the pains and pleasures of the day have resulted from, the various complications of the great question of Food and Clothing. We speak now of the direct and immediate relations of cause and effect, without pressing into our service those lengthened chains or concatenations of accident, by following which we may often trace to some point of diet or costume a link-line of circumstances more or less affecting the happiness or misery of thousands. It has

been said, that an indigestion lost to Napoleon the Great the battle of Leipzig. We have little doubt in our own minds that the sanguinary contest which is now filling with fear and trembling so many homes in the three greatest countries of Europe, has its origin, humanly speaking, in some error of diet or costume—most probably of both—affecting the august person of the Czar Nicholas. But it is not, we say, of the remote and conjectural which we are now speaking, but of things much nearer and more demonstrable. Many a day's comfort and happiness have been destroyed by the loss of a button. A tight boot has turned joy into sorrow, thrown a pall over the beauties and benignities of Nature, and made the fresh cool air of heaven little better than a parching sirocco. A glass of wine and a biscuit have changed the whole aspect of the future, and given the fainting heart new courage to fight the battle of life, and to win it by brave exertions. Can we answer for the equanimity of any man who finds that his dinner and his wife are both badly dressed?

The same verb is of common application to both cases. Cookery, indeed, is but the art of costume appealing to the palate, instead of to the eye; or rather to the palate as well as to the eye. There is a sort of confusion, or joint-action as it were, of the senses, at times, which it is easy to understand, but difficult to explain. When the old Greek wrote *κτύπον δέδορκα*, (I saw the sound,) he used, doubtless, a bold figure; but it was an expressive one. The modern poet has no misgivings when he writes of the visible "music breathing from the face" of a young beauty. When Mr. Fudge, of the famous family of that name, speaks of the "eatable" little grisettes whom he saw in Paris, we by no means set him down as a cannibal. It is common to speak of a dish *looking* nice or savoury; and we may often know by the look of it how it will taste. This is partly the effect of experience and association. But there is some intuition in it nevertheless.

And yet, on the other hand, it is certain that many articles of food which we know to be savoury to the taste, have a very forbidding appearance to the eye. Indeed, the marvel is in such cases how we ever came to eat them. We wonder that Dr. Doran has not given us a chapter on "the origin of certain dishes." There would be room in it for little fact, but for a world of pleasant speculation and conjecture. We need hardly recall any reader's recollection to Charles Lamb's essay on the Origin of Roast Pig. It has often been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster-eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man walking one

day περί θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης, picked up one of these savoury bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shell, he insinuated his finger between them that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them to their mouths; but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster-juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elia's essay having burnt his finger, first tasted cracklin. The savor was delicious,—he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banqueted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster-eating into fashion. And unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likely to go out.

Whether this story be a fact or a fable, it would be highly satisfactory if we could account half as well for the origin of other popular articles of diet. It is a mystery to us how the eatableness of many things was first discovered. And equally mysterious, though their origin be less remote, are some of those strange combinations in which our palates do unaccountably rejoice. Who first ate currant jelly with venison, hare, and roast-mutton? One would answer that so discordant a mixture could have originated in nothing more dignified than the indiscriminate gluttony of a school-boy. Why is apple-sauce eaten with roast-geese? Was the combination first brought about by accident at some Michaelmas dinner, when plates were scarce, and apple-pudding eaten amidst the fragments of the bird that saved the Capitol? Who invented—a brave invention—the use of oyster-sauce with beef-steaks? On the other hand, there are some combinations rendered so natural to us by long habit, that we wonder, not how they first originated, but how the world ever existed without them. It is certain that for a great many centuries oysters were eaten before beer was drunk. Yet it is impossible now to help associating oysters (*au naturel*) with beer. Wine does not consort with them,—port, indeed, is said to turn them to stone,—and water is not to be mentioned. Who first ate sugar with brawn? Who discovered the peculiar suitability of brown bread and butter to white-bait? Tastes may differ about some of these appliances, but no one ever doubts the excellence of the last. Doubtless, there are yet more discoveries to be made, more combinations to be effected. To eat the materials of tartlets with roast mutton is a great stretch of civilisation; but who knows that our children



may not appreciate the advantages of eating treacle with roast-beef, or surmount the reported impossibility of oysters and brown sugar?

We could have wished that Dr. Doran had given us, in his pleasant manner, more about the discovery and discoverers of the various unlikely articles of diet, which we now take for granted and incontinently consume without a thought of the origin of the practice. One story he has given us relating to the origin of bottled beer, and we quote it in the Doctor's own words :—

“ I think it is of Dean Nowell it is said that he grew strong by drinking ale. He was the accidental inventor of bottled ale. He was out fishing with a bottle of the freshly-drawn beverage at his side, when intelligence reached him touching the peril his life was in under Mary, which made him fly, after flinging away his rod, and thrusting his bottle of ale under the grass. When he could again safely resort to the same spot, he looked for his bottle, which, on being disturbed, drove out the cork like a pellet from a gun, and contained so creamy a fluid, that the Dean, noting the fact, and rejoicing therein, took care to be well provided with the same thenceforward.”

We are thankful for this anecdote, affording as it does the traditional origin of a very popular and deserving beverage; but it renders us doubly anxious for more in the same strain. There is nothing, indeed, of which we know so little as the origin of the different varieties of human food. Even our common vegetable esculents have, many of them, a repellent rather than an attractive appearance; and it would be curious to know how it was first discovered, whether the parts below the earth or the parts above were intended to be eaten. In Afghanistan, a country abounding in legends, there is one to the effect that Satan entered into a compact with the people, to teach them to cultivate the earth and bring forth its fruits; the produce to be divided between them. The bargain being made, and the soil prepared by the labour of the people, Satan produced his seeds, which in due course came up, as carrots, turnips, parsnips, and other vegetables, the value of which lies beneath the ground. When the division took place, the people in their ignorance took that which was above the surface. In time they discovered their mistake and loudly complained of their loss. Upon which Satan, with a bland smile told them that it should be different next year. And so it was. The people were to take all the produce that was beneath the soil. But this time the Devil had sown wheat, and barley, and other grain, whose fruit is above the surface. So the people, twice tricked, got nothing but the useless roots. Experience thus made them wiser, and they came

in time to know how to use the fruits of the earth. The tradition, at all events, suggests the very difficulty to which we have alluded. We know now that certain things, animal and vegetable, are good to be eaten in a certain way. It would be a great thing to ascertain how we first came to know it. The eye alone can never guide us to the truth. Grapes and peaches look as though they were meant to be eaten. But an ear of corn appears as though its property were only to choke.

After brief chapters devoted to the "Legend of Amphitryon," to "Diet and Digestion," and "Water," the author proceeds at once to business and seats us at the breakfast-table. A few pages being given to breakfast generally, Dr. Doran treats of its materials—of milk, of corn, of tea, of coffee, and other components of the morning meal. One of Leigh Hunt's pleasant genial papers in the "Indicator," is quoted to show what these components ought to be. "Here it is," (breakfast), says the Essayist, "ready laid. *Imprimis*, tea and coffee,—*secondly*, dry toast; *thirdly*, butter; *fourthly*, eggs; *fifthly*, ham; *sixthly*, something potted; *seventhly*, bread, salt, mustard, knives, forks, &c." The bill-of-fare is a commonplace, but not a bad one; a little too suggestive of hotel diet. It is a noticeable circumstance, that go where one may in England, and inquire what one can have for breakfast, the waiter is sure to suggest "broiled 'am." For our own parts, we like it better in the cold state; and not the less for that it seldom fails to remind us of two delicious lines which we chanced upon many years ago in one of the above-mentioned Mr. Hunt's volumes—the supposed speaker being a jovial monk of old—

"Mysterious and prophetic truths, I never could unfold 'em,  
Without a flagon of good wine and a slice of cold ham."

The rhyme is unique and worth any thing in itself; and there is an *abandon* about the couplet generally which is perfectly delicious. It illustrates, however, rather the mid-day than the morning meal, (we conclude that it refers to an ecclesiastical luncheon,) and we are now only at breakfast; among the other materials of which Mr. Hunt has properly set down "something potted." The something, in our estimation, should be *char*, of which every visitor to Windermere will do well to carry off as much as he can accommodate in his portmanteau. It may be procured in perfection at the "Crown," and we doubt not at other hotels in Bowness. Eggs, lacking a poultry-yard immediately available of one's own—Mr. Hunt ever writes as a Londoner—are always debateable materials; for although boiled eggs are popularly held to be the only articles of diet by which we can not be poisoned, we are more frequently poisoned by

them than by anything else, and a miscarriage in this direction is fatal to any meal.

Fish is an esteemed article of breakfast diet, more common in the North than in the South, where it is a high-priced luxury beyond the reach, for ordinary home-consumption, of the majority of house-keepers. Its lightness seems especially to adapt it to our use in the early part of the day, when commonly our digestive organs are not in their fullest vigour. A mixture of fish and rice, with a lightly broiled egg to moisten the latter, and green chilis as a condiment—the ordinary breakfast of Englishmen in India—is a highly recommendable repast. It may be improved by the addition of fried prawns. At the sea-side a plate of fresh shrimps may stand in lieu of everything else: but it is a repast of difficult attainment. The world is full of shrimps. A stranger visiting this country from one of the plural worlds, would incontinently believe that their natural element is the streets of London, and that they grow there ready boiled. Of the thousands in the Great Metropolis who every day devour whole shoals of these little shell-fish, it would be curious to learn how many have ever seen one alive, or have the least idea where they come from. Even the vendors of them are for the most part in a happy state of ignorance upon these points. In London the supply of shrimps very rarely fails—but those which are not used for sauce, are principally consumed at the tea-tables of the lower orders. Many people think that at the sea-side it is their inalienable right to eat fresh shrimps for breakfast. If they insist on having shrimps they may have them—in all probability from London. But you must get up very early in the morning, literally as well as figuratively, if you are to purchase them alive.\*

There is a great deal more to be said about the materials of breakfast, but we have neither time nor space for the saying of it. Something, however, ought to be said about tea. In England only the poorest of breakfast-eaters deny themselves this refreshing beverage. We have often been astonished at the consistency—or the obstinacy—with which very poor people, in

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\* Some years ago, at Brighton, we were greatly puzzled by the circumstance, that although boiled shrimps were abundant everywhere, in the fishmongers' shops and in the hawkers' baskets, unboiled shrimps were seldom to be obtained. At last we determined to solve the mystery by catechising an itinerant vendor of "fine large shrimps," boiled hard, rigid, and brown. Having stated the difficulty that perplexed us, we ventured to suggest to the woman that the shrimps were probably alive before they were boiled. She seemed at first inclined to combat the suggestion—but afterwards compromised the matter by saying, that they were never alive whilst she had anything to do with them, for they all came from London. Many eat these London-bought shrimps at the sea-side, who would not touch them, though necessarily fresher, in London, for the world.

spite of its high cost, cling to their tea. We have sometimes endeavoured to persuade them that cocoa is much cheaper and more nutritious; and we have practically enforced our argument by sending them packets of the prepared nut. But we have been convinced that if they ever used it at all, (of which we have sometimes been very doubtful,) it was out of sheer complaisance. "I misses my tea," is generally the final declaration; and every day a weak concoction of sloe-leaves, coarse brown sugar, skim-milk and water, washes down the morning and evening meal. We are forced, therefore, to believe that there must be some virtue in it. At all events, it is impossible to persuade a poor woman that there is *not*.

We may lament to see so large a portion of the scanty earnings of the very poor habitually spent on a high-priced, and by no means nutritive drug, but we can not bring ourselves to think it a deleterious one. Eighty years ago, however, many people believed that it was undermining the health of the people, and that in time it would break down the stamina of the nation. Even in the House of Commons it was denounced. Sir George Savile in the course of the inquiry into Lord Clive's case, declared that he objected to the whole Indian system, and hated the name of India, for that the East India Company were carrying on a destructive trade—by many of their importations, especially that of tea, ruining the health of the country. The stamina of the English—or, as our French allies designate it, *their* solidity—has not, however, been destroyed. We can fight as well as when we drank beer for breakfast, and can do many other things much better.\*

There may be high authority in favour of breakfast as a social meal; but we cannot help thinking that, more properly, it is a sulky one. Mrs. Stowe relates how she breakfasted at Sir Charles Trevelyan's; and how Mr. Macaulay amused her by descanting on the specialties of breakfast-parties:—

"Looking around the table, and seeing how everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves, I said to Macaulay, that these breakfast parties were a novelty to me; that we never had them in America, but that I thought them the most delightful form of social life.

"He seized upon the idea, as he often does, and turned it playfully inside out, and shook it on all sides, just as one might play with the lustres of a chandelier—to see them glitter. He expatiated on the merits of breakfast parties as compared with all other parties.

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\* Dr. Doran, in his very pleasant chapter on Tea, quotes the two well-known Latin puns, "*Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te*"—and "*Te veniente die, te decedente notamus*." Better than either, however, is the inscription written on the lid of a tea-chest, "*Tu doces*,"—which our lady-readers may translate, "Thou teachest."

He said dinner parties are mere formalities. You invite a man to dinner because you *must* invite him ; because you are acquainted with his grandfather, or it is proper you should ; but you invite a man to breakfast because you want to see *him*. You may be sure if you are invited to breakfast, there is something agreeable about you. This idea struck me as very sensible ; and we all, generally having the fact before our eyes that *we* were invited to breakfast, approved the sentiment.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said Macaulay, ‘ depend upon it ; if a man is a bore he never gets an invitation to breakfast.’ ”

“ ‘ Rather hard on the poor bores,’ said a lady.

“ ‘ Particularly,’ said Macaulay, laughing, ‘ as bores are usually the most irreproachable of human beings. Did you ever hear a bore complained of when they did not say that he was the best fellow in the world ? For my part, if I wanted to get a guardian for a family of defenceless orphans, I should inquire for the greatest bore in the vicinity. I should know that he would be a man of unblemished honour and integrity.’ ”

Now, all this may be very true as far as it goes ; but there is something to be said on the other side. An accomplished breakfast-out is a man *per se*. There are very few who possess the faculty of being brilliant at ten o’clock in the morning. With the majority of men it is almost as difficult to talk without the excitement of wine and candle-light, as to dance without music. But every man can enjoy his arm-chair and his newspaper. The newspaper is, indeed, the best breakfast company in the world.\* Breakfast is the time for newspaper-reading. There are thousands, ourselves included, who, except in a railway carriage, never read a newspaper at any other time. We contend that it is an Englishman’s privilege to be sulky and unsocial at breakfast. It is intended to be an easy, lounging, self-indulgent, *déshabille* meal,—all taking and no giving. To call upon a man to sit up company and make himself agreeable before he has well rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, is to tax his social powers to an unreasonable extent. If he can answer the call, he is to be envied ; but it is noticeable that whilst at the dinner table most men have something to say—at the breakfast table a large majority are silent. Sometimes, perhaps, Mrs. Stowe’s informant does all the talking himself. And it may be added, as a further proof that the morning meal is not in-

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\* Mrs. Ellis, in her “ Wives of England,” a book which contains a good deal of shrewd common sense, propounds the truth that there is one rival to which every married woman must make up her mind to submit, and the more complacently she does it the better. That universal rival is the newspaper. It is generally triumphant at breakfast time, but not always submitted to, in spite of Mrs. Ellis’s exhortations, with the best possible grace.

tended to be a social one, that the conversation which it elicits is seldom of a generous character. We have heard more bitter things said, more sarcasms uttered, more petty scandal talked at one breakfast party, than at all the dinners we have attended throughout a London season.

We repeat that it is an Englishman's privilege to be sulky at breakfast—and it is better to be sulky than to be spiteful. At dinner he is bound to be social. He has got over the serious business of the day,—he has done his work,—he may put care behind him,—he is free from impertinent intrusions,—he has a right to make himself comfortable and enjoy himself. “Man goeth forth to his work,” it is said, “*until the evening*.” The evening comes, and he may give himself to society. After society there is nothing but bed. The sensation of coming out into the common work-day world, after one of those brilliant breakfasts of which Mrs. Stowe writes, is akin to that which we experience on coming out into the broad daylight from a morning performance by gas-light in a theatre or other exhibition room. To us it is always a melancholy and depressing one; but after the excitement of evening conviviality, there is no waking reaction. Fitly, then, comes the refreshment of sleep.

This is not one of the questions investigated by Dr. Doran; nor is it rightly, perhaps, one of the “traits” of which we have undertaken to discourse. It is time that we should return to the volume before us, and bethink ourselves of the “Materials for Dining,” which necessarily furnish one of its most important chapters. Luncheon is hardly a recognised meal. It is one, however, that ought not to be neglected. Long fasting is destructive of the digestive powers, and therefore of the general health. Dr. Doran well observes, “It is said that the idle man is the devil's man; and it may also be said of the stomach, that if it has nothing to do, it will be doing mischief.” Early breakfasts and late dinners are, to a vast number of people engaged in active business, the rule and practice of life. Many make a boast that they “never take luncheon,” and forswear even that mild mid-day refection, a glass of wine and a biscuit. This, perhaps, accounts for the many bad tempers that are carried home every evening to dinner, and which generally clear up into serenity after the first glass of wine, and break out into cheerfulness with the second. The change results from the application of a sudden stimulus to a stomach weakened and collapsed by long fasting; and pleasant as the social effect may be, it is physically a very injurious one. We doubt whether this system of long fasting can be maintained for any length of time without permanent injury to the digestive organs. We have heard an adverse theory maintained, but never with good success.



We were once almost staggered by the *argumentum ad hominem* insisted upon by a certain ex-chancellor, who endeavoured to confute what we said about the evils of long fasting, by declaring that he had been condemned, during a life of unceasing activity in the law-courts, to fast, almost habitually, from morning to night; and was he, he asked, a bad specimen of a man at seventy-two. But before the conversation was at an end it transpired that in the vigour of his years there was not an Insurance office in London that would grant him a policy on his life. Some men, it is true, take a deal of killing. Napoleon said that he had twice beaten the English at Waterloo, but that those bêtes Anglaises did not know when they were beaten. There are some men who do not know when they are killed.

A light luncheon—it should be a very light one—is essential to the full and salutary enjoyment of a hearty dinner. That the prologue of such a dinner should be a plate of soup is an established rule in English society. Dr. Doran says, that “a small portion of soup is a good preparative to excite the digestive powers generally for what is to follow.” This is one of the few exceptional sentences in Dr. Doran’s book. All we can say is, that “doctors differ.” The excitement, if there be any, is not a healthy excitement. As a general rule, it may be said that warm fluids at the commencement of dinner only weaken the gastric juices and diminish “the digestive powers generally for what is to follow.”\* If we are not mistaken, this may be found emphatically asserted in that very book which Dr. Doran says, of all the hundreds of works on this prolific subject, “Paris on Diet” is the best. We question whether the author of “Table Traits” would have penned the above sentence in praise of soup, if he had written M.D. instead of LL.D. after his name.

We do not mean that there is not a great deal to be written in favour of soup. Indeed, we are inclined to question whether the art of soup-making is sufficiently understood by the people of England. Large quantities of materials for soup are every day thrown away, from absolute ignorance of their value. The difficulty does not lie in deciding what will make soup, but what will not. It would be hard to say how many gallons of excellent soup—both palatable and nutritious—might be made every week out of the ingredients of our wash-tubs. Every householder, who, in his intelligent charity, has gone to the rescue, determined that his pigs shall not be fed before his neighbours, knows the value of these sweepings of his kitchen. There is an excellent

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\* In illustration of this truth, we may note, that Christopher North has somewhere said, that no man, knowing how to breakfast, will begin to drink his tea until he has nearly finished the solid portion of his meal. The fluids should be an after consideration.

little book called “Cottage Cookery,” from which many valuable hints may be gathered. Soup-making for the poor is not popular in the kitchens of the rich. It gives trouble, and it diminishes perquisites. It requires some firmness and perseverance on the part of masters and mistresses to reduce it to a system; but once established it well repays all the trouble bestowed upon it. It is an immense boon to the poor. We were lately reading of a commentary made by a poor woman upon the death of the rector of an English parish, who had spent his life in doing good, and his substance in charity, and was greatly beloved for his kindness of heart. “You must miss Mr. — very much,” said a lady to one of her poor neighbours. “Yes, ma’am,” was the answer, “we miss him very much *for his soup*.” This was cited, but we think very unjustly, as an instance of the selfishness and ingratitude of the poor. The *soup* was, in the poor woman’s mind, the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of the good man’s charity. He was missed for his charity, (and what is any one missed for but his good qualities and their manifestations?) and of this charity the soup was the most appreciable token. Gratitude of this kind is acquired with no great difficulty. During a “hard winter,” the refuse matter of our kitchens, now in too many cases utterly wasted, will gladden the hearts of thousands, reproduced in the shape of soup. Soup, indeed, properly manufactured, is a meal in itself, and an excellent one. But the rationale of this is very different from the dilution of our gastric juices with thin warm fluids at the commencement of a varied meal.

Soup naturally suggests wine, by a glass of which it is invariably followed. Round goes the butler with the proffered “Sherry or Madeira, Sir?” There are not many tables at which the old practice of taking wine with one another is preserved inviolate: but we honour the man who clings, in spite of modern conventionalities, to this good old custom, and asks his guests to take a glass of champagne or sherry with him, according to the capabilities of his cellar or his purse. We do not mean that the present system has not some advantages of its own. Assuming that the wine is carried round with sufficient briskness, (and under no other supposition is the system to be tolerated,) it insures to every guest a sufficiency of the stimulating fluid. It saves some trouble—occasionally, perhaps, some awkwardness and perplexity. It levels all invidious distinctions, and prevents any guest from thinking himself neglected. But these advantages are rather of a negative than a positive character. In the old custom there were many great uses and great privileges. An invitation to take wine has ere now turned a dinner-party, that threatened to be embarrassingly dull to a

little known guest, into cheerfulness and delight. Nothing sets a guest, in a strange house, more at his ease than such an invitation from the host, at an early period of dinner. It has, too, a further advantage;—it will sometimes happen that a man finds himself placed, or rather misplaced at dinner, beside an entire stranger—perhaps between two strangers. The quick eye of an experienced host will soon ascertain whether his guests are at their ease or not—whether conversation is passing freely at all parts of the table. Englishmen are proverbially reserved; and even if the majority of us were not slow to enter into conversation with men of whose names even we are ignorant, there is an awkwardness in such ignorance which may sometimes lead to embarrassing results. There are few men who have not in the course of their lives made some grievous mistakes in society, not by saying the wrong thing, but the right thing, perhaps, to the wrong person. Now, if the custom of taking wine one with another at dinner had no other advantage, it frequently enabled men to ascertain who were their neighbours, and thus conversation was promoted which otherwise would have drearily flagged. An experienced and kindly host would often adopt this means of indicating to a guest the name, and perhaps by some happy remark or suggestive question more than the name, of his immediate neighbour. Nor was the genial influence of this wine-taking confined to the relations subsisting between the host and his guests. It extended through all the varied relations of the latter. A glass of wine often became, what Mr. Dickens said of something much less palatable, a “conversational aperient.” From great men to their inferiors the invitation was a mark of recognition—an act of kindly condescension, often greatly appreciated and sometimes requited by good service. Public men knew the use of this kind of tactics. It cost nothing; and often made friends and adherents without the smallest sacrifice of dignity or honour. There are always mean minds enough to be flattered and cajoled by such compliments. On such “Table Traits,” however, it is not pleasant to dwell; and these last uses of wine-taking must be set down among its most doubtful advantages. Still, we can never bring ourselves to regard its desuetude without regret, so long as we can remember the smiling faces and overflowing *bon-hommie* of two or three hosts, whose names would be sufficient guarantee for any social observance, and whose kindness and courtesy ever graced and illustrated the one of which we are now writing.

Among the “Materials for Dining,” of which Dr. Doran so learnedly discourses, fish occupies a distinguished place. We wish that it could be made more generally to occupy a distinguished place at the tables of the people of England. The re-

sources of the ocean are inexhaustible, if we could only adequately develop them.\* Except upon rare occasions, when the sea-board counties are deluged with sprats, fish is an expensive luxury in England, obtainable only by the few. In good condition, it is seldom or never cheaper than butcher's-meat.† The profits of the retail fishmongers are large—the extremely perishable character of the supplies seeming to justify, under the present system of distribution, the high prices which are put upon them. For the “dishes of fish,” especially the large turbot which grace our London dinner-tables, astonishing sums are given. To secure a fine fish it is necessary to make application to the fishmonger in the early part of the day. Prices fall towards the dinner-hour; and we have known men expert in catering of this kind, who have made surprising bargains both in fish and game just at the critical hour when deterioration is about to commence, and the dealer recognises the wisdom of obtaining a small price rather than none. But it requires no small amount both of nerve and experience to venture on traffic of this kind; and it is only within the reach of idle men, with a natural taste for such recreation. We knew a clergyman of the Church of England with a surprising genius for bargains of this kind, who not only supplied his own table, but often enabled his friends to dine sumptuously at less than the cost of a leg of mutton.

It is to be regretted that so genial a writer as Dr. Doran, whilst treating of the subject of fish, has not devoted a page or two to white-bait dinners. They are the only institutions of the kind of which Englishmen have any reason to be proud. Unfortunately, however, they are of so local and accidental a character, that it is only under certain favouring circumstances that we can demonstrate to a foreigner the existence of this one green spot in the great desert of culinary insignificance. A white-bait dinner at Greenwich or Blackwall, is an oasis in the dreary life of an ill-fed Londoner; and for the credit of the nation, where opportunity offers, we should endeavour to make foreigners acquainted with that which alone, speaking gastronomically, redeems us from utter contempt. Opinions may differ about the white-bait itself, (which some irreverently liken to

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\* In the Channel Islands the conger-eel is a common article of diet among the lower orders, and is not rejected by the higher. It is consumed in a variety of forms. It makes excellent and highly nutritious soup; and is very eatable, fried in slices. In Great Britain the conger is not a recognised article of diet; but we have heard that it supplies the “stock” of the greater portion of the turtle and other strong viscid soups consumed in London.

† Perhaps an exception should be made of those times when there is a general dread of cholera throughout the country. At such seasons fine salmon in good condition has found few purchasers at sevenpence a pound.

pancakes,) but we do not remember in the course of our experience to have heard a depreciatory verdict recorded against the *tout-ensemble* of the fish-dinners produced at Lovegrove's, the Trafalgar, or the Crown and Sceptre. Anglo-Indians speak with immense enthusiasm of the "mango-fish," which, like white-bait, enjoys a brief summer popularity, and is obtainable only in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. It is a small delicate fish, somewhat resembling the smelt, but with a large and delicious roe. During the season, no dinner-table in Calcutta, or the neighbourhood, is considered to be furnished without them; and they are eaten also at breakfast and luncheon. Many stories are told illustrative of the extreme affection with which they are regarded. Among others it is related that a certain Calcutta gourmand having been challenged to fight a duel, peremptorily declined to accept the invitation "till after the mango-season," when he would be entirely at the service of his opponent. He was willing to incur the risk of losing his life, but he could not think of losing his mango-fish.\*

There is one general remark to be made on the subject of Meat,—that Englishmen consume it *au naturel* to an extent almost incredible to the people of some neighbouring countries. Whether the "solidity" so remarkable in war, and the stolidity so peculiar in peace, be the results of this excessive addiction to solid animal food, we can only conjecture. Certain, however, it is, that one of the most noticeable of our "table traits," is this excessive love for solid flesh in a state as near to that which it presents, before it is detached from the carcass, as is compatible with any cooking at all. We seem to rejoice in toughness for its own sake. It is not merely that the greater number of people refuse to cook their meat into a state of tenderness, but that they will not, on any account, allow it to become tender before it is cooked. The *pièce de résistance* is a national institution, and the resistance to mastication and digestion is generally complete. We esteem it a virtue to live upon "plain roast and boiled;" and believe that this simple fare is conducive to good health. And it might be, under certain conditions; the first of which is, that the meat should *hang* a sufficient time before it is cooked. There is nothing in our household economy so much neglected as this. We may venture to say, that in a large majority of establishments our meat appears at

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\* The fish are called Mangos after the fruit, being in season at the same time of year. The natives call them *Tipsa*. Before quitting this subject of fish altogether, we would refer approvingly to a recently published volume, entitled "Prose Halientics, or Ancient and Modern Fish-tattle." It is the work of the Rev. C. D. Badham, M.D.,—and is as full of instruction as it is provocative of amusement. It contains a very encyclopædia of fishy learning.

table on the very day on which it leaves the butcher's shop. There is, we believe, in the minds of many housewives an obscure idea, that this is good thrift. The larder is religiously kept empty; as though it were more wasteful to eat Monday's joint on Saturday, than to consume it almost quivering from the shambles. Samuel Johnson's famous description of the leg of mutton which he ate somewhere on the Oxford road—that it was ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, ill-dressed, and ill-served—is of general rather than particular application. A leg of mutton, not meriting the greater number of these epithets, is a rare exception to a general rule.

If we were to say that men sometimes hang themselves, because their cooks will not hang their mutton, we might be accused of sacrificing truth to an epigram. But it is not very far from truth. It is hard to say how often those horrible indigestions, to which Englishmen are so liable, and which sometimes drive their victims to the commission, and frequently to the contemplation of suicide, are inflicted upon them by the hard sinewy masses of teeth-defying meat, which they every day do not eat, but swallow. Such solid food as joints of meat, roast, and boiled, chops, and steaks, is probably, under certain conditions, nourishing—but the first condition is, that it should be digestible. Digestion is primarily necessary to nutrition. There may be more nourishment in an ounce of well-digested, than in a pound of ill-digested food. We may gorge beef-steaks by the pound, and not derive as much nourishment from them as from a smelt or an ortolan.

It is hard to say whether our national addiction to animal flesh *au naturel*, is the result of choice, or necessity. In all probability there is a mixture of both. There is a sort of sturdy prejudice in all this beef-eating, very characteristic of John Bull. He professes an unflinching hatred of "kickshaws," and is not satisfied if his fork will not stand upright in his dinner, as it would in a deal-table. He considers the stew-pan a vile cheat, and protests against having all the substance and succulence of his meat simmered away upon a slow fire. He hates all disguises, and vows that he likes to see what he is eating. But in the great majority of cases he cannot help himself. Amongst ourselves the science of Cookery is in the lowest possible state. Our cooks are mere scullions,—utterly without either genius or education. They are equal to little more than the dressing of a joint of meat, and that they do badly. Consider the Frenchman's triumphs over the natural difficulties of veal. There is a story, illustrative of this, which we had purposed to introduce in another place. We had noted it down with the intention of capping Dr. Doran's gastronomic anecdote, which he has en-



titled "A Dinner for Two." It is, emphatically, "a dinner for one;" but scarcely less to the point, as illustrating the capacities of a Frenchman's stomach, than as exhibiting the powers of the Frenchman's cuisine.

It is related that a French officer undertook for a wager to produce a soldier in his company who would eat a calf of a certain age. The bet was accepted. The soldier, without any reluctance, undertook to do his best, and the day and hour were fixed for the trial. The carcass of the calf was handed over to an artist, with instructions to do his best with it, but religiously to serve up the whole. At the appointed time it appeared on table in a variety of costumes, all more or less inviting. With a light heart and a lively countenance, the soldier addressed himself to his task. Dish after dish disappeared before him, as he commended their flavour and talked gaily of the affairs of the day. The commencement was a prosperous one, and delighted his backer. In this easy trifling manner, more than half the table was cleared, when, to the dismay of his captain, the soldier paused and laid down his knife and fork. It was a moment of terrible suspense. The opposite party who had been losing heart during these earlier operations, now began to glow with new hope. But the triumph was short-lived. "Mon Capitaine," said the soldier, with all imaginable vivacity, neither his voice nor his countenance indicating anything like repletion; "these *entremets* are really very seductive; but if I eat any more of them, I shall spoil my appetite for the calf." The result need not be declared. In England, the unfortunate man would have sat down to loins and fillets, and would either have broken down before these mountains of solid flesh, or died of an indigestion.

In the present state of the culinary art in England, the consumption of these unyielding masses of solid flesh is more or less a necessity; but the necessity would seem to have been induced by the choice, or rather the habits or the prejudices of Englishmen. For it is not to be denied, that we carry these habits or prejudices with us even to countries in which cookery is better understood. Every writer on the manners and customs of the English in India, tells the same unvarying story of the gigantic saddles and sirloins which are served up at the dinner-tables of our Indian Presidencies. And that, too, it must be remembered, in a climate fatal to the preservation of masses of meat, and in a country where the servants will not touch the food prepared for ourselves. As the Indian cooks are among the best in the world, this addiction to the solidities, even in the tropics, can only be accounted for by a reference to the constitutional prejudices of our countrymen. Go where we will, we yearn after the substantial, and carry our *atra cura* and *atra bilis* with us.

On the subject of Game and Poultry, much might be written, but we are necessitated to pass lightly over it. We are indebted to the feathered race, of all sorts and sizes, from the Turkey to the Ortolan,\* for many inestimable articles of diet. An eminent experimentalist asserted, that he found mind and body both in the highest state of vigour when he had banqueted on roast goose. As a set-off to this it may be mentioned, that a painter of an enthusiastic temperament and a fervid genius informed us, that when employed on any great work to which he desired to devote all the energies of his mind, he lived, not upon roast goose, but on roasted apples. These may almost be regarded as the two extremes of diet—the one being as heating and stimulating as the other is mild and inactive. The inference to be drawn from the two “traits,” is one corroborative of the old proverb that, “what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison.” We should ourselves be very sorry to be condemned to write a book, or even an article on roasted apples. Of game generally it may be said, that it mingles largely the *utile* with the *dulce*. It is as wholesome as it is pleasant, as an occasional article of diet. Dr. Doran says truly, “It would be well for weak stomachs to remember that wild birds are more nutritious than their domesticated cousins, and more digestible. But the white breast or wing of a chicken is less heating than the flesh of winged game.” Whether the latter can be eaten continually not as a relish, but as a meal, may perhaps be doubted. We know, at least, that a gentleman undertook for a wager to eat a woodcock and a sixpenny mince-pie for his dinner every day for a fortnight, and that he failed. This is one of those feats which, as Lord Lyndhurst said of newspaper-leader-writing, appear to be so uncommonly easy, until they are tried.

The mention of mince-pies brings us in due course to the subject of Pastry; but it is one into which we have no inclination to enter with any minuteness. We have never been able to sympathize with Mr. Disraeli’s celebrated hero, Mr. Vivian Grey, who had, or pretended to have no better notion of a dinner than to declare, that he was well content to come in for “the guava and the liqueurs.” At this stage, we hold that a man ought to have completed his meal. A woman or a boy

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\* Ortolans are held in esteem, and deservedly, as the highest possible luxury in many countries, both in the East and in the West. Mr. Browning hardly exaggerates when in his beautiful dramatic poem of “Pippa Passes,” he puts the following words into the mouth of an Italian girl :—

“Do you pretend you ever tasted Lampreys  
Or Ortolans? Giovita of the palace,  
Engaged (but there’s no trusting him) to slice me  
Polenta with a knife that has cut up  
An Ortolan.”

may give in to the foolery of tarts. And, *à propos* of this, we may cite here one of Dr. Doran's anecdotes. It is a "table trait" which to us, at least, recommends itself by its novelty:—

"The lad's answer was as much food for mirth at *Sans-souci* as was that of the Eton boy who was invited by Queen Adelaide to dine at Windsor Castle, and who was honoured with a seat at her Majesty's side. The boy was bashful—the queen encouraging; and when the sweets were on the table, she kindly asked him what he would like to take. The Etonian's eyes glanced hurriedly and nervously from dish to dish, pointing to one of which he, in some agitation exclaimed, 'One of these twopenny tarts.' His lynx eye had recognised the favourite '*tuck*' he was in the habit of indulging in at the shop at Eton, and he asked for it according to the local phrase in fashion."

With all our faith in Dr. Doran, we are sorry to say that we do not believe this story. At all events, if true, it is marred in the telling. No Eton boy ever talks, or thinks about "*tuck*." There is no such word in the Etonian vocabulary. And there are so many "*sock*" shops in Eton and Windsor, and so many kinds of pastry devoured by Eton boys, that it is questionable whether he was likely to have identified, under the phrase mentioned, the pastry at the Castle with any particular article of school-boy consumption. Add to this, that there are few Eton boys who do not know better than to point at anything, or to commit themselves by the puerile *gaucherie* which Dr. Doran describes. If the boy was invited to the palace on account of his position in the school, say as captain at Montem, or any other time, he would have been too old to make such a blunder—if, on account of his connexions, he would have been too well-bred. There are not many Eton boys whose "*young eyes*" are not so familiarized during the holidays to the sight of all kinds of *entrées*, savoury or sweet, as to be sufficiently well able to describe them in other than "*local phrase*." The matter is of little consequence, any farther than that it is a pity *all* the anecdotes of so accurate a narrator as Dr. Doran should not bear dissection, and this certainly is at least apocryphal.

Ben Jonson, upon whose "*Leges Conviviales*," by the way, Dr. Doran might have founded a most amusing and instructive chapter, speaks in one of his epigrams, inviting a friend to supper, of "*digestive cheese*." And there is an old saying, to the effect, that it digests everything but itself. Toasted, in that formidable condition in which it is known by the name of a Welsh rabbit, or *rare bit*, it may defy the digestion of an ostrich, and is only recommendable when a man desires to dream Fuselian horrors. In its natural uncooked state, it is innocuous and perhaps "*digestive*." Scraped Parmesan at the end of dinner is

especially to be commended. Dr. Doran, we are pleased to observe, gives his verdict in favour of beer, which he declares to be favourable to digestion. The conjunction of cheese and malt liquor is one which comes naturally to Englishmen, but it was once anathematized by Brummel, whose climax of vulgar horrors closed with the celebrated words, "he ate cheese and malted." The general use, however, of "bitter ale," within the last few years, and its general recommendation by the Faculty, has somewhat familiarized the minds even of the most fastidious to this excellent beverage. That it has strong tonic properties is undeniable; and if in some cases chamomile or gentian be substituted for the hop, the fraud is a comparatively harmless one.\* There was once a vulgar belief that the use of beer made men heavy and stolid. "Drink beer, think beer," became a proverb; but it is now well-nigh exploded. It is true that a man may muddle himself with beer, as he may with wine or spirits. But taken in moderation, it is cheering and invigorating; and if a man has got anything in him, it will not keep it from coming out.

It need scarcely be said that some considerable portion of Dr. Doran's "Table Traits" is appropriated to the subject of Wine and its consumers. There are many strange facts and racy anecdotes brought together in this part of the work. If there be one thing on which the present generation congratulates itself more than another, it is that gentlemen do not get drunk after dinner—or before it. Drinking, gaming, swearing, and that style of conversation which the elder Walpole declared he always talked after dinner, because everybody understood it, have all gone out together. We read now, with something of wonder, of Charles Fox and the Prince of Wales getting drunk *tête-à-tête* in St. James' Street, and of Pitt and Dundas riding home in the same happy state from Addiscombe, bilking the turnpikes, and being fired at for highwaymen. Imagine the effect of modernizing such "Table Traits" as these,—Lord Palmerston and Prince Albert intoxicating themselves *en petit comité*, or Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert riding frantically home to the terror of toll-keepers, after dining with Lord John Russell at Richmond. Sixty or seventy years ago, it was not supposed that a man made a worse Minister of State for going to bed night after night in a helpless state of intoxication. Whether he did or not, is a question which may be raised, but it is hardly worthy of consideration. We may have had great Statesmen in a profligate age, and small in a decorous one. But the great men

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\* Consumers of bitter beer were considerably alarmed a short time ago by a report, that strychnine was extensively used in its preparation, but it was shewn to be a mere fable.

would have been greater, and the small smaller, if the case had been reversed. There is nothing sadder in the study of all history than the thought of what Charles Fox might have been, and what he might have done in a less corrupt state of society.

Scarcely less noticeable than the "traits" of inebriate Statesmen to which Dr. Doran alludes, are his references to the vicious excesses of authors. Whether in this direction the social improvement is as marked as in the other, may possibly be disputed. One thing, however, in connexion with this matter may, we think, be asserted without any misgivings. Authors do not in these days write to one another about the quantity of wine which they drink. They are generally silent on the subject of their potations. Less than a century ago there was, as it were, a bacchanalian stamp upon the literature and conversation of the age. Men were continually talking and writing in some manner or other about wine, and measuring each other according to the standard of their capacity of absorption. Now an evil notoriety only is to be gained by an accomplishment of which our grandfathers were extravagantly proud. The ambition to be described as a "four-bottle man," is, it may be presumed, utterly extinct.

It has been said that if, in these days, we drink less wine after dinner, we drink considerably more *at* it. Even admitting this, the gross consumption per head, at an ordinary dinner-party, is now comparatively small. No gentleman, on rising from his seat at the dinner-table, is in an unfit state to "join the ladies" in the drawing-room. Half a century ago the man who, after dinner, *was* fit to "join the ladies," was a noticeable exception—a white swan among the black. The after-dinner sederunts of these days are growing shorter and shorter. At the present rate of abridgment coffee will soon be brought in before the cloth is removed;\* but the encroachments of the drawing-room upon the dining-room may be carried a little too far. Many an interesting conversation which may never be renewed, is broken in upon by the rising of the host. In London, and in some large provincial towns, it is a common thing to combine with a dinner entertainment a small evening party. The advantages of this arrangement to the entertainers are obvious. The saving of money and trouble is great,—the same lighting up of the house,—the same hiring of extra waiters, and to a considerable extent, the same viands, will serve for both occasions. The convenience and economy of the thing are not to be doubted; but

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\* This must be taken rather figuratively than literally—for in these days it is the fashion not to remove the cloth—a loss, certainly, in those good old houses where the well-polished mahogany, on the removal of the damask, flashed back our faces, like a mirror, to the pride and delight of the butler and his master.

the advantages to the entertained are questionable. The dinner-guest finds himself surprised into a rout, and is detained an hour or two longer than he expected; and the "few friends" who are invited to the evening party are offended because they were not asked to dinner.

To those who eschew breakfast parties, and all who cannot afford to be kept from their business till the afternoon must eschew them, the after-dinner sitting is the only opportunity afforded for social converse. There is less of this sort of thing allowed to us every year. At public entertainments, at which men only are the guests, the time is occupied with speech-making. Dr. Doran tells us that Lord Nelson was only afraid once in his life, and that was when he was invited to dine with the Lord Mayor. We know more than one brave man whom the necessity of this after-dinner speech-making keeps in a continual state of disquiet throughout the whole of the preceding entertainment. Except on really great occasions, when there is something more than the formality of stock-toasts, the continual cry of "Silence, gentlemen—chair," is a nuisance and an aggravation. We soon weary of being told that the Queen is the best of Queens—the Prince-Consort the best of Prince-Consorts—the Army and Navy the bravest of Armies and Navies—the Clergy the most immaculate Clergy—the Judges the wisest and justest of Judges—and her Majesty's Ministers, whether Whig or Tory, the best Ministers that ever ruled the State. This evil of much speech-making has increased and is increasing; and sometimes even breaks out on occasions sufficiently private to be left to the insignificance of ordinary after-dinner talk. Many dinners which would otherwise be very pleasant, are spoilt by this oratorical fever. Good talkers are often bad speakers. The art of thinking aloud on one's legs is so rarely acquired in such a manner as to give pleasure to one's hearers, that except upon really great public occasions, it would be well for us to keep our seats.

It is time, that we should pass on to Dr. Doran's second volume, but before leaving altogether the "Table Traits," which have detained us so long, we must thank the author for his chapter on "Strange Banquets," which contains many interesting illustrations. Among others, is a spirited translation of Uhland's poem of the Castellan de Coucy, based upon the old legend of the jealous knight, who served up to his unsuspecting wife a dish composed of her lover's heart. As Dr. Doran says, the story is "extant, and written in very choice Italian," by the at once seductive and repulsive Boccaccio. "It is," he adds, "one of the least filthy of a set of stories, told with a beauty of style, a choice of language, a lightness, and a grace, which make



you forget the matter, and risk your morals for the sake of improving your Italian. In Boccaccio's narrative, the lady is of course very guilty, and the husband also of course murders the lover in as brutal and unknighly a fashion as can well be imagined. Nothing else could be expected from that unequalled story-teller, (unequalled as much for the charm of his manner as for the general uncleanness of his details,) who but seldom has a good word to say for woman, or an honest testimony to give of man." Unhappily this is just criticism in the main; but how happens it that Dr. Doran's well-stored memory here plays the traitor in so signal and disappointing a manner? In this chapter on "Strange Banquets," reference, as we have seen, being made to the Decameron, we expected to come upon that story of the knight who, with beautiful chivalry and devotion, served up to the lady of his love, that which next to her he most cherished in the world—the trusty falcon which had so long been the one companion of his poverty. This was surely a "strange banquet," and the story is one in which Boccaccio had "a good word to say for woman and an honest testimony to give of man." It refutes the doctor's assertion, that "human nature presented nothing beautiful or estimable to him." The story is a favourite with our English poets, who have versified it again and again—loving it on account of the beautiful and the estimable which flush it with the mellow light of the tenderest romance, and almost atone for the dark shadows of the other stories. Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, and, among our younger poets, Coventry Patmore, have found matter for good verse in it; but in none of their versions is the story so effective as in the simple narrative of the Italian.

In subsequent editions of Dr. Doran's book this "strange banquet" might be considered not unworthy of mention by the erudite author. It might further be remarked of this story, as of the less-pleasing "table trait" of the lady who ate her lover's heart, that "there are few nations whose story-tellers do not celebrate it" in some shape or other—the same, perhaps, "with a difference." Like the majority of good stories which have furnished themes to the poets and dramatists of the West, it seems originally to have come out of the legendary East. It is probably of Arabian origin. At all events, it was related to Captain Abbott, when on his famous journey to Khiva, in this wise: Dr. Doran may thank us for the reference:—

"Hautim was an Arab chief, in the days of Nowshirwaun. He possessed a horse, marvellous for its beauty and speed, the wonder and pride of Arabia. The king, who had heard of this horse, sent a nobleman of his court to purchase it. The emissary arrived at Hautim's tent, when every item of household stores, his camels, sheep,

goats, and even horses, had been consumed in hospitality. The beautiful Arab horse alone remained. Hautim's heart bled for his steed, as, without hesitation, he slew him to feed his guest. The next day the emissary opened his mission, by stating that he was sent by the king to purchase, at any price, Hautim's steed. 'I deeply regret,' answered Hautim, 'that you did not at once intimate your purpose; you ate the flesh of my horse last night. It was the last animal left me, and my guest had a right to it.'

The rest of the story is worth telling;—but this is sufficient for our purpose. It is a "table trait" worth noticing under the head of "Strange Banquets."

We should lay aside Dr. Doran's first work with regret, if its successor were not on the table before us. The volume denominated "*Habits and Men*" contains as much pleasant gossip on the subject of Clothing, as "*Table Traits*" on the subject of Food. It is written in the same genial strain, and indicates an equal measure of varied erudition; but it may perhaps be questioned whether the theme is so generally popular. The doubt, however, requires some qualification. It is certain that men think more about their diet than their dress. But the latter subject is more attractive to that sex which, if it does not care more about dress, may be fairly assumed to care less about diet.

To the present generation, indeed, of Englishmen, dress is a mere matter of course. It is a necessity to be clothed; but to a large number of "men," the nature and description of their "habits" is a matter of sovereign indifference. The indispensable condition of not being conspicuous once fulfilled, all the rest may be left to chance or one's tailor. Few men, in these days, are known or are describable by their costume. Dress is the greatest leveller of the age. Between my Lord and his Butler—between the Cabinet Minister and one of the junior clerks in his office, there is no other difference, than that the latter are, in all probability, sprucer and better brushed than their masters. In the morning we bundle ourselves into our clothes in a sleepy mechanical manner; and in the evening we change them with no greater bestowal of serious thought upon the occupation. They who "give their minds" to a waistcoat or a neck-tie are deemed fit subjects for the satirical pencil of Mr. Leech or Mr. Doyle. It is now, indeed, considered almost a disgrace to a man to spend much time or much thought upon the adornment of his person. What it has now become the fashion to call "a swell" is sneered at by men, and held in no great estimation by women.

As long as a man is externally distinguished by anything like a *made-up* appearance—as long as there is any trace of art or study, any symptom of consciousness about him—he is altogether in the wrong. The characteristic of modern refinement is ease. In this respect we have gained in one direction if we have lost in another. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers made themselves up to attract and to fascinate, spent hours at their toilets, and were turned out at last elaborate fine gentlemen, stately and starched. Now-a-days, the wherewithal we shall be clothed enters little into our calculations. No man of sense now ever thinks of dressing at a woman. Let him do what he may, he can not beat in mere costume the unliveried waiters who stand behind his chair at dinner. Mr. Dickens shows a keen appreciation of the distinctive characteristics of the fine gentleman of the present as contrasted with him of the last century, when he sketches in his recent story of “*Hard Times*,” the “*Easy Swell*,” Mr. James Harthouse. “He don’t,” says young Gradgrind, “seem to care about his dress, and yet how capitally he does it. What an easy swell he is!” Hang up beside this the portrait of Mr. Chester in “*Barnaby Rudge*,” and the contrast is complete.

That in one respect at least the gain to the present generation is considerable we have incidentally admitted. But the picturesqueness of our manly costume is gone, and seemingly for ever. In these days a coat is a coat, and a prince of the blood cannot get a better one than his valet. There are no longer any social gradations in this matter of costume—no longer any room either for display of taste or prodigality of expenditure. We have by degrees fallen into a style of dress so inornate and so uncostly, that it is attainable by men of all classes above the very poor. The distinction between gentle and simple is to be looked for in carriage, in mien, in gesture—in a word, what Mr. Turveydrop, senior, called generally “*deportment*,” and which is as distinctive and unmistakable as is the difference between velvet and sackcloth. There may, we repeat, be advantages in all this. The costume of the present day is not provocative of foppery or extravagance—it encourages neither a waste of time nor a waste of money; and so far it fulfils two important conditions. But a question will suggest itself as to whether it might not fulfil these and other important conditions, and yet be less unpicturesque and unbecoming than it is.

“Since the beginning of the present century,” says Dr. Doran, “the laws of fashion have been stringent; those of taste ever execrable. Taste, in its true sense, and as applied to costume, has never of late been—

‘ The admiration  
 Of this short-coated population—  
 This sewed-up race, this buttoned nation—  
 Who, while they boast their laws so free,  
 Leave not one limb at liberty ;  
 But live, with all their lordly speeches,  
 ‘The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.’

Even George the Fourth, and his favourites, could not bless or curse the nation with a taste for dress.” George the Fourth, the “first gentleman in Europe,” who is said to have caused the wrinkles to be snipped out of his royal inexpressible and fine-drawn, whilst on his august person—a process which, but for certain painful considerations, he would gladly have had performed on his face—encouraged that tightness of apparel from which we are now gradually emancipating ourselves. Lord Peter-sham, whose pantaloons the wits of the day compared to the two French towns *Toulon* and *Toulouse*, endeavoured to set a fashion of a different kind ; but looseness of apparel was then considered extravagant and ridiculous, and his commodious garments only raised a laugh at his expense. In this respect, however, we have greatly advanced. A gentleman is not now-a-days compelled to ring for a servant to pick up his pocket handkerchief. The curse of buttons, however, still sits heavily upon us. Within the last few years we have to a great extent rid ourselves of straps at one end of our trowsers, but we are still strapped at the other ; and we are buttoned in all directions from our heads to our heels—from our shirt-collars down to our shoes. We are emphatically, indeed, “a buttoned nation.” If to be “close-buttoned to the chin” be a characteristic of an “honest man,” we are certainly the honestest people in the world.

The connexion of Buttons and Honesty is not very apparent ; but they are brought into curious antagonism in the following passage, which we cite from Dr. Doran’s book. We suspect that the information which it contains, will be new to a great number of our readers.

“Touching buttons, I may observe that there is a curious law extant with regard to them. It is by Acts of Parliament passed in three reigns—William III., Anne, and George I.—perfectly illegal for tailors to make, or mortal man to wear, clothes with any other buttons appended thereto, but buttons of brass. This law is in force for the benefit of the Birmingham makers ; and it further enacts not only that he who makes or sells garments with any other than brass buttons thereto affixed, shall pay a penalty of forty shillings for every dozen, but that he shall not be able to recover the price he claims, if the wearer thinks proper to resist payment. Nor is the act a dead letter.

It is not many weeks since that honest Mr. Shirley sued plain Mr. King for nine pounds sterling, due for a suit of clothes. King pleaded non-liability on the ground of an illegal transaction, the buttons on the garment supplied being made of cloth, or bone covered with cloth, instead of gay and glittering brass, as the law directs. The judge allowed the plea; and the defendant having thus gained a double suit without cost, immediately proceeded against the defendant to recover his share of the forty shillings for every dozen buttons which the poor tailor had unwittingly supplied. A remarkable feature in this case was, that the judge who admitted the plea, the barrister who set it up, and the client who profited by it, were themselves all buttoned contrary to law."

We wish that Dr. Doran had mentioned the Court in which, and the judge before whom, this curious case was tried—a case in which, as our author insinuates, the plaintiff gained his suit in more senses than one, and of which it might be further observed, that he had so much natural brass about him, that he did not need any on his coat.

We do not know whether it was, in any wise, in connexion with this subject of buttons, that Sir Harry Smith, at the Cape of Good Hope, conceived the idea of weaning the Kaffir chiefs from the predatory habits, which had occasioned and were occasioning so much border-warfare, by encouraging them to indue tail-coats. But he unquestionably regarded broad cloth as a powerful agent of civilisation, and, in order to give it full effect, proclaimed that he would receive at the durbars, or levees, which he held on the frontier, only those savages who appeared decently attired in tail-coats. The result we are assured was curious. Cape Town and Graham's Town were largely indented upon for these symbols of civilized life; and the warriors of South Africa might have been seen scrambling to and from the camp of the English chief with their naked bodies thrust into swallow-tailed coats, and their naked limbs dangling down beneath the produce of the European slop-shop.

In the East, however, it is not the tail-coat, but the round hat that is regarded as the emblem of Christian civilisation. A *topi-wallah* or hat-wearer is only another name for a Christian. Dr. Doran asks his readers if they know why beaver was originally the favourite material for a hat. And, anticipating their ignorance, he answers that "Dr. Marcus was told by a Jew physician of Ulm, that by wearing a cap of beaver's fur, anointing the head once a month with oil of castor, and taking two or three ounces of it in a year, a man's memory may be so strengthened that he will remember everything that he reads." "I would eschew," adds the Doctor, "French velvet, and stick to beaver, if I thought that." Whether he would be equally

willing to take the required quantity of castor oil internally, he does not think it necessary to indicate.

The subject of *Hats* is a melancholy one. Dr. Doran says, with exceeding truth, that "the ugliest article that ever could be devised for the purpose, seems to be planted upon our unwilling brows for ever."—The ugliest—the most inconvenient—and the most uncomfortable. We do not know one single appreciable condition which the Englishman's round hat fulfils. And yet from the constancy with which it is maintained from year's end to year's end, it might be presumed that we had discovered the great *τὸ καλὸν* in this class of apparel, and that the art of man could not possibly improve it. Everybody complains of it—but everybody wears it. In spite of the universal acknowledgment that the hard ungainly cylinder, with which we afflict ourselves, is, in every sense, an abomination, we have not the courage to adopt anything more pleasant to wear, and more comely to look upon. At the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, one or two London hatters, encouraged by the notion that the congeries of all nations, which it was believed would be huddled together in the metropolis during that remarkable summer, would present a motley variety of costumes; and that, therefore, any departure from the conventional style of dress would be less noticeable than at other times, took advantage of the occasion, and endeavoured to introduce a new and improved form of manly head-gear. Many varieties of hats figured in the shop-windows. There were lowerings of the crown, and widenings of the brim; and, here and there, a suggestion of feathers. The idea of feathers was of course preposterous, being utterly out of keeping with stand-up collars, stiff neckcloths, tail-coats, and long trowsers; but there were other more moderate innovations not unworthy of general recognition. The attempted reform was a laudable one; but it failed. Whilst the metropolis was full of strangers, a small number of these improved beavers were sold, and one or two sanguine tradesmen began to think that an improved hat, presenting fewer of the features of the old chimney-pot, would really come to be adopted. But the Exhibition was closed; the men of "All Nations" dispersed; and the adventurous gentlemen, who had donned the new-style hats, lost heart, and fell back upon the old conventionality.

It would be wrong, however, to say that of late years the hat-movement has been entirely resultless. The extensive use of those light, limp, low-crowned, broad-brimmed head-pieces, known as "wide-awakes," is an indication of the good sense of the people. They are very comfortable, very cheap, and very becoming. At the sea-side, in rural districts, in the railway-carriage, on the steamboat, they are worn without reserve or



compunction. There are few men, be their status or their dignity what it may, who have not invested half-a-crown in a wide-awake. But the good sense of the people seems to stop short of the towns. The wide-awake is as yet only regarded as a type of semi-civilisation. It is still an eccentricity—an excess; a thing rather tolerated than accepted, and therefore of limited social application. We shall rejoice when it surmounts all prejudice, and silences all misgivings. Perhaps that good time coming is not very remote.

From hats, by a natural and easy transition, we pass on to the consideration of wigs; and thence to beards, and their wearers. In illustration of this last subject, he tells us that the Dutch philosophers confidently assert that Adam was created without a beard, but that this mark of the beast was inflicted on him when he fell from his high estate. "Van Helmont," he adds, "in support of this theory, asks us if we ever saw a good angel with a beard." This we might readily answer by asking him, if he ever saw a good angel without one. Southey, however, as quoted by Dr. Doran, refers, in like spirit, to painted angels, saying, "Take the most beautiful angel that ever painter designed or engraver copied, put on him a beard, and the celestial character will be so entirely destroyed, that the simple appendage of a tail will cacademonize the Eudæmon." That angels are painted without beards is true. Otway explains this pleasantly enough, when he says, apostrophizing woman,—

"Angels are painted fair to look like you."

That they were painted beardless is a necessary corollary. It is not quite so obvious that the beard is incompatible with the maintenance of the celestial character. The Saviour is commonly painted with a beard. That which purports to be an authentic portrait of the Incarnate Godhead is rendered with a long flowing beard. We know, indeed, on the best authority, that he wore one. What then becomes of Van Helmont's assertion, that men who wear beards are guilty of profanity? His conclusions, indeed, are directly at variance with his premises; for if the beard was inflicted on Adam as a punishment, it is surely the duty of his sons to bear it. If there be any profanity it is in shaving, which, in this view of the case, must be "flying in the face of providence." Dr. Doran, however, questions the premises, saying, "If this be fact, one may wonder why Eve and her daughters generally escaped this badge of opprobrium." Why? because they have a badge of their own, of which badge the daily misery of the razor has been declared to be the proper masculine equivalent:—

“Condemned to child-birth, as men for their sins  
Have shaving, too, entailed upon their chins.”

The extent to which hair may be decorously worn upon the face has recently furnished much food for exciting discussion; and the argument has taken a decidedly practical turn. In other words, there has been what is called a “movement,” and beards and moustaches have appeared largely where they had never appeared before. We cannot help thinking, on a review of all that is commonly said on both sides of the question, that the advocates of the razor have the worst of the argument. *Long* beards are, we admit, entirely out of harmony with our present style of dress. They cannot co-exist with stiff neckcloths. But the unsparing use of the razor is unnecessary, inconvenient, often painful. It causes a large expenditure of time and of patience. It is distressing to see the gashes which appear on the faces of elderly gentlemen who are their own barbers. The modern style of clean-shaving cannot be conducive to health. On the other hand, there are many conditions in which the retention of the moustache and beard would (demonstrably) promote health and prolong life. Both have, and doubtless were intended to have, a protective power, and were given to us (for wise uses) to be worn. Indeed, it is above all things difficult to believe that all this hair, which, at a certain period of life, grows about our faces, was designed by the Almighty only to be cut off, by a process of an afflictive kind. *Cæteris paribus*, the loss of time would decide the question against the razor;—but it is seasonable that we should now quit the theme of masculine adornment, and turn to the more important division of this branch of our subject.

A French author has recently written a book on “The Duty of a Pretty Woman to look pretty.” Such a work, doubtless, has its uses; but it is of limited application. We should have rejoiced in a title of more extended significance, with contents corresponding to the title. The subject should have been, in effect—word it as you may—The Duty of every Woman to look as pretty as she can. Some women are unfortunately not pretty; but there are few women who cannot impart something of comeliness even to an ill-favoured face and a misshapen figure, if they will only take the trouble.

We speak very gravely when we say that there are few relations in life, or rather that there are few relationless conditions, in which this is not a duty. That cleanliness is a virtue is seldom denied. Dr. Doran tells us of a saintess who lustrated her internal self so effectually that she had no need to resort to any external ablutions. But although cleanliness be not before

godliness, we have good authority for believing that it is next to it. It is not, however, to mere personal cleanliness that we now allude. A pretty woman, doubtless, looks prettier when clean, and an ugly one uglier when dirty. And there are duties beyond personal cleanliness. Neatness, tidiness, follows close upon it. But something more may still be needed; and this something more, clearly seen and properly described—cut down the middle, as it were, like a pomegranate—is the least possible spice of coquetry.

We have all heard that “Beauty unadorned is adorned the most;” but like many popular sayings, in prose and verse, which have attained proverbial currency, it is only partially true. A yew-tree is, doubtless, a more beautiful object, left to its natural exuberance, than when cut into the shape of a peacock; and a box-hedge gains no real improvement from the shears. A forest is more beautiful than a gentleman’s park; and there is nothing even at Chatsworth to compare with a country-lane, moss-banked and studded with wild-flowers. But the rule seldom holds good in its application to human beauty. We do not write theoretically, but experimentally—or, it may be, conventionally on the subject—as civilized Englishmen, in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is not our province to analyze the sources of the beautiful. We are not pleased or disturbed by things themselves, but by the ideas we entertain of those things—*οὐ τὰ πράγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περί τῶν πραγμάτων δόγματα*—and we have come to entertain an idea that, in civilized Europe, women should be well-dressed. We are all, indeed, converts to Mr. Philosopher Square’s celebrated doctrine of “the fitness of things.” It seems fitting to us that a statue should be little draped or not at all.\* We are contented that a Hindoo woman should wrap a sheet about her body, and throw the ends of it over her head. We think that she would be spoilt by stays and a bonnet. But stays and bonnets become white women; and the most beautiful woman almost ceases to be beautiful, if she be badly dressed.

And the converse of this is generally true. A well-dressed woman, however little she may be favoured by nature, ceases to be plain. It is difficult, indeed, to limit the extent to which a woman, by due attention to dress, may improve her natural attractions, or obviate the disadvantages with which she was

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\* And it is not fitting that a statue should look like life. A figure carved in white marble is more beautiful, according to our notions, than one of equal symmetry, moulded in wax. Tinted marble, in which we read that an experiment has recently been made, under very respectable auspices, is not likely to enchant the world. There are things, or ideas of things, proper to statuary; and others proper to real life.

born. And that it is her duty to do this, whether she be well or ill-favoured, is something more than a maxim of mere worldliness. To endeavour to the utmost to please those with whom we live is unquestionably a duty. Such habitual efforts to please constitute benevolence, and not of the lowest order. If we do not love—and that of which we are now speaking is the practical expression of love—those who are nearest to us, those whom we see every day, how shall we love, how shall we seek to please Him whom we have never seen?

Benevolence of this, as of every other kind, may run into excess. Our vices tread closely on the heels of our virtues. Indeed there are few vices which are not virtues in excess. It is no argument against the practice of any domestic or social amenity that it is liable to abuse. We admit at once, in the present instance, that it is only good in moderation. Over-dressing in any sense—whether with reference to an undue amount of time or of money expended upon it—is so obviously wrong, that it is mere waste of time to enunciate the commonplace. We need not to be told that dress is a snare. It has lured women ere now to destruction. But many a household wreck has been occasioned by the rocks which lie out in the opposite direction. Many a home has been made miserable—many a domestic tie has been broken by an habitual disregard of “trifles.” We use the word of common acceptance with people who are pleased to take what they call high ground, and to walk with their heads *in nubibus*, crushing earth’s fairest flowers under foot. But it is hard to say what, in the daily and hourly intercourse of domestic life, is a trifle. The proverb—one of the best and truest ever coined—which sayeth, “Take care of your pence and your pounds will take care of themselves,” has an application beyond the regions of finance. Take care of these “trifles,” these pence, these minute fragments of domestic charity, and the great sum-total of love and happiness will take care of itself.

There are women, severely virtuous, who argue that the love, which is in any way dependent upon such accidents as the handiwork of the dressmaker, the milliner, and the shoemaker, is of very little worth. They know that there are better things than dress, and qualities more estimable than skill in attiring and adorning one’s self. They are conscious of being virtuous wives, excellent mothers, good economists—perhaps, pious sisters and charitable neighbours. And they argue, that these are the essentials for which they ought to be appreciated by their husbands. It may appear very shocking to say so, but we *do* say, that the woman who takes this “high ground” is lost. Her domestic happiness is sure to be wrecked. A man is not necessarily a trifler who thinks that his wife’s virtues are none the

worse for a setting of comely apparel. The greatest of our philosophic poets speaks of "delight in little things" with feelings the very reverse of contempt. We cannot be always on the stilts. Men are of a mixed nature. They are not all good or all bad, all great or all little. It does not follow that they are incapable of lofty aspirations, because they have appetences and inclinations to which austere virtue may apply another epithet.

We may, perhaps, be accused of taking a very low view of domestic obligations and matrimonial duties, when we say that it is one of a wife's first duties to appear attractive in the eyes of her husband. But rightly considered, this obligation lies at the very root of the connubial contract. We believe that we underrate the case when we say that—setting apart those unhappy connexions which are formed from mere mercenary motives—in nine instances out of ten a man chooses a wife on account of something that is, in his estimation, or that at the time of choosing he fancies to be, personally attractive in the object of his choice. It may not be apparent to others, but it pleases *him*. He marries, indeed, for the sake of the "*domus et placens uxor*." He does not take a woman to his hearth because she is a philosopher, or an arithmetician, but because, in homely language, there is "something nice about her." It was, doubtless, the design of the Almighty in giving man a helpmate, that she should satisfy his natural craving after the beautiful, the graceful, and the gentle. For this was woman formed—

"For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

The woman who forgets this ignores one of the great objects of her creation. The wife who forgets this violates one of the primal conditions of the connubial contract.

That some women are naturally more beautiful and graceful than others, is a fact which makes not against, but for our argument. Dress is common to all. It is a consolation to those not naturally gifted, that there is a point at which nature yields to art, and the work of men's hands is potent to supply the adornment not vouchsafed by Providence. It is surprising what a very little way mere personal beauty goes. Without precisely adopting the views of the Sybarite Italian in Dean Milman's tragedy, who thus enunciated his allegiance to the divinity of dress,—

———"I'm not one of the gallants  
That pine for a fair lip, or eye, or cheek,  
Or that poetical treasure, a true heart.  
But, my lord, a fair-ordered head-dress makes me  
As love-sick as a dove at mating-time :  
A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight :

Oh ! I adore a robe that drops and floats  
 As it were lighter than the air around it ;  
 I doat upon a stomacher to distraction,  
 When the gay jewels, tastefully disposed,  
 Make it a zone of stars ; and then a fan,  
 The elegant motion of a fan is murder,  
 Positive murder, to my poor weak senses :” \*

—without, we say, precisely going to such a length as this, we may confidently appeal to the experience of men of the world in support of the assertion, that the efforts of art are often more pleasing and attractive than the gifts of nature—in other words, that well-dressed women are more admired than merely beautiful ones. Accident is beaten by effort in the great Olympics of Society.

It may be argued that taste in dress is scarcely less a natural gift than personal beauty. And to some extent, at least, the fact must be admitted. One woman has naturally an eye for colour and form, whilst another has neither the one nor the other. But there are few women who have not, or can not acquire, a sufficient knowledge of the becoming in costume for all domestic purposes. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the plea of incompetency is ever set up. The real secret of inattention to dress is carelessness—indifference—idleness. “It is not worth the trouble.” Women do not always consider that what it is worth their while to gain, it is worth their while to keep. It is no uncommon thing for women to become slatternly *after* marriage. They say that they have other things to attend to, and dress is habitually neglected—except perhaps, on great occasions, when there is a display of finery and bad taste abroad, to be followed by greater negligence at home. Great respect is shown to what is called “company ;” but apart from this there is a sort of *cui bono* abandonment, and the compliment which is paid to strangers is withheld from those who have best right to claim, and are most likely to appreciate it. This is a fatal, but too common error. When a woman, with reference to the question of personal adornment, begins to say to herself, “It is only my husband,” she must prepare herself for consequences which, perhaps, she may rue to the latest day of her life.

The effect, indeed, of attention or inattention to Dress—and we include in the one little word whatever contributes to personal comeliness and attractiveness—upon the domestic happiness, especially of the lower and middle classes, cannot easily be overstated. The *plucens uxor*, as we have said, is no small part of the totality of home. If a man finds that he has not

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\* Fazio, Act II. Scene I.



secured what he believed he had married, he has a right to feel disappointed. We do not say that he has a right to retaliate. The obligations of the connubial contract are not conditional but absolute. Negligence on the one side does not excuse negligence on the other; but it will very surely induce it. When there is nothing attractive at home, a man, however inexcusable such conduct may be, will seek it abroad, whether at the ale-house, the club, the theatre, the gaming-table, or only in what is commonly called "society." We do not mean to say that dress alone is the agency by which the erratic propensities of husbands are to be restrained, but that it is a highly important part of it. Indeed, it may be asserted that the absence of attention to this matter pre-supposes the absence of almost all other gentle, kindly, and attractive qualities. The woman who will not take the trouble to render herself personally attractive in her husband's eyes, has in all probability little or no desire to please him by any means. It may be said that there are some men who do not care for these things. There may be some, but there are very few so indifferent; and of these few it may be said, that they are not fit to have wives at all.

We are not unconscious that the didactic sobriety of these remarks is somewhat foreign to the lively, anecdotal character of Dr. Doran's book. And, indeed, we had intended to speak, only in an incidental sentence, of the moral importance of the subject. We must return now to the light details of which these amusing volumes are composed.

In the first page of "*Habits and Men*," the author puts forth a cautionary sentence, informing the reader, that "when he says 'Men,' he would imply *Man* in its general sense—a sense in which 'Woman' has the better and more perfect half."—But although she may have the better and more perfect half of the generality *Man*, she has not the better and more perfect half of Dr. Doran's book. Indeed, what appears to us somewhat more than a due share of the volume is devoted to the habiliments of man in the especial masculine sense of the word; to such manly appendages as swords and beards; and to sketches of noted beaux and illustrious tailors. We should have liked a little more of the feminine stamp upon these pleasant pages. We have, for example, a capital chapter on Hats, we should have welcomed one also on Bonnets, especially if the doctor had availed himself of the opportunity to censure the recent preposterous fashion of wearing these head-coverings at the back of the neck. What if men were to pin their hats on to the collars of their coats? That excellent humorist Mr. Leech, who catches folly as it flies with unerring aim, does not exaggerate greatly, when he sketches a tall footman holding a lady's bonnet pompously in his

hands, whilst she carries her head a little way before it. The protective uses of the bonnet are thus almost disregarded. Although the present style in which the hair is worn is auxiliary to this fashion, we do not apprehend that it will be of very long continuance. If we did, we should tremble for the complexions of our women. The parasol is an insufficient substitute in any weather; in some weathers it is no substitute at all. In connexion with this, it may be observed that the complexions of English women of the humbler classes are superior to those of women of the same station in France, owing to the simple fact of the latter going so much into the open air with no other head-covering than a cap. Very pretty and piquant these light head-gears are; and their wearers look marvellously well at a little distance. But great often is the disappointment on a nearer approach, when it is seen how sun and wind have done their unerring work—the best complexions being unfortunately those which are most readily destroyed by such exposure.

It is the tendency of all fashion to run into extremes. It is not strange, therefore, that coincidental with this practice of wearing the bonnet at the back of the neck, broad-brimmed hats have come into vogue for summer and autumn wearing in the country and at the sea-side. There is nothing more rational than this. These broad-brimmed hats are pleasant to wear and pleasant to look upon; and if they are sometimes worn by those who can lay no claim to juvenility, we may readily pardon the offence for the sake of the many pretty young faces, which look still prettier under them—or hand over the delinquents to no sterner executioner than our genial friend John Leech.

Among the subjects prominently treated in that excellent humorist's collection of "Sketches of English Character"—the choicest cream of *Punch*—lately published as a Christmas book, (and what could be more welcome?) is the now traditional freak of Bloomerism. Dr. Doran incidentally, with reference to other matters, shows that something akin to this fancy flourished nearly two hundred years ago. In the chapter on Wigs and their Wearers, Mr. Pepys is quoted, to shew that women in his time aped the costume of men. Writing in June 1666, the journalist says, "walking in the galleries of Whitehall, I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding-habits, with coats and doublets, with deep shirts, just for all the world like mine; and buttoned their doublets up their breasts, with periwigs and hats. So that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, no one could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and one that did not please me." Bloomerism, however, repudiates the "long petticoats, dragging," doubtless, in the mud. This, indeed, is the strong point

of the system ; and goes far to redeem it from contempt. There may be worse things even than Bloomerism. There was, to our thinking, a substratum of good sense at the bottom of the scheme ; and we were really heretical enough to hope that it might, in a modified shape, make some progress amongst us.

We hoped, at all events, that the exhibition of one extreme would rouse us to a sense of the folly of another. We might abridge the robes of our ladies without cutting them off at the knees. The garments of our women are on the whole graceful and becoming ; but they are certainly unfavourable to the free use of the limbs. The length of the gown, as now worn, was surely never intended to promote pedestrian exercise. It is inconvenient and often unseemly. Even the plea of modesty fails ; for women are compelled to hold up their gowns, and do so often with a liberality of exposure, which would be quite unnecessary if the dressmaker cut them a little shorter. But it is not a question of modesty at all. We never could understand the immodesty of a woman showing her feet. The lady who, being rebuked upon this score by another who was *décolletée* after the fashion of Kneller's picturers, answered, that she thought modesty would not suffer, if her friend pulled up her own dress a little, or cut a piece off the bottom to fasten on the top, laid bare by one of the most absurd of modern conventionalities. Modesty assuredly does not require that our women should sweep the floors or play the scavenger in the streets with the bottoms of their gowns.

So far at least it is clear to us that Bloomerism, which would abridge the length of our female garments, has the best of the argument. But our women still go on *dragging*, from year's end to year's end, and a lamentable spectacle they present in dirty weather, which in England is the rule and not the exception. Our female modesty seems to begin at the toes. What the code of decency is—by what considerations it is regulated, it is impossible to determine. It is said that an uneasy sense of certain imperfections in the lower extremities of Englishwomen is at the bottom of the matter. If it be, it may be doubted whether more rational proportions will be obtained even in our winter costumes. It is certainly a fact that small and well-formed feet are in this country much rarer than pretty faces, and that the two are very seldom found together. The majority, therefore, there is little doubt, will continue to array themselves in favour of the scavenger costume.

Many women who spend much time and much money in adorning their bodies, utterly neglect their feet. But no one is well-dressed who is not *bien chaussée*. Even a man well-gloved and well-booted may carry off a seedy suit of clothes. With

women it is essential to anything like success in costume, that they should pay attention to the decoration of their hands and feet. The latter may be little seen; but they are seen. As to the extremities themselves, the real state of the case may generally be gathered from inference and association. It seldom happens that a woman with large, mis-shapen, or flat feet, moves gracefully and well. In Sir John Suckling's famous description of the bride in his *Ballad on a Wedding*, as a piece of light sparkling writing unexcelled in the English language, there is, among other charming bits of temptation, a stanza which gives the grace of perfect finish to the whole,—

“ Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out  
As if they feared the light;  
But ah! she dances such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter day  
Is half so fine a sight.”

The poet had before told us that,

Her finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on that they did bring;

and from the descriptions of the young maiden's hands and feet, we are left to gather—as, indeed, we may completely—a just conception not only of her entire figure, but of the grace with which she tripped down stairs. The true artist knows when he has said enough. Thus, Mr. Thackeray, when he desires to tell us how the inimitable Becky fascinated Lord Steyne, enters into no very elaborate description of her person, but contents himself with shewing, both with pen and pencil, how from beneath the rustling folds of her gown, there peeped out “the prettiest little foot in the prettiest little sandal in the finest silk stocking in the world.” This Becky is, indeed, altogether a case in point of what dress can do. She dressed her way to the hearts of men of all kinds. Without half the beauty, and with none of the goodness of Amelia, she captivated George Osborne even in the honey-moon; and even to the last, painting, drinking, gambling—a mere Jezebel—fascinated young Englishmen and old Indians, and had German students thundering for admission at her door. When Mr. Thackeray admits us to my lady's chamber, he shews us the brandy bottle and the rouge-pot; but by a fine stroke of art, he places upon the dressing-table a neat little pair of bronze boots. Maintaining the prestige of his heroine's fascinations, he suffered her to subside into divers unseemly habits, but he knew better than ever to suffer her to become *slip-shod*.

We have said that women with large or mis-shapen feet seldom or never move gracefully. They can neither walk nor dance well. And running is an impossibility. To real grace of movement, it would seem almost essential that the foot should be *arched*. This is coming to be better understood among us. Flat feet are too common in England—but dress, as we have before said, is a great leveller ; and high heeled boots, now so generally used, give an artificial hollow to the foot. The frightful habit of turning up the toes in walking is thus almost entirely destroyed. Indeed, nothing is more observable than the improvement which, in this respect, has taken place in England during the last two or three years. Our women walk better than they did, and are better shod than they were. How it happened that we were so long in discovering that kid-topped boots are far more sightly than those made of cloth or cachemere, we do not pretend to know ; but certainly the discovery is one of the best that has been made of late years in the regions of costume. High heels came in simultaneously, and may almost be regarded as part and parcel of this becoming innovation. Our streets are consequently far less disfigured than they were by the spectacle of shoals of women all showing the soles of their feet to people meeting them from their front. These high or “military heels” necessarily force down the toes, and compel the proper movement in walking—the proper exercise of the right muscles. The tendency of this elevation of the heel is to throw the calf of the leg out of the ankle, where, under bad treatment, it is too apt to settle. It is said, that, in this respect, the conformation of French women is better than that of our own, because the absence of *trottoirs*, or side pavements, from so many of their thoroughfares, and a very common use, in the large towns, of thin shoes, compels them to pick their way on their toes. We think that it is Dr. Arnott, who, in his *Elements of Physics*, illustrates the effect both of wearing thin shoes and standing on one’s toes, by comparing the legs of two men, *cæteris paribus*, taken from the same station of life, the one to become a farm-labourer and the other a London footman. The thin shoes of the latter, and the habit of standing on his toes behind her ladyship’s carriage, develop the calves and refine the ancles of Thomas, whilst the heavy hob-nailed boots of Hodge have an opposite effect, and reduce his legs to a perfect cylinder.\*

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\* It must not be supposed that we are uttering a word in favour of an injudicious use of thin shoes, which may be fatal to the health of the wearer. The ladies of the United States are said to victimize themselves wholesale by the indiscriminate wearing of light slippers in all weathers. They have, as a class, much better feet than the ladies of England ; and the women of South America have the best in the world. The extreme smallness and symmetry of the feet of

It may, perhaps, be thought that we have devoted too much consideration to this matter of the *chaussure*; but we look upon it as the very keystone of the architecture of dress, and that any inattention to it will loosen and destroy the entire fabric. How common is it to see, in this country, the becomingness of a whole toilet entirely nullified by a mistake of this kind, and, in spite of bonnet, shawl, and gown of the best character, the vulgarian betrayed by the boots. It is essential that the *chaussure* should be in keeping with the rest of the apparel; but the spectacle of really, in other respects, well-dressed women, with heavy black boots, under dresses of light colour and fabric, is one of the commonest in the world. Women so attired look like men in disguise.

We have little space to say more in conclusion. As there is no such thing as good health unless all parts of the system are in order, so there is no such thing as good dressing unless every component of the entire costume is well ordered and in good keeping. It is not in a bonnet, a shawl, or a gown; or in all together, though each be excellent in itself, that good dressing is to be found; but in the "full force and joint result of all." Above all things, it is desirable that there should be nothing conspicuous—that nothing should catch the eye. The best-dressed people are those of whom we have no other impression, after we have seen them, than that they *were* well dressed. We can give no account of the colour or the shape of their garments; but we know that there was a certain harmony and completeness about them which has left an agreeable impression on the mind.\*

Another essential is, that the costume, whatever it may be, shall befit the age and condition of the wearer. There is a style of dress suited to the young, to the middle-aged, and to the old. We do not attempt to define the precise period at which these

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the ladies of Lima, and the coquettish use which they make of them, have been descanted upon by more than one writer of travels. Some Lima ladies, being asked what they thought of a very beautiful Englishwoman, then moving in their society, said, that she was all very well, but that she had a foot like a *canoe*.

\* We had purposed to have gone into detail respecting some other articles of feminine apparel, but the length to which this article has already extended renders it essential that we should bring it to a close. The accomplished author of "Helionde"—a work in which are apparent the learning of the schools and the acuteness of philosophy, combined with the graces of light literature and poetic fancy—says, that the ladies in the sun "laughed immoderately when they were made to comprehend that our women wear certain additions to their dress which shall be nameless;" and when the sun-traveller "explained the previous fashion of hoops, he feared they thought he was a sort of Bruce imposing upon their credulity." As to the "appendages," we are not sure that something is not to be said in their favour when they are discreetly managed. For a good deal of pleasant gossip on the subject of Hoops, we must refer our readers to Dr. Doran's agreeable volume.



different stages commence ; the good sense of every one ought to suggest the limits. Dress, we reiterate, is a great leveller ; but it ought not to be suffered to level all distinctions of age and condition. Goldsmith tells us, in one of his pleasant essays in the *Bee*, how he gave chase, in the Park, to an airily dressed damsel, “in all the gaiety of fifteen,” who proved to be his cousin Hannah, four years older than himself, and he at the ripe age of sixty-two.\* It was the complaint of his time, that “ladies not only of every shape and complexion, but of every age, too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner.” “A lady of no quality,” he adds, “can be distinguished from a lady of some quality only by the redness of her hands ; and a woman of sixty, masked, might easily pass for her grand-daughter.” In the present day, this reproach is happily applicable to the few, not to the many. The Mrs. Skewtons, who attire their skeleton frames in gauze, hang their death-beds with curtains of *couleur de rose*, and with their dying breath exhort Betty to give their cheeks a little red, are rare blots on the surface of society.

We lay down Dr. Doran’s amusing volumes with regret. They are full of pleasant facts and racy anecdotes, charmingly told ; and we know not whether to be better pleased with his illustrations of what concerns the inner or the outer man—with the volume on Diet or the volume on Dress. They are written much in the style of, and were, perhaps, suggested by the elder Disraeli’s *Curiosities of Literature* ; but we like Dr. Doran better as a narrator—there is more geniality about him. It is easy to fill a commonplace book with such illustrations as form the staple of these volumes, just as it is easy to fill a larder with food, or cover a shopboard with cloth ; but it requires the hand of an artist like Dr. Doran to mould them into readable books ; just as it requires the hand of another kind of artist to educe from the raw materials of the market or the loom anything that is worthy of being called by the name of Cookery or Costume.

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\* As a set off to this incident may be cited one which we remember to have read in some book descriptive of Anglo-Indian society. An English gentleman driving through one of the most crowded thoroughfares near Calcutta, saw a native woman right in his way, and called out lustily, “Heigh ! boorea ; heigh !” (Heigh ! old woman ; heigh !) Upon which the female so addressed, suddenly standing still at the risk of being run over, turned upon the Englishman a lovely young face of sixteen, and with an expression partly of merriment, partly of resentment, in her large lustrous eyes, asked, “Toomera boorea kōn !” (Who is your old woman !)

- ART. IX.—1. *The Museum of Science and Art.* Edited by DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. On the Electric Telegraph. Vol. III. and IV.
2. *Mémoire de la Telegraphie Electrique.* Par M. WERNER SIEMENS, (de Berlin,) Ancien Officier D'Artillerie. Paris, 1850. Pp. 48.
3. *Reports by the Juries of the Great Exhibition.* Report of Jury X. London, 1850.

THE seven wonders of the world have passed into oblivion among the miracles of science which the present day has been permitted to witness. The inventions of former times, beautiful and useful as they have been, sink into insignificance beside those magnificent combinations of science and of art which every day excite our attention, and add to our happiness. The telescope and the microscope, the chronometer and the compass, and various other instruments which society has long possessed,—however much they have contributed to the advancement of science, and to individual and general interests, can scarcely be ranked among those grand inventions which ameliorate the social condition of all the races of mankind, which change the very habits of social life, and add to the physical and intellectual enjoyments of every inhabitant of the globe. The steam-engine, with its application to navigation, locomotion, and every species of labour once cruelly exacted from man and the lower animals,—the electric light, rivalling the sun in brilliancy,—the photographic art, by which invisible rays paint a portrait or a landscape, with unerring accuracy,—the lighting of our houses and streets by a gaseous element transmissible like water through pipes,—the electric telegraph, which dispatches its messages of lightning over the wire-girdled globe, are the great inventions which have sprung up during the life of men still alive, and which display those transcendent powers which have been given to man for the benefit of his race.

But while man has nobly executed the task which the Almighty has committed to his genius, we must not forget that it is to the elements themselves which he has subjugated to his will, and to the materials provided for him by his Creator's hand, that society is indebted for the gift they enjoy. The heat, the light, the electric fluid—the great cosmical principles which enliven and enchain the universe, have been the prime ministers of the philosopher, while the coal, the metals, and the water raised to his level from the depths of the earth, have been his humbler agents.

We should require to write the history of science, were we to

record the steps of discovery by which the physical laws have been established upon which these inventions depend, and to associate with each step the immortal name by which it was achieved. It is in records little known, and as little appreciated, that such names appear. It is to those who have applied the discoveries to practical use, that the prize of popular and successful invention is adjudged, and it is round their brow that the laurel of contemporary fame is entwined. The names of Oersted, Arago, and Schweigger, without whose discoveries the present electric telegraph would never have existed, are rarely pronounced even in union with those of the mechanical inventors who have been enriched by their labours.

In enumerating the wonders of the past and the passing age, we have omitted the greatest of them all. There is no principle stronger in our nature than that which prompts us to the reciprocity of kindness. Gratitude is one of the cheapest of virtues. To feel and to express it, is, in our individual capacities, to discharge the duty which we owe to a benefactor. It is different, however, with nations. The gifts which the philosopher confers upon his race can be rewarded only by the community to which he belongs. There is no cosmical legislature to take cognizance of the world's benefactors, and the principle of philanthropy combines itself with the patriotic impulse in stimulating Governments to the remuneration of national service. Is it not then the greatest wonder in the world, the most astounding truth with which we have to deal, and with which feeling has to struggle, that not one of the great men to whom the world owes the gigantic inventions we have enumerated, have ever received any of those marks of honour, which the selfish statesman takes to himself and gives to his accomplices ;—which characterize the diplomatic juggler, and which shine on the breast of the human hyæna who has risked a useless life in the battle-field of unjust and aggressive war?

In an article like the present, and within so limited a space, it will be difficult to convey, without diagrams, a distinct idea of the various inventions which are combined in the construction and use of the Electric Telegraph, but with a little attention on the part of the reader, this difficulty may to a certain extent be surmounted, and we hope to be able to give an intelligible idea of the general apparatus and arrangements by which this noble art has been brought to such high and unexpected perfection.

The word Telegraph, which means to write at a distance, has been long in use, as the name of a very imperfect system of communicating intelligence by signals, which was used by the ancients, and is at present employed, under very rude forms, even

among savage nations. In modern times the art has been brought to great perfection, and was in general use in this country and on the continent during the last European war; but it has been entirely abandoned since the invention of the Electric Telegraph. Between Plymouth and the Admiralty in London, for example, various signal stations were established, and the messages sent from Plymouth passed from station to station till they reached the Admiralty. During the night the signals were of course luminous; but neither these nor day signals were visible in fogs, so that for whole days no telegraphic message could be conveyed. At the time of the peninsular war a very remarkable effect was produced, in consequence of a fog coming on during the transmission of a message from the seat of war to the admiral commanding at Plymouth. The words which reached the Admiralty were, "Wellington defeated." The ominous sentence arrived in the morning, and occasioned great anxiety till a clear afternoon brought up the other two cheering words, "The Enemy, &c. &c."

The first important step to the invention of the Electric Telegraph was made upwards of an hundred years ago by M. Le Monnier in France, and Sir William Watson in England. Le Monnier caused the electric shock to pass through an iron wire nearly 6000 feet in length, and found that it moved through that space in less than a quarter of a second. He then electrified a wire 1319 feet long, and he found that the electricity ceased at one end the moment the electricity was taken off at the other. Sir William Watson's experiments were made on a greater scale, and led to still more important results. On the 14th August 1747, he stretched a wire 6732 feet long over Shooter's Hill, and supported it upon rods of baked wood. This wire communicated with the iron rod which was to make the discharge. Another wire communicating with a charged Leyden jar was 3868 feet long. The distance between the observers was about two miles, and as two miles of *dry ground* formed part of the circuit, its length was upwards of four miles. When the shock was made to pass through this space, no time appeared to elapse during its passage, and the observers considered it as instantaneous. In another experiment, when the wire was 12,276 feet long, the very same result was obtained.

Although it was thus placed beyond a doubt that electricity passed *instantaneously*, or in a time too short to admit of being measured, no application of this valuable fact seems to have been made by the philosophers who were assembled at Shooter's Hill. It was reserved for a Scotchman, a gentleman residing at Renfrew, to suggest the idea of transmitting messages by electricity along wires passing from one place to another. This remarkable proposal was published in the Scots Magazine for February 1753,

in an article bearing the initials C. M., the only name which we shall probably ever obtain for the first inventor of the Electric Telegraph.\* This letter, entitled "An expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence," is so interesting, that we shall lay the whole of it before our readers.

" *Renfrew, Feb. 1, 1753.*

" SIR,—It is well known to all who are conversant in electrical experiments, that the electrical power may be propagated along a small wire from one place to another without being sensibly abated by the length of its progress. Let, then, a set of wires equal in number to the letters of the alphabet be extended horizontally between two given places parallel to one another, and each of them about an inch distant from that next to it. At every twenty yards' end let them be fixed on glass with jewellers' cement to some firm body, both to prevent them from touching the earth, or any other non-electric, and from breaking by their own gravity. Let the electric gun barrel be placed at right angles with the extremities of the wire, and about an inch below them. Also, let the wires be fixed in a solid piece of glass six inches from the end, and let all that part of them which reaches from the glass to the machine have sufficient spring and stiffness to recover its situation after being brought in contact with the barrel. Close by the supporting glass let a ball be suspended from every wire, and about a sixth or an eighth of an inch below the balls; place the letters of the alphabet marked on bits of paper, or any other substance that may be light enough to rise to the electrified ball, and at the same time let it be so contrived that each of them may reassume its proper place when dropt. All things constructed as above, and the minute previously fixed, I begin the conversation with my distant friend in this manner. Having set the electrical machine agoing as in ordinary experiments, suppose I am to pronounce the word *Sir*, with a piece of glass or any other *electric per se*, I strike the wire *S* so as to bring it in contact with the barrel, then *i*, then *r*, all in the same way; and my correspondent almost in the same instant observes those several characters rise in order to the electrified balls at his end of the wires. Thus I spell away as long as I think fit, and my correspondent, for the sake of memory, writes the characters as they rise, and may join and read them afterwards as often as he inclines. Upon a signal given or from choice I stop the machine, and taking up the pen in my turn, I write down at the other end whatever my friend strikes out.

" If any body should think this way tiresome, let him, instead of the balls, suspend a range of bells from the roof equal in number

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\* When the writer of this article first perused this remarkable document, he sent it to the *Commonwealth*, an ably conducted Glasgow paper, in the hope that a real name might still be found to replace the initials C. M.

to the letters of the alphabet, gradually decreasing in size from the Bell A to Z, and from the horizontal wires let there be another set reaching to the several bells, one, viz., from the horizontal wire A to the bell A, another from the horizontal wire B to the bell B, &c. Then let him who begins the discourse bring the wire in contact with the barrel as before; and the electrical spark working on bells of different sizes, will inform the correspondent by the sound what wires have been touched. And thus by some practice they may come to understand the language of the chimes in whole words, without being put to the trouble of noting down every letter.

“The same thing may be otherwise effected. Let the balls be suspended over the characters as before, but instead of bringing the ends of the horizontal wires in contact with the barrel, let a second set reach from the electrified cask (barrel) so as to be in contact with the horizontal ones; and let it be so contrived at the same time, that any of them may be removed from its corresponding horizontal by the slightest touch, and may bring itself again into contact when left at liberty. This may be done by the help of a small spring and slider, or twenty other methods, which the least ingenuity will discover. In this way the characters will always adhere to the balls, excepting when any one of the secondaries is removed from contact with its horizontal, and then the letter at the other end of the horizontal will immediately drop from its ball. But I mention this only by way of variety.

“Some may perhaps think, that although the electric fire has not been observed to diminish sensibly in its progress through any length of wire that has been tried hitherto, yet as that has never exceeded thirty or forty yards,\* it may be readily supposed that in a far greater length it would be remarkably diminished, and probably would be entirely drained off in a few miles by the surrounding air. To prevent the objection, and save longer argument, lay over the wires from one end to the other with a thin coat of jewellers' cement. This may be done for a trifle of additional expense; and as it is an *electric per se*, will effectually secure any part of the fire from mixing with the atmosphere.—I am, &c., C. M.”

Here we have an electric telegraph upwards of a hundred years old, which at the present day would *convey intelligence expeditiously*, and we are constrained to admit that C. M. was the true inventor of the electric telegraph, and that every step made since that time, however sagacious and valuable, can be viewed in no other light than an improvement. It is singular that the ingenious author should not have adopted some of the

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\* The Author was obviously ignorant of Sir W. Watson's experiments.



obvious modes for diminishing the number of wires; but as he seems to have had no expectation of his invention being adopted, he probably contented himself with a general view of the principle.

Twenty-one years after this invention was published, in the year 1774, M. Lesage of Geneva is said to have established a telegraph there, which, in so far as it has been described, is precisely the same as that of our countryman C. M. It had twenty-four wires imbedded in an insulating material, with a pith ball electrometer attached to each wire, the motion of which indicated the letters of the alphabet.

When our countryman Arthur Young was in France in 1787, he either saw or heard of an electric telegraph which he thus describes:—"M. Lamond has made a remarkable discovery in electricity. You write two or three words upon paper. He takes them with him into a room, and turns an electrical machine, above which is an electrometer with a little ball made of the pith of a feather. A copper wire is joined to a similar electrical machine in a distant apartment, and his wife, on observing the movement of the corresponding ball, writes the words which it indicates, from which it appears that he has constructed an alphabet of motion. As the length of the copper wire makes no difference on the effect, a correspondence might be maintained at a great distance; for example, at a besieged town, or for purposes much more worthy of attention, and a thousand times more innocent." It is obvious from this description that the different letters of the alphabet must have been indicated by different numbers of displacements of the pith ball, making one wire the tedious narrator of the message.

In 1787, M. Betancourt, a French engineer, established telegraphic wires between Aranjuez and Madrid, and transmitted messages by successive electric discharges from a Leyden jar. Cavallo, in 1795, proposed to transmit signals along wires by the inflammation of several combustible or detonating substances, such as gunpowder, phosphorus, and phosphorated hydrogen, or by means of simple electrical sparks given out by the wire.

An important step was made in telegraphic apparatus by Mr. Francis Ronalds. Previous to 1823, he constructed a telegraph on his lawn at Hammersmith, by insulating *eight miles of wire* with silk strings. He made the same experiments with 525 feet of *bronzed wire*. The wire was laid in a trough of wood two inches square, well lined both within and without with pitch, and inside the trough were placed thick glass tubes through which the wire ran. The joints of the glass tubes were surrounded with short and wider tubes of glass, the ends of which were sealed up with soft wax. The wooden trough was then placed in a trench four feet deep. An ingenious apparatus, with a

dial containing letters and figures, was fixed upon the seconds arbor of a clock, which beat dead seconds, and another in front of it with an aperture and an electrometer, so that the collapsing and diverging of the pith ball corresponded with the letter or number on the dial, as seen through the aperture of the plate in front of it.

In all these contrivances, ordinary or *statical* electricity, such as is produced by friction in electrical machines, was employed; and if no other form of the electric force had been discovered, it is obvious, from the preceding inventions, that we should have had at this day a real working electric telegraph, not so simple, nor with so many resources, but still an instrument which would have amply fulfilled the grand object of communicating intelligence with the speed of lightning. A new source of electric power, what has been called *dynamic* electricity, however, was discovered by Volta in 1800, and became the agent, in various new forms, of the electric telegraph. If we take a disc of *copper* like a penny piece, and another of *zinc* of the same size, and placing one above the tongue, and the other below it, make them touch at or below the tip of the tongue, we shall feel a sharp taste, which disappears as soon as the discs are freed from contact. If we now join these two discs with a piece of wire soldered to each, and place them in a glass or stoneware vessel of salt water, or water made acid with nitric, muriatic, or sulphuric acid, the water will be decomposed, and a current of electricity will flow from the *zinc* disc, which is the *positive* end, to the *copper* disc, which is the *negative* end of this little galvanic battery, as it may be called. When a number of these vessels, with their united discs of copper and zinc, are placed in a row, so that the zinc of one vessel is connected by a wire with the copper of another, we have a large and powerful battery, capable of giving severe shocks, and causing combustion, light, and chemical decomposition. In order that this battery may produce any of these effects, one wire passes from the last *copper* disc at one end, and terminates in a point A, while another wire passes from the last *zinc* disc at the other end, and terminates in a point B, A and B representing the ends of the wires. When the extremities A and B are in contact, or if the wire has had no break at these points, the current of electricity would have passed from B to A, but when the current is interrupted, and bodies are placed between A and B, the current forces its way through them, turning and decomposing them, and producing sparks and shocks when the current passes through the human body, or any part of it. The electric force may be obtained by placing the zinc and copper discs in a pile above one another, and separating them by discs of cloth wetted with acidulated water. In this form it is called the Pile of Volta.

The first application of this new power to telegraphic purposes was made by M. Sœmmering of Munich in 1811, and by means of a very ingenious contrivance. Upon the bottom of a glass vessel he fixed thirty-five points of gold indicating thirty-five letters, and ten numerals from 0 to 9. From each of these thirty-five points there passed a copper conductor terminating in a small brass cylinder, in the middle of which was a groove for receiving a small screw nut for fixing the wires which united the corresponding point with the positive or negative pole of the battery or pile which he used. When the glass vessel was filled with water, and the electricity communicated to the letter at one end of a wire, the gold point corresponding to this letter gave out a bubble of gas which was largest when it was oxygen and smallest when it was hydrogen, so that he could transmit two letters at once. Sœmmering covered each of his thirty-five wires with silk, and surrounded the whole with varnish. Our limits will not permit us to describe this beautiful invention more particularly, but it is obviously one capable of doing real telegraphic work, and wanted only what he added afterwards, a contrivance or alarm, for calling the attention of the operator at the distant station. Like C. M. the Bavarian mechanic never seems to have thought of reducing the number of his wires by different combinations of his gas bubbles, as afterwards suggested by Schweigger, who proposed the detonating pistol of Volta as an alarm.

The grand discovery of electro-magnetism by Professor Oersted of Copenhagen in 1819, led to great improvements in the construction and use of the electric telegraph. By placing a compass-needle parallel to the conducting wire of a Voltaic battery, that is, parallel to the current, he found that it placed itself across the current, or at right angles to the wire. When the current passed above the needle, its north pole deviated to the west, and the current came from south to north, and the same pole deviated to the east when the current came from north to south. When the current passed below the needle the opposite effects were produced, the south pole being deviated to the east when the current passed from south to north, and to the west when it came from north to south. M. Ampere illustrated this in a very happy manner. He supposed a miniature figure of a man to be placed in a lying position along the conducting wire with the feet towards the zinc pole, and the head towards the copper pole, so that the current passing from the zinc to the copper pole entered at the feet and came out at the head, the figure having its face turned to the middle of the needle, the effect of the current will be always to turn its south pole to the left hand of the figure. The electro-magnetic force thus exhibited, even when extremely feeble, may be augmented to almost

any extent by the beautiful contrivance of Schweigger called a multiplier. If one wire produced a perceptible action upon the needle, he concluded that the effect would increase with the amount of wire, and having coiled a wire upon itself fifty or an hundred times, he found the result such as he expected, provided none of the electricity escaped from one wire to those adjacent to it. To prevent this or to insulate the wires, he covered each of them with a silken thread coiled so closely as to cover their surface completely. These multipliers have been made so powerful that they required a wire three miles and a half long.\*

In 1820, M. Ampere was led to prefer the substitution of a compass-needle in the electric telegraph in place of the gold points and gas bubbles of Sœmmering, so that by touching a number of keys corresponding to each letter of the alphabet, the needles at the other end of the twenty-five wires were put in motion. A telegraph of this description was actually made in Edinburgh by Mr. Alexander in 1837, in which thirty wires communicated with the same number of magnetic needles, and the instrument was wrought by touching thirty keys as in the telegraph of Sœmmering. Coupling this idea with that of Schweigger to reduce the twenty-five wires to two by means of two piles, we have obviously an electric telegraph of a very high order perfectly fitted to perform telegraphic work, though still susceptible of many improvements. But even if the most perfect electric telegraph of the present day had been then invented, no person would have thought of making use of it. It is to the railway system alone that we are indebted in this country for all the advantages of telegraphic communication.

Our limits will not permit us, nor indeed is this the proper place, to give an account of the fine discoveries of Arago and Faraday, on the magnetic properties of electric currents. MM. Arago and Ampere magnetized needles instantaneously by placing them within a helix of insulated copper wire, so that the electric current passed in a direction perpendicular to their length. Mr. Sturgeon of Woolwich applied this principle to the construction of temporary magnets of great power by merely surrounding soft iron, either in the form of bars or of a horse shoe, with insulated coiled wire. The soft iron becomes a powerful magnet while the electric current is passing through the coil, and loses its power the moment the current is stopped. In this way Mr. Joseph Henry, now the distinguished Secretary to the Smithsonian Institution, produced magnets which were capable of lifting several tons, and the same principle has been employed by Logeman and others for communicating permanent magnetism to steel.

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\* See our last Number, p. 202.

Mr. Faraday's beautiful discovery of electro-dynamic induction in 1832, was a most important step in the improvement of the electric telegraph. He demonstrated by two fine experiments, that an electric current is capable of developing at a distance by induction electric currents in a conducting wire. If we suddenly bring near to any part of a conductor forming a closed circuit another conductor traversed by a current, we produce instantaneously on the first conductor a current moving in a direction contrary to that of the inducing current, or that brought near the conductor, and when we reverse the inducing current we produce instantaneously in the first conductor a second current moving in the same direction as the current that is reversed. Mr. Faraday also found that a magnet is capable of inducing similar currents in a conducting wire, and that the phenomena of induction may be produced in the conducting wire itself, an effect which is termed the induction of a current upon itself. Mr. Faraday was thus led to the construction of a magneto-electric machine which was greatly improved by Pixii, Saxton, and Clarke, and extensively employed for telegraphic purposes.

Such is a brief notice of the history of the electric telegraph, and of the principal discoveries in electricity and magnetism, upon which the present telegraphic apparatus is founded. It is not our intention to give any account of the innumerable inventions, all more or less ingenious, by which telegraphic communications are generally transmitted. It is difficult for ordinary readers to understand these operations even with the aid of good diagrams,\* and those who are desirous of making themselves master of the apparatus commonly employed, will do this most satisfactorily by visiting any of the stations where an electric telegraph is placed. Our object in the present Article is to give some account of the general telegraphic system, and of the labours and services of those who have been the means of introducing the electric telegraph on our railways, and who have invented remarkable contrivances for communicating intelligence, such as the printing telegraph, the electro-chemical telegraph, the autographic telegraph, and any others that are distinguished from those commonly used by remarkable peculiarities.

We have already seen from the experiments of Sir W. Watson, and the fact was evident from every future experiment, that the electric power was transmitted along wires instantaneously, or in so short a time that its velocity could not be appreciated by the ordinary instruments by which time is measured. Any more

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\* The reader will find the most complete and intelligible description of telegraphic apparatus in Dr. Lardner's admirable chapter on the subject, in the third and fourth volumes of his *Museum of Science and Art*.

accurate measure of its velocity was of no consequence for telegraphic purposes. Means, however, have been taken to obtain a rude estimate of its velocity, which of course must depend on the conducting power of the transmitting wire, though it does not upon its thickness. By a very ingenious apparatus Mr. Wheatstone found that the electric force moved along a copper wire at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second. According to the more recent experiments of MM. Fizeau and Gonelli its velocity is only 112,680, less than half of the preceding estimate. In the iron wire employed for telegraphic purposes, its velocity, according to MM. Fizeau and Gonelli, is only 62,000 miles in a second; according to Professor Mitchell of Cincinnati 28,500; and according to Professor Walker of the United States, 16,000 miles. But it is obvious, that whichever of these velocities is the correct one, the electric influence is transmitted in so short a time that an effect produced at one station is produced simultaneously with the effect produced at another.

In order to transmit messages along the telegraphic wires, a certain amount of electric power is required, and this force must be increased in proportion to the length of the wire. A large wire, however, will transmit more electricity than a small one, in proportion to the squares of their diameters, or the areas of their section. According to some accurate experiments made by M. Pouillet, a distinguished member of the Institute of France, a voltaic battery of ten pairs of plates will supply electricity sufficient for telegraphic purposes by means of a copper wire one eighth of an inch in diameter, and 600 miles in length. A force of much less intensity, however, is amply sufficient, as it is easy to strengthen the current by batteries at intermediate stations.

Having obtained a cheap and durable line for conducting the electric influence, and a simple power for generating it of sufficient intensity, the next step is to place the lines or wires in a proper position. The general practice has been to support them by posts placed at the distance of sixty yards. On some lines the distance of the posts is much greater; and on the great telegraphic line between Turin and Genoa, the wires are carried across extensive ravines and valleys, from half a mile to three quarters of a mile in width, without any support whatever, and at an enormous height above the ground. When the line reaches Turin it passes under ground, and when it arrives at the Maritime Alps it stretches from crest to crest, hiding itself again in the earth till it terminates at the ducal palace in Genoa.

M. Siemens, whose ingenious telegraph received a Council Medal at the Great Exhibition, and which is used on all the Prussian lines, and those in the north of Germany, recommended the subterranean system of construction, and had it carried into



effect on upwards of a thousand miles of German railway. By carefully covering the copper wires, which were about the 50th of an inch in diameter, with gutta percha, to prevent the escape of the electricity, by placing them about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep in iron tubes, and by ingenious methods of discovering the locality of any defect either from the insulating coating or from the copper wire, he found the system answer so well, that at the end of three years the wires had not suffered the slightest change. There are obviously many advantages in the subterranean system. The wires are not influenced by rain or snow—they are secure against storms and hurricanes, and their locality in the earth, as well as upon the railway path, protects them from being injured by human hands. M. Siemens has observed two interesting facts on these lines. In the one a diminution of the effect is produced by inverse currents arising from the wires acting like a Leyden phial. The gutta percha which coats the wire is the glass of the phial, the wire is the internal coating of the phial, and the damp ground is the external coating, so that the opposite electricity of the ground acts upon, and neutralizes to a certain extent the internal electricity of the wire. It was apprehended that this disturbing cause would have interfered with the working of the subterranean wires, but the Magneto-Electric Telegraph Company, who have in work 900 miles of subterranean wire, and who often send their messages through 500 miles without any stoppage, have not experienced any inconvenience from it. The other phenomenon observed by M. Siemens is the electrical influence upon the wires by the Aurora-Borealis. During the brilliant display of this phenomenon on the 18th October 1848, he observed currents varying in intensity and direction, in the line between Berlin and Coethen, 20 German miles in length, the direction of which was E.N.E. to W.S.W., nearly perpendicular to the magnetic meridian. During the prevalence of this meteor, the electric telegraphs in England, with suspended wires, were temporarily unfitted for use.

In the telegraphic lines established in India by Dr. O'Shaughnessy, he has adopted both the aerial and subterranean system. He found that the wires used in England were quite insufficient in India. In his experimental line of eighty miles from Calcutta, he was obliged to employ iron rods resting on bamboos. Flocks of heavy birds like the adjutant perched upon them, and groups of monkeys followed their example, while loaded elephants broke them down when they came in their way. He therefore used thick galvanized wires suspended at the height of fourteen feet upon posts upwards of 200 yards apart, and so strong was the system, that a soldier suspending himself from the middle of one of these long wires produced on it but a small curvature. In

the subterranean system, where it is used in India, Dr. O'Shaughnessy lays at the depth of two feet his wires, coated with gutta percha, on wooden sleepers saturated with arsenic, in order to defend them from the white ants, which we suppose, like the rats in the north of Germany, reckon gutta percha a great luxury.

The wires employed for telegraphic purposes are commonly made of iron about the sixth part of an inch in diameter. They are coated with a plating of zinc, by what is called galvanisation. As zinc is very oxydable, it is soon converted by the air and by moisture into an oxide of zinc, which being insoluble in water, protects the wire from rust and corrosion. Mr. Heighton, however, has found that the gases from the smoke of large towns converts the oxide into a sulphate, which being soluble in water permits the wire to be corroded, and to such a degree that he found his wires reduced to the dimensions of a common sewing needle in less than two years. Some very peculiar conditions of the wires in America, which are not galvanized, have been discovered. On the telegraphic lines which cross the extensive prairies of the Missouri, the telegraphs refuse to act in the months of July and August during the four hottest hours of the day, from 2 to 6 o'clock !

Many inferior contrivances, which require diagrams to make intelligible, and which will be found clearly described in Dr. Lardner's volumes, have been adopted to insulate the wires in passing the posts. The wires at the posts generally pass through tubes of earthenware or of glass, or they rest upon cylinders or rollers of the same substance. In order to prevent the bending of the wires, and their mutual interference in high winds, an apparatus is placed at distances of half a mile for tightening them, and the posts where this is done, and which are larger than the usual ones, are called winding-posts.\*

We have already stated that the electricity of the aurora, comparatively feeble as it is, deranges the operation of the telegraph ; but the influence of atmospheric electricity in thunderstorms is of course much more injurious, and is often dangerous at telegraphic stations. The natural remedy for this is to place conductors on the top of each post, which is very easily done ; but at telegraphic stations very beautiful and efficacious contrivances for their protection have been invented by Mr. Walker of the South-Eastern Company and M. Breguet of Paris. A remarkably fine copper wire is placed between the main wire and the station, so that any current of electricity imparted to the main wire must pass through the fine one before it reaches

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\* If we place our ear close to one of these posts during a breeze, sounds like those of falling water are distinctly heard.

the station : but the effect of powerful electricity upon a fine wire is to fuse or deflagrate it, owing to the difficulty that it has in passing along so narrow a channel ; so that all communication between the wire of the station is cut off by the destruction of the fine wire. Cases have occurred in which these wires have been made red hot, and even melted.

When the system of wires is thus erected either above or below the ground, it becomes interesting to see at what rate signals or words can be transmitted to great distances. About three years ago some interesting experiments on this point were made in Paris by M. Leverrier and Dr. Lardner before committees of the Institute and the National Assembly. In one experiment, a message of 40 words was sent 168 miles, and an answer of 35 words returned, in the space of 4 minutes and 30 seconds. In another experiment, a message of 282 words was transmitted along a continuous wire 1082 miles long. "A pen," says Dr. Lardner, "attached to the other end, immediately began to write the message on a sheet of paper moved under it by a simple mechanism, and the entire message was written in full in presence of the Committee, each word being spelled completely and without abridgment, in *fifty-two seconds*, being at the average rate of *five words and four-tenths per second!*" This was done by Mr. Bain's electro-chemical telegraph, which the writer of this article saw in operation at the time when this experiment was made in Paris, and which, from its peculiarly ingenious construction, we shall endeavour to describe.

The sheet of paper which is to receive the written message is wetted with an acidulated solution of the ferropotassiate of potash, and placed upon a plate of metal. If we now take a metallic point or style, and place it in contact with the paper, and conceive a current of electricity to pass through the style, it would enter the copper plate through the paper and make a blue spot, so that we could easily write upon the paper, as if blue ink streamed from the point of the style. Let us now suppose that the upper end of the style is connected by a wire with the positive pole of a voltaic battery, and the metallic plate with the negative pole, a current will flow through the point of the style whenever it is brought in contact with the paper, and will decompose the potassiate of potash, one of the elements of which will mark it with a dark blue spot. If the paper is moved or drawn aside, the style will trace a blue line upon it. If the current is stopped at different intervals, the blue line will be stopped also, and we shall have short or long spaces between the blue lines, in proportion to the length of the time during which the current has been stopped.

Mr. Bain has contrived various ways of moving the paper

beneath the style, but the one which he prefers is to lay a large circular disc of it upon a metallic plate of the same size, which is made to revolve by clock-work round its own centre and in its own plane, while the style has a slow motion from the centre to the edge of the disc. The consequence of these two movements is, that the style will describe a spiral commencing at the centre of the disc of paper, and terminating at its edge; and when the current passes through the circuit uninterruptedly, this spiral will be a continuous blue line, but if the current is interrupted, it will consist of short blue lines and white spaces of different lengths.

The next step is to construct an alphabet for this telegraph, which is done as follows:—The letter *a* is represented with one short line thus —, *b* — — — — with one long and two short lines, *c* — — — — with the same lines differently placed, *d* with four lines — — — —, *e* with two short ones — —, *f* — — — — with two long ones, and so on, the greatest number for any letter being four lines, with short and long ones differently placed.

The message being supposed to be written out, a narrow ribbon of paper, about half an inch wide, after being unrolled from a cylinder, is made to pass between rollers under a punch, which by an ingenious mechanism punches out a hole beneath it, and through the paper when it is passing. Two or three of these holes form the short line *a* —, and several form the long lines, such as *f* — — — —. The operator is thus able to make short or long lines at pleasure, and can therefore perforate in the paper-ribbon or message-strip the message which is to be sent. In this work a number of agents may be simultaneously employed in perforating messages for the telegraph, to which they are applied in the following manner:—

The perforated message-stripe is now coiled upon a roller, and placed on an axle attached to the telegraphic machinery. The extremity where the message commences is then placed on a metallic roller in connexion with the positive pole of the voltaic battery, and is pressed upon the roller by a small metallic spring terminating in points like the teeth of a comb. This spring communicates with the conducting wire, and when it falls into the perforations of the paper, the electric current passes to the point of the recording style, which then makes a blue line corresponding to the one in the perforated stripe, but when the spring rests upon the white paper between the perforations, the electric current does not pass, and the style makes no blue mark, but leaves a corresponding blank. In this way the message of perforation is transferred in blue lines to the chemical paper a thousand miles off, and arranged in a spiral from the centre to the circumference of the paper disc. A boy previously

taught reads this record to a clerk as quickly as if it were in ordinary type.

The reader cannot fail to be struck with the singular beauty and ingenuity of this contrivance, imperfect as our description of it must be. When we saw in Paris the whole operation of perforating the message, and recording it in blue lines at the other end of the wire, it seemed more like magic than any result of mechanism which we have ever seen. The dry steel point, when tracing its spiral path, actually seems to be depositing blue ink upon the paper. But it is not merely ingenuity that is the characteristic of Mr. Bain's Telegraph. It is unlimited in its quickness, and unerring in its accuracy; and it has another advantage of requiring a battery of much less power than other forms of the telegraph. An example of the value of its accuracy was recently shewn in a case where the importance of a single figure was experienced. In an agitated state of the funds, a stock-broker in London received from a distance an order to purchase at a certain time of the day, £80,000 of consols. The broker doubted the accuracy of the number from the magnitude of the sum, and as the message had been sent by the *recording* instrument, it was found that the real message was to purchase only £8000 of consols, the transcriber having by mistake inserted a cipher too many.

But this telegraph has another advantage which no other possesses. It is a cipher telegraph, by which individuals may communicate with their friends, or companies with their correspondents, or governments with their distant functionaries. The short and long lines of the telegraphic alphabet may be varied in innumerable ways, which it would be impossible to decypher, and a punching machine, which would cost little, might be either in the possession of individuals, or at their command in the town or village where they reside. Any arrangement of this kind, however, is not likely to be adopted, except in a small number of cases, until the expense of telegraphic dispatches is reduced to a very moderate sum. But if such a change should take place analogous to the penny-post, as Dr. Lardner has stated, Mr. Bain's telegraph would be the only expedient of all those hitherto contrived by which such augmented demands could be satisfied, the instruments in common use, of whatever form, being utterly inadequate to the purpose. How this would be effected by Mr. Bain's telegraph, Dr. Lardner has satisfactorily shewn. "Nothing more," he says, "would be necessary than to engage a greater number of persons, for the purpose of committing the dispatches to the perforated ribbons. If a great number of dispatches, short or long, be brought at once into the telegraphic office for transmission, let them be

immediately distributed among a proportionate number of the persons engaged in the preparation of the ribbons. A long dispatch might be divided into several portions, and distributed among several, just as a manuscript report, intended for publication in a journal, is distributed among several compositors. When the dispatches thus distributed should be committed to the ribbons, new ribbons might be connected together, so as to form longer continuous ribbons, which being put into the telegraphic instruments, would be sent to their destination at the rate of 20,000 words an hour on each wire !”

In certain cases, such as the transmission of reports of debates, or speeches of public interest, or Government dispatches, the same documents are required to be sent to different places. We have then only to take the perforated ribbons to the different wires belonging to different places ; or, as Dr. Lardner suggests, two or more ribbons might be perforated simultaneously, and the message which it contains sent at the same instant to different telegraphic stations, and transmitted in various directions. “In this view of the question,” says Dr. Lardner, “the system of Bain is to the common telegraph what the steam-engine is to the horse,—the power to the hand-loom,—the lace frame to the cushion,—the self-acting mule to the distaff,—or the stocking-frame to the knitting needle.”

With such peculiar advantages, which we trust will soon be realized, all letters which require dispatch will be sent by telegraph, and the post-office will be employed only for sending heavy orders or letters, when there is no occasion for extraordinary celerity of transmission. When the sixpenny or the penny telegraph comes into play, Mr. Bain will stand forth as the greatest of our telegraphic inventors, and Scotland will be able to boast that the telegraph was invented and perfected within her domains. Mr. Bain has hitherto, like all other great inventors, been unfortunate in not deriving from them those material benefits which their invention so amply confers upon others ; but we trust that the time is not distant, when his merits will be appreciated and rewarded.

Mr. Bain's Electro-chemical Telegraph is in use upon 1200 miles in the United States, and such is its value, as we are informed by Mr. Whitworth, in his Report on the Industrial Exhibition of New York, that in damp and rainy weather, when Morse's telegraph works imperfectly, they find it convenient to remove the wires from it, and connect them with Bain's, in which “they find it practicable to operate when communication by Morse's system is interrupted.”

A very ingenious and striking modification of the Electro-chemical Telegraph has been invented by Mr. Bakewell, and



was rewarded with a Council Medal at the Great Exhibition. It has been called the Autographic Telegraph, from its conveying the message actually written in the handwriting of the person that sends it. The message is written upon a sheet of tinfoil, with a thick ink like varnish, which, when dry, is a non-conductor of electricity. This sheet is rolled round a metallic cylinder, so that the lines of the writing are parallel to its axis. A blunt steel point or style is made to move over the message in lines, parallel to the axis of the cylinder which revolves round its axis, as if the steel point were obliterating the message by a number of parallel lines. The style, like that in Bain's telegraph, is connected with the telegraphic wire, at the other end of which is a similar steel point, which draws similar lines upon a sheet of paper wetted with a solution of prussiate of potash, and rolled upon a metallic cylinder. When the style, which passes over the written message, rests upon the tinfoil, the electric current passes along the wire, and the writing style at its farther extremity makes a blue line, but whenever it passes over the non-conducting varnish, the current is stopped, and the recording style leaves a *white space* of the same breadth as the breadth of the varnished lines. In this way, when the style has passed over the whole of the message in parallel lines, the recording style will have left the message written in white letters of exactly the same form, and relieved by the blue ground produced by the blue lines drawn on the chemically prepared paper. This operation is analogous to that of the workman who is cutting letters upon boxwood for a wood-cut. In cutting out the letter O, for example, he cuts away all the wood excepting what forms the circle. In like manner the recording style covers over with blue lines all the surface of the paper excepting what

forms the letters, thus  which may represent the letter

O, as if written with white paint on a shaded ground. These electro-chemical telegraphs may, upon the principles we have described, transmit to a distance copies of profiles, or portraits, or outline drawings of any kind.

The art of photography has for a long time been employed in France for the detection and identification of thieves and other criminals. When the culprit is brought into the police office, his picture is instantaneously taken, and though he has learned to put his features on these occasions into contortions, yet the artist never fails to catch them in their natural state. Mr. Gardiner, the governor of Bristol gaol, has recently introduced the same practice. His apparatus cost only £10, and the expense of working it is not above £5 per annum. The following case, which he has published, shews the great value of his plan, which he is anxious

to have introduced throughout the kingdom. "J. H. came into the Bristol gaol upon commitment for trial, a perfect stranger to me and my officers. He was well attired, but very illiterate. The state of his hands convinced me that he had not done any hard work, while the superiority of his appearance over his attainments led me to suspect that he was a practised thief. I forwarded his likeness to several places, and soon received information that he had been convicted in London and Dublin. The London officer who recognised him by his portrait was subpoenaed as a witness, picked him out from among thirty or forty other prisoners, and gave evidence on his trial in October 1854, which led the Recorder to sentence him to six years' penal servitude." This admirable process may now be extended by means of the copying telegraph. We cannot convey a photograph along a wire with its lights and shades, but an outline either of the whole person, or of the head, or profile, may be easily transmitted, and there can be no doubt that an outline of the culprit, even if the face is not seen at all, may often be sufficient for his identification.

The next telegraph that attracts our particular notice is the printing telegraph of Mr. J. Brett, who received a Council Medal at the Great Exhibition for this and other inventions connected with telegraphic communications which he exhibited. By this telegraph communications are sent in any language, and printed upon paper with considerable rapidity and precision. The paper and ink are self-supplied from a store which lasts for a considerable time. Plumbago or vermilion are considered preferable to printing ink, as they do not require to be so frequently replenished. Mr. Brett arranges his letters on the type wheel in the order of the frequency of their occurrence, which is as follows—*e, t, a, i, o, n, s, h, r, w, d, l, c, f, m, u, b, g, p, j, y, k, v, x, q, z.* He assures us, that messages may be printed more rapidly than a well practised person could write them; and that after a little experience, "a clerk might manipulate upon the finger key-board upwards of 150 letters in a minute."

The American printing telegraph of Mr. House is a very complex but ingenious and useful instrument. It has at the transmitting station a key-board with each letter of the alphabet upon a key. When the operator presses down the key with the letter A, for example, the same letter A, which is a type upon a dial or wheel at the recording station, is brought by the electric current into a certain position, and having in its passage to this position received ink from the inking apparatus, a band or ribbon of paper is pressed against it and receives an impression of the letter. The next letter of the message is brought into its position in the same way, and as the ribbon of paper is drawn

forward, its impression is made next to the letter A which preceded it. The advance of the ribbon, the inking of the type, and the pressure of the paper against it, are produced by an apparatus moved by the operator, at the recording station, by the action of a treadle. Grove's battery is used as the electric power, and about thirty cylindrical pairs are required to produce the effect for a distance of 100 miles. This apparatus was first employed in 1849 upon the line between Philadelphia and New York. It is now in use on upwards of 1358 miles of the American lines, and messages printed at the rate of from thirty to thirty-five words, or from 165 to 200 letters per minute, have been printed in common Roman character at a distance of 500 miles. The celerity of transmission must no doubt depend on the skill of the operator, for we are informed by Mr. Turnbull, that on one occasion 365 letters per minute, or upwards of six per second, were transmitted from New York to Utica, a distance of 240 miles. The average number, however, as we have stated already, is from thirty to thirty-five words per minute, or 500 letters, when, as a newspaper, abbreviations are allowed. In the autumn of 1850, a newspaper dispatch of 7000 words was transmitted from Syracuse to Buffalo in two hours and ten minutes, which is at the rate of fifty-four words in a minute.

The telegraphs most commonly used in this country are what have been called the Needle and the Dial Telegraphs. The first transmits messages by signals or the different positions of a magnetic needle, and the second by pointing in succession to the different letters of the message upon a dial-plate containing the letters of the alphabet and numerals. Although the telegraphs of both these constructions perform their work well, yet it seems to be the general opinion that the dial telegraphs are more easily wrought and less subject to error. In the needle telegraphs each signal is independent of those which precede it, so that in making up the dispatch the operator does not discover the error, whereas in the dial telegraph he notices any incoherence in the dispatch while he is reading it, as it were, upon the instrument.

The single needle telegraph consists of a galvanometer or coil of wires for strengthening the electric current, and a commutator apparatus, by turning the handle of which in different directions, the current may be either stopped or inverted in its direction. A magnetic needle is placed within the galvanometer, but on the same axis is placed another needle which may be either magnetic or not, but which, while following all the motions of the magnetic needle, indicates upon a dial plate the letters or signals which are to be transmitted, or which are received. The alphabet is placed in two halves, the first half from A to L on the left hand of the needle standing vertically, and the other half

from L to Y on the right hand of it. Beneath each letter is placed the number of motions of the needle by which the letter is expressed, the needle moving to the left for the first half, and to the right for the second half of the alphabet. In like manner a row of numerals is placed beneath the lower end of the needle, those from 1 to 6 on the left hand, and from 6 to 9 and 0 on the right hand, and the number of motions of the lower half of the needle which correspond to them is placed above them. The letter M, for example, is indicated by one click and motion of the upper half of the needle to the right, and the letter A by two clicks and motions of the needle to the left.

The double needle telegraph is merely a combination of two single ones, which can be wrought by the right and left hand of the operator, each telegraph working upon a separate wire. The object of the double instrument is to make the signals more rapidly, in consequence of a much greater number of signals being obtained by combining the deflections to the right and left of both needles.

The dial telegraphs which are used in this country, as well as in France and Germany, all indicate letters and numbers upon a dial-plate like that of a clock, the operator at the transmitting station turning the hand or index to a particular letter, and the operator at the recording station observing the index on his dial-plate pointing to the same letter. These effects, though of the same kind, are produced by different pieces of mechanism, differing more or less in their simplicity and ingenuity. The German telegraphs, however, constructed by Siemens, differ in one respect from all the rest. The dial is placed horizontally, and is surrounded by a circular key-board, the letter engraven on each key corresponding in position to that upon the dial. When the current is sent through the wires, the hand or index of the dial-plate at all the stations on the line moves with greater or less rapidity like the seconds hand of a clock, with uninterrupted but regular motion, and on all the dial-plates upon the line the hand reaches the same letter at the same instant. When the operator at the transmitting station places his finger upon the key of the letter A, the revolving index is stopped on that letter at all the stations, in consequence of the current being stopped. After the proper pause, he transmits the next letter, and so on till the despatch is completed. In this very ingenious telegraph, the index describes the semi-circumference of the dial in a second, that is, it gives fifteen signals in a second. In order to obtain this velocity, a pile of 5 couples of Daniell's battery is sufficient at each station for each apparatus; but the number of couples required does not increase in proportion to the length of the telegraphic

circuit which separates the instruments. With subterranean wires, M. Siemens found that for a distance of 50 German miles, a pile of 25 couples of Daniell's battery was sufficient; but this power is used only on lines where there are no intermediate stations. When there are such stations, instead of employing a more powerful battery, we have only to introduce into the circuit the electricity of the intermediate piles when despatches are to be sent between the extreme stations. M. Siemens, however, has invented an additional apparatus for working the telegraph at great distances without greatly increasing the strength of the battery. He has constructed also a very ingenious apparatus for printing the despatch by the ordinary type upon a ribbon of paper; but though it was generally used in Prussia for a considerable time, it has been replaced by the more rapid printing process of Morse.

Having thus given a brief history of the different proposals that were made during the last hundred years to construct electric telegraphs by persons who did not realize their schemes, and perhaps were not fitted to realize them, and described, in a very general manner, the more interesting as well as the more common forms of this noble instrument, we shall now endeavour to give a popular and general account of the labours of those individuals who have the high merit of having introduced the electric telegraph into actual use, either for private or public purposes.

MM. Gauss and Weber of Göttingen, were decidedly the first persons who applied an electric telegraph to purposes of actual utility. So early as 1833, they had erected a telegraphic wire between the astronomical and magnetical Observatory of Göttingen, and the Physical Cabinet of the University, for the purpose of carrying intelligence from the one locality to the other; but the wire was destroyed on the 16th December 1833, by a flash of lightning which struck it at the place where it passed the top of the Tower of St. John. They employed the phenomena of magnetic induction discovered by Mr. Faraday; and their signals were made by the different movements and oscillations of a magnetic needle observed through a telescope.\*

The merit of inventing the modern telegraph and applying it on a grand scale for public use is, beyond all controversy, due to Professor Morse of the United States. So early as the year 1832, in the month of October, when on board the packet boat Sully, he described his invention to W. Pell, the captain of the packet boat, and to Mr. Rives, the minister of the United States,

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\* See *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen*, Aug. 9, 1834. No. 128, pp. 1273, 1274, and 1835, No. 36.

to the French government. Both these gentlemen bear testimony to the fact in the most distinct manner ;\* and though an unsuccessful attempt has been made to rob the American professor of his just rights, by asserting that a Mr. Jackson had communicated the invention to him on board the same packet boat,† yet Mr. Jackson never prosecuted his views and turned them to public use ; and even if, without any other evidence in his favour but his own, we were to admit that he did make a useful communication to his fellow-passenger, this would only make the invention more clearly an American one, and would still leave to Professor Morse the high merit of having realized the idea of another, and made it of general use to his own country and to Europe. While men high in office, and even men of science on both sides of the Atlantic, entertained doubts of the applicability and practical use of the telegraph, Professor Morse was actively engaged in pressing the importance of his invention on the attention of Congress, and “though only half convinced, by his earnestness and demonstrations, the federal legislature consented to make the experiment, and with that view appropriated a sum of money for the construction of a telegraph forty miles in length between Washington and Baltimore. This may be considered as the parent telegraph of the transatlantic world, from which a system has since sprung which, from its extent and achievements, is well calculated to fill both native and foreigner with astonishment.”‡

Morse and his coadjutors took up the subject of the electric telegraph, not as a mere adjunct of a railway for railway purposes chiefly, but as a great national instrument for the rapid conveyance of intelligence, entirely independent of the railway system, and which might have been established if railways had never existed. The American telegraphs have therefore the peculiar character of not always following the railway lines, but of pursuing a shorter path from point to point through a wild, broken, and uncultivated country through which no railway could be carried. Many places have, therefore, been brought into telegraphic communication with each other between which no railway exists, and the inhabitants of distant and inaccessible localities, who never can expect the luxury of railway transport, are provided with all the advantages of telegraphic communication.

Owing to the independence of the telegraph system of lines of railway, it has necessarily made a more rapid progress in America than in any other part of the world. A large number of

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\* *Comptes Rendus, &c.*, tom. vii. p. 593.

† *Idem*, tom. viii. p. 345.

‡ Mackay's *Western World*, vol. ii. p. 252.



independent Companies have been established, and new ones are constantly forming, each surpassing its predecessor in the extent and grandeur of its schemes. In all the American telegraphs the dispatches are conveyed by a single conducting wire. They all write or print their despatches, the telegraph of House in actual letters, and those of Morse and Bain in a cipher,—Morse by indenting short and long lines upon a paper ribbon, and Bain, as we have seen, by writing them upon chemical paper. The following was the extent of their lines in 1853 and 1854.

	End of 1852.	March 1854.
Morse's lines,	19,963 miles.	36,972
House's do.	2,400	3,850
Bain's do.	2,012	570
	<hr/> 24,375	<hr/> 41,392

the increase in little more than a year being 17,017 miles. The capital employed upon these lines is about a million and a half sterling.

A line of enormous magnitude, uniting the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, has been projected from Natchez in the State of Mississippi to San Francisco in California, a distance of 2400 miles, and a Company is said to be organized to carry out this scheme with a capital of upwards of a million sterling. When this line is completed, and Newfoundland joined by a submarine or transmarine telegraph with the old world, a message may be conveyed from Europe to the Pacific in less than a day.

This great extension of telegraphic communication in America arises from the extensive use which is made of it by all classes of society as a method of transmitting and receiving intelligence. The price of a message of ten words sent ten miles is about five-pence, and for greater distances it is about 0.035 pence per mile. The messages of the government have always the precedence, those for detecting criminals come next, then death messages, then cases of sickness. Important news by the press are next sent. Commercial men use the telegraph to a great extent, some houses paying even £200 per annum. Parties converse with one another at the distance of 500 or 700 miles. Sales are effected by it—absent friends correspond with their families—medical consultations pass along the wire, and in the towns near New York, invitations to a party, inquiries about health, and even jokes, all tremble along the copper line.

As one of the earliest inventors of telegraphic apparatus, and one of the first persons who erected a real modern telegraph, we must name M. Steinhill of Munich. The Bavarian telegraph, as this may be called, is an application of the discoveries of

Oersted, Faraday, and Schweigger. In a copper wire, about eight English miles long, and three-fourths of a line thick, M. Steinhill produced a voltaic current by the action of a rotatory magneto-electric machine, similar to that of Clarke. The conducting wire terminates at different stations in multipliers of from 400 to 600 coils of very fine and insulated wire, in the middle of each of which is a magnetic needle placed on a vertical axis terminated by two points. The deviation of this needle from its primitive position by the electric current affords the means of obtaining telegraphic signals. As visible signals, however, appeared to M. Steinhill to be imperfect, from their requiring the constant attention of the operator, he placed on the side of his two magnetic needles two bells with different sounds, and by changing the direction of the current, he could ring either of these bells at pleasure. By means of the deviation of the needle, he gave motion to two pointed tubes containing a particular kind of ink, so that at each stroke upon the bell one of the tubes pressed its point upon a ribbon of paper revolving with an uniform motion, and made a mark corresponding to the needle and bell to which it was attached. The marks of each point were, of course, formed in the same line, so that we have two lines of marks upon one ribbon of paper. By combining the sounds and marks to the extent of four, M. Steinhill has obtained a spoken and a written alphabet, comprehending all the letters which are necessary to write every word of the German language. These are exhibited in the following diagram, and if we conceive each four marks to be joined by lines, we shall see how they become more distinct as signals :

**A B D E F G H CH SCH I K L M N O P R S T V W Z**  
 ⚬ ⚭ ⚮ ⚯ ⚰ ⚱ ⚲ ⚳ ⚴ ⚵ ⚶ ⚷ ⚸ ⚹ ⚺ ⚻ ⚼ ⚽ ⚾ ⚿

The ten numerals are distinguished in a similar manner. This telegraph was established in July 1837, and consequently it must have been invented, and its invention known, some time before. It commenced at the observatory of M. Steinhilber in the Lerchens-  
trass of Munich, where the conducting wire was united to a plate of copper six inches square, buried in the ground. From this the wire passed over the houses to the Academy of Sciences, where the second station was established. From this it went to the Royal Observatory at Bogenhausen, where there was a third station, and where the wire terminated in a plate of copper six inches square buried in the ground.

M. Steinhill, to use his own words, "thinks that he has invented the first telegraph in the true sense of the word, that is to say, an apparatus which speaks a language easily comprehended, and

which writes what it speaks, or rather what we wish it to speak.”\* We concur with the inventor that this is the character of his telegraph, and we do not hesitate to express our admiration of the sagacity and ingenuity which it displays in all its parts. The fact that the earth may be used as one half of the conductor, is a discovery of vast importance, made, independently we doubt not, by him, but we owe it to Sir William Watson, who, in 1747, completed the circuit at great distances by water, and even by two miles of dry ground.† But while we give this well-merited praise to M. Steinhill, we are not prepared to admit that his was the first real telegraph of the modern type. The claims of Professor Morse cannot be overlooked, either as an inventor of telegraphic apparatus, or an active introducer of his invention as a national improvement. With all its ingenuity, the Bavarian telegraph had undoubted disadvantages, and we are told “that M. Steinhill himself has abandoned it in favour of a modification of the instrument of Morse.”

We come now to the most interesting part of our subject, namely, the history of the introduction of the electric telegraph into England. We regret that this question has not been discussed by Dr. Lardner, who is better fitted to do it skilfully and honestly than any person we know. He has declined, however, on account of the space which such a discussion would have occupied, and the little interest which it would have inspired in “the masses to whom his Museum is addressed.” So completely, indeed, has he shunned the subject, that he has hardly mentioned the names of the individuals to whom we are indebted for the introduction of this noble instrument into England. In the pages of a Review, however, such a discussion cannot be evaded, and we regret that a recent attempt to vitiate the history of the electric telegraph in England should give this discussion a controversial character.

About two years ago we became possessed of a printed document containing the views, or rather the decision, of two of our greatest men upon this very subject; and we intended to have placed this decision before our readers without any argument of our own, as the basis of the few observations which we meant to oppose to the vitiated history to which we have referred. We have been fortunate enough, however, to obtain, only this day, the copy of a pamphlet‡ which states the grounds upon which the above decision was pronounced, and which informs

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\* See *Comptes Rendus*, &c. tom. vii. p. 590-93, where he has described his invention.

† *Phil. Trans.* 1747, or Priestley's *Electricity*, pp. 102-109.

‡ *The Electric Telegraph—Was it invented by Professor Wheatstone?* By William Fothergill Cooke, Esq. London, 1854. Pp. 48.

us, that all the documents and drawings relating to the subject are now in the press.

Mr. William Fothergill Cooke, to whom we owe the introduction of the electric telegraph into England, and who was the first English inventor of the telegraphic apparatus, held a commission in the Indian army. Having returned from India on leave of absence, and on account of ill-health, he afterwards resigned his commission and went to Heidelberg to study anatomy. In the month of March 1836, Professor Möncke of Heidelberg exhibited an electro-telegraphic experiment, in which electric currents, passing along a conducting wire, conveyed signals to a distant station by the deflexion of a magnetic needle enclosed in Schweigger's galvanometer or multiplier. The currents were produced by a voltaic battery placed at each end of the wire, and the apparatus was worked by moving the ends of the wires backward and forward between the battery and the galvanometer. Mr. Cooke was so struck with this experiment, that he immediately resolved to apply it to purposes of higher utility than the illustration of a lecture, and he abandoned his anatomical pursuits, and applied his whole energies to the invention of a practical electric telegraph. Within three weeks, in April 1836, he made his first electric telegraph, partly at Heidelberg and partly at Frankfort. It was of the galvanometer form, consisting of six wires, forming three metallic circuits, and influencing three needles. By the combination of these signals, he obtained an alphabet of twenty-six signals. Drawings of the instrument are given in the work which we have already mentioned as in the course of publication. Mr. Cooke soon afterwards made another electric telegraph of a different construction. He had invented the *detector*, for discovering the locality of injuries done to the wires, the *reciprocal* communicator, and the *alarm*. All this was done in the months of March and April 1836; and in June and July of the same year, he recorded the details of his system in a manuscript pamphlet, from which it was obvious, that in July 1836, "he had wrought out his practical system from the minutest official details up to the records and extended ramifications of an important political and commercial engine."

When his telegraphic apparatus was completed, he shewed it in November 1836 to Mr. Faraday, and he afterwards submitted it and his pamphlet, in January 1837, to the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, with whom he made a conditional arrangement, with the view of using it on the long tunnel at Liverpool. In February 1837, when he was about to apply for a patent, he consulted Mr. Faraday and Dr. Roget on the construction of the electro-magnet employed in a part of

his apparatus, and the last of these gentlemen advised him to consult Professor Wheatstone. He accordingly went to him on the 27th February 1837. The following is Mr. Cooke's account of the interview and its results:—"He politely invited me to King's College, where I found, that in connexion with about four miles of wire, he was in the habit of using two galvanometers of different constructions in his experiments on the effects of electric currents in deflecting magnetic needles. He had no apparatus of any kind for giving signals; but he had two keyboards, one of which was occasionally used in our experiments.

"What he had done towards inventing the practical electric telegraph was confined to the 'permutating principle' of his keyboards. This principle, which diminished the requisite number of wires, was engrafted on my reciprocal telegraph, and became very valuable in connexion with later improvements; but though diminishing the number of wires, the permutating keys by themselves, and without the later improvements, would have been more complex than my first galvanometer keys; for each of the latter gave two signals by a single needle, (the plan now adopted on the Blackwall Railway,) while the former required the concurrent action of at least two keys and two needles.

"Though Professor Wheatstone was, when I first consulted him, in possession of a valuable principle, he had gone no further. Excepting the permutating principle, he was practical behind Möncke; for the latter had an instrument for giving signals, and Mr. Wheatstone had none. Even had all his apparent intentions been worked out, he would not then have fulfilled any of the fundamental conditions of the practical electric telegraph,—the power of detecting injuries to the wires by fracture, water, or contact,—of attracting attention at the commencement of the communication,—of sending signals alternately backwards and forwards by the same apparatus, and of exhibiting the signals to the operator, as well as to the recipient. In a word, he had no detector, no alarm, no reciprocal communicator."

The result of this interview was the formation of a partnership in May 1837, when it was agreed that in the joint patent, Mr. Cooke's name should stand first; that Mr. Wheatstone should pay £80, and Mr. Cooke £50 of the expense of the patent, and that an allowance of £130 should be made to Mr. Cooke for his past experiments.

After these arrangements were completed, and the invention had become the subject of conversation, it was ascribed to Mr. Wheatstone alone. Mr. Cooke's name, though standing first in

the patent, and though undoubtedly the original inventor, was never mentioned, and to such a length did this go, that in an account of the electric telegraph, published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* for the 25th July 1839, and obtained from conversation with Mr. Wheatstone, Mr. Cooke's name never appears. The inventions of Mr. Alexander Bain, a most meritorious individual, the inventor of electric clocks, and of the beautiful electric telegraph which we have explained, were all ascribed to Mr. Wheatstone; and the members of the different scientific societies and coteries in London, the dispensers of contemporary fame, and to whom Mr. Cooke and Mr. Bain were unknown, were the tools by which these acts of injustice were perpetrated. Mr. Cooke, a soldier, an educated man, and a gentleman, was represented as a mechanic, and Mr. Bain as a workman, who had pilfered the inventions of Mr. Wheatstone.

The day of retribution, however, came, as it always comes, both in defence of Mr. Cooke and Mr. Bain. Mr. Cooke attempted in vain to have these erroneous impressions effaced by the help of Mr. Wheatstone himself, but having failed he insisted upon having it ascertained by arbitration, "in what shares, and with what priorities and relative degrees of merit the said parties hereto are inventors of the electric telegraph, due regard being paid to the original projection thereof, to the development of its laws and properties, to the practical introduction of it into the United Kingdom, since the improvements made upon it since its introduction there, and to all other matters which the arbitrators, or any two of them, shall in their discretion think deserving of their consideration." The arbiters were Sir Isambard Brunel, named by Mr. Cooke, and Professor Daniell of King's College, by Mr. Wheatstone, both colleagues of Mr. Wheatstone in the Royal Society, and Mr. Daniell, a brother professor of Mr. Wheatstone in King's College,—an important remark, the reason of which will soon appear. Mr. Cooke was a member of none of the London societies or coteries, but felt himself safe, as he might well do, in the high talents and established character of Sir Isambard Brunel.

In the course of five months the arbiters examined all the documents submitted to them, and on the 27th April 1841, they made the following award,—

"As the electric telegraph has recently attracted a considerable share of public attention, our friends, Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone, have been put to some inconvenience by a misunderstanding which has prevailed respecting their relative positions in connexion with the invention. The following short statement of the facts has, therefore, at their request, been drawn up by us the undersigned Sir M. Isambard Brunel, engineer of the Thames Tunnel, and Professor



Daniell of King's College, as a document which either party may at pleasure make publicly known.

" In March 1836, Mr. Cooke, while engaged at Heidelberg in scientific pursuits, witnessed, for the first time, one of those well-known experiments on electricity, considered as a possible means of communicating intelligence, which have been tried and exhibited from time to time, during many years, by various philosophers. Struck with the vast importance of an instantaneous mode of communication to the railways then extending themselves over Great Britain, as well as to Government and general purposes; and impressed with a strong conviction that so great an object might be practically attained by means of electricity, Mr. Cooke immediately directed his attention to the adaptation of electricity to a practical system of telegraphing; and, giving up the profession in which he was engaged, he from that hour devoted himself exclusively to the realization of that object. He came to England in April 1836, to perfect his plans and instruments. In February 1837, while engaged in completing a set of instruments for an intended experimental application of his telegraph to a tunnel on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, he became acquainted, through the introduction of Dr. Roget, with Professor Wheatstone, who had for several years given much attention to the subject of transmitting intelligence by electricity, and had made several discoveries of the highest importance connected with this subject. Among these were his well-known determination of the velocity of electricity when passing through a metal wire;—his experiments, in which the deflection of magnetic needles, the decomposition of water, and other voltaic and magneto-electric effects, were produced through greater lengths of wire than had ever before been experimented upon; and his original method of converting a few wires into a considerable number of circuits, so that they might transmit the greatest number of signals, which can be transmitted by a given number of wires, by the deflection of magnetic needles.

" In May 1837, Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone took out a joint English patent, on a footing of equality, for their existing inventions. The terms of their partnership, which were more exactly defined and confirmed in November 1837, by a partnership deed, vested in Mr. Cooke, as the originator of the undertaking, the exclusive management of the invention in Great Britain, Ireland, and the colonies, with the exclusive engineering department, as between themselves, and all the benefits arising from the laying down of the lines, and the manufacture of the instruments. As partners standing on a perfect equality, Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone were to divide equally all proceeds arising from the granting of licenses, or from sale of the patent rights,—a per centage being first payable to Mr. Cooke as manager. Professor Wheatstone retained an equal voice with Mr. Cooke in selecting and modifying the forms of the telegraphic instruments; and both parties pledged themselves to impart to each other, for their equal and mutual benefit, all improvements, of whatever

kind, which they might become possessed of, connected with the giving of signals, or the sounding of alarms, by means of electricity. Since the formation of the partnership, the undertaking has rapidly progressed, under the constant and equally successful exertions of the parties in their distinct departments, until it has attained the character of a simple and practical system, worked out scientifically on the sure basis of actual experience.

“ Whilst Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the electric telegraph as a useful undertaking, promising to be a work of national importance, and Professor Wheatstone is acknowledged as the scientific man, whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application, it is to the united labours of two gentlemen, so well qualified for mutual assistance, that we must attribute the rapid progress which this important invention has made during the five years since they have been associated.

“ M<sup>c</sup>. I<sup>d</sup>. BRUNEL.  
J. F. DANIELL.

“ *London, 27th April 1841.*”

“ *London, 27th April 1841.*

“ GENTLEMEN,—We cordially acknowledge the correctness of the facts stated in the above document, and beg to express our grateful sense of the very friendly and gratifying manner in which you have recorded your opinion of our joint labours, and of the value of our invention. We are, Gentlemen, with feelings of the highest esteem, your obedient servants,

“ WILL<sup>m</sup>. F. COOKE.  
C. WHEATSTONE.

“ Sir M. Isambard Brunel and  
J. F. Daniell, Esq., Professor, &c. &c.”

With such a distinct verdict from so distinguished a jury, we should have thought that this controversy was for ever closed. The parties expressed their satisfaction, and it was to be presumed that the two arbiters, whose European reputation was at stake, had conscientiously discharged their duty to the real claimants and to the public. This, however, was not the result of the award. Mr. Cooke claimed nothing more than was adjudged to him, while Mr. Wheatstone again attempted to monopolize the honour of being the inventor of the electric telegraph. His numerous scientific friends propagated the tale, and against such odds the real and little-known inventor had no chance of protection. An humble inventor or discoverer in the provinces, or in the private circles of the metropolis, has no chance against the combination and partisanship of London institutions; but as happened before, a day of retribution again arrives for the protection of the helpless and the establishment of truth. In the

eagerness to seize the bubble-reputation, it often burst in the grasp. In the present case a fact transpires, in the ardour of pursuit, which speaks volumes on the subject.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Cooke applies for redress to Mr. Wheatstone, his partner in a lucrative concern, and on the 16th January 1845, thus addresses him :—

“ It is now nearly two years since I remonstrated with you on the endeavours which your friends were making to undermine the award of Sir Isambard Brunel and Mr. Daniell, of April 1841 ; but as these remonstrances were met by the assurance of your solicitor (made in your name and by your expressed desire) in his letter of the 20th May 1843, that there was no truth in the report that you denied your full consent to the declarations contained in the printed paper,—an assurance further confirmed by his letter of the 27th June, in these words—‘ Mr. Wheatstone does not desire to escape from a single conclusion which the award warrants ;’—all I could do, was to express myself satisfied with an explanation so unqualified.

“ The same cause of complaint has, however, been repeatedly obtruded upon me since. And I *now hear from your own lips, that you have absolutely armed yourself with a letter from Mr. Daniell to counteract a certain construction of the award, which you consider objectionable.*

“ This is indeed an alarming document to hold in reserve ; and how Mr. Daniell could reconcile any such letter with the character of a Judge, remains to be explained.”

If the letter from Mr. Daniell, thus singularly referred to, is a real document intended to affect the history of science, and the rights of an individual, Mr. Cooke and the public ought to call for its production. It will reveal a fact, hitherto unsuspected, that the arbiters did not agree on their verdict, and that Mr. Daniell conceded something to Sir Isambard Brunel in favour of Mr. Cooke, and against Mr. Wheatstone. In this there was nothing wrong. It happens in almost every arbitration, when two individuals are appointed by two contending parties, that each concedes something to the other to obtain a harmonious settlement ; and it would not be unjust if each arbiter were to leave on record, in the hands of their respective friends, a memorandum of the points which have been thus conceded. But if one of the arbiters does this without the knowledge of the other, and puts it in the power of his friend, at any future time, to bring it forward in support of his original and rejected claims, that arbiter has acted *unjustly, illegally, and dishonourably* ; and society should protect itself by marking such conduct with its severest rebuke. If this letter shall ever fall down upon Mr. Cooke’s neck, above which it is now suspended, we shall then *conjecture* for ourselves the amount of concession which Sir

Isambard Brunel must have made against his own client, to balance the concession made by his brother arbiter; for we are sure that he has left no letter in the hands of Mr. Cooke to assist him in escaping from a single conclusion of the award. But if this letter is brought forward to alarm Mr. Cooke, the friends of Professor Daniell may well be anxious about the result, and we think it is their duty to demand its production. We have ample faith in the honour of Professor Daniell, and we willingly adopt the liberal sentiment of Mr. Cooke, that if he "did express himself incautiously in writing to his friend, no one acquainted with his manly and upright character, can suppose that he intended to sanction a clandestine use of his letter to assist Mr. Wheatstone," or to injure Mr. Cooke. Ignorant though we be of the nature of this singular document, we have no difficulty if it was written by Professor Daniell in predicting its contents. Its object, doubtless, was to sweeten the bitter pill of the award. It was an opiate tenderly administered to disappointed vanity,—a curb, perchance, to that morbid appetite for fame, which respects neither individual rights nor social feelings. By this anticipation of its purpose, we at once protect the character of its author, and the rights of the individual which it has been brought forward to assail.

The future history of this remarkable partnership is soon told. Mr. Cooke pursued, with unflinching ardour, his scheme of making the Electric Telegraph a work of "national importance," and being prepared by his own inventions, and by the joint invention in Cooke and Wheatstone's patent, he took steps in the autumn of 1845 to organize a joint-stock Company, which he effected in 1846. This Company, under the name of the *Electric Telegraph Company*, applied to Parliament in the session of 1846 for a Bill of Incorporation. This Bill was opposed by Mr. Alexander Bain of Edinburgh, who asserted in his petition that he had invented an Electric Clock, and an Electric Printing Telegraph,—that he had communicated these inventions confidentially to Mr. Wheatstone, and that the latter had claimed them as his own. Notwithstanding this opposition, the Directors of the Company carried their Bill, though not without difficulty, through the House of Commons; but when it came to the House of Lords, Mr. Bain's statement and the evidence which he gave in its support made such an impression on the members of the Lords' Committee, that on the afternoon of its third sitting, the Duke of Beaufort, as chairman, intimated to the Counsel of the Electric Telegraph Company that they should make an arrangement with Mr. Bain, "hinting," as Mr. Cooke says, "pretty plainly, that their Bill might be thrown out if they declined to do so." Mr. Bain accordingly received,

578 Mr. Bain receives £12,000, and Mr. Wheatstone £30,000.

we believe, £12,000, and thus, to Mr. Wheatstone's extreme displeasure, became associated with the Company, binding himself to give them the use of his inventions. "About the same time the Directors had, unluckily, made an agreement with a Mr. Henry Mapple, in ignorance that this person had a similar controversy with Mr. Wheatstone respecting an improved alarum and a telegraphic rope," and "in consequence of these untoward circumstances, Mr. Wheatstone sent in an account of his expenses, and retired altogether from the Company's service."

Let us now see under what obligation, and how richly rewarded, Mr. Wheatstone left the service of the Company. So early as the 12th April 1843, Mr. Cooke entered into an agreement by which he was to pay Mr. Wheatstone a royalty varying from £20 to £15 per mile for every ten miles of telegraph he should complete during the year, £20 for the *first* ten miles, and £15 for the *sixth* ten miles and all beyond it, Mr. Wheatstone assigning to Mr. Cooke all the letters patent of Cooke and Wheatstone, and all future patents for improvements. In 1845, when the Electric Telegraph Company was in contemplation, and when many lines of telegraph had been already laid down by Mr. Cooke, he entered into a new agreement with Mr. Wheatstone, by which he bought up his royalty for £30,000, together with all arrears of royalty due at the date of the agreement.

Thus liberally rewarded for half of the joint patent held by Mr. Cooke and himself, one would have thought that all farther controversy was at an end. The Company succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations, and Mr. Wheatstone became discontented with his reward. He claimed to be the inventor of the electric telegraph! He forgot the rights of his partner and benefactor as conceded and signed by himself,—and as adjudicated by Sir Isambard Brunel and Professor Daniell. He forgot the concession of £12,000 by the Lords' Committee to Mr. Bain for his electric clock and his beautiful electric telegraph; and those eminent individuals ceased to be named but as mechanics and workmen, whom he had taken into his service! Mr. Cooke, whose forbearance we cannot but admire, maintained a dignified silence as long as the injuries which were done to him were whispered in private, or circulated in scientific coteries. The time, however, at last came, the crisis in Mr. Wheatstone's history as well as in his, when he was dragged before the public by a representative of Mr. Wheatstone's feelings as well as opinions, and compelled to appeal to its tribunal, in a voice as articulate as the railway whistle or the electric thunder.

An article on the Electric Telegraph appeared in the Quarterly Review for June 1854, in which the claims of Morse and Steinhill, and Cooke and Bain, are unceremoniously thrown

overboard, and Mr. Wheatstone pronounced the inventor of the Electric Telegraph!! That such a perversion of scientific history, and such a violation of recorded truth, should have appeared in such a respectable Journal, has greatly surprised us, and we confess that we feel as much for the author who has permitted himself to be a dupe, as we do for Mr. Cooke, whom that dupe has so wantonly made a victim. Roused by this attack upon his honour, and this attempt to wrest from him not what he claims, but what was given to him by the solemn decree of two of the most distinguished men of the day, and one of them Mr. Wheatstone's particular friend, Mr. Cooke has been driven to write the pamphlet to which we have referred, and to publish in support of its statements a volume of documents, illustrated by numerous plates.

Having been the first individual who introduced the Electric Telegraph into England,—having been the first constructor of a working telegraph and various pieces of valuable telegraphic apparatus, invented by himself,—having availed himself of Mr. Wheatstone's talents for completing the particular telegraph patented by Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone,—having paid Mr. Wheatstone £30,000 for his interest in the joint patent,—having established beyond the power of challenge his claim to "*stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having* PRACTICALLY INTRODUCED AND CARRIED OUT THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH AS AN USEFUL UNDERTAKING, Mr. Cooke succeeded, in 1846, in establishing the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, of which he is now one of the principal Directors.

Mr. Cooke was fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of such a man as Mr. Lewis Ricardo, M.P., by whose zeal and sagacity this Company has attained its present gigantic magnitude. By the outlay of *three quarters of a million of money*, this Company has covered England and Scotland with a complete net-work of telegraphs, extending along 5480 miles of railway lines, and employing no less than 24,000 miles of wire.\* The following balance sheet, shewing the state of accounts of the 30th of June 1852, and the 30th of June 1854, will give the reader an idea of the nature and extent of the establishment.

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\* This is exclusive of wires used by the Railway Companies for their own purposes. These companies have wires of their own, with a license from the Telegraph Company to use them.



*Balance Sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1854.*

## CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

SHAREHOLDERS' CAPITAL.					
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
12,000 Shares, Class A, £20, . . . £240,000 0 0			Cost of Telegraphs Com- pleted and in Progress, inclusive of cost of Patents, . . . . .	576,908	19 9
12,000 Shares, Class B, £20, 240,000 0 0			House Property in Lon- don, . . . . .	11,903	19 1
-----480,000 0 0			Due from various Com- panies, including the In- ternational Telegraph Company, . . . . .	97,658	11 11
Debenture Debt, . . . . .	107,800	0 0	Spare Stock, . . . . .	22,070	16 9
Sundry Liabilities as per Ledger, . . . . .	86,614	2 2	Calls in arrear, . . . . .	7,246	8 10
Reserved Fund, . . . . .	61,033	0 0	Cash and Securities in hand, . . . . .	17,899	5 10
			Value of Shares in trust, . . . . .	1,759	0 0
30th June 1854, . . . . .	£735,447	2 2	30th June 1854, . . . . .	£735,447	2 2
" 1852, . . . . .	468,255	13 11	" 1852, . . . . .	468,255	13 11

## REVENUE ACCOUNT.

	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Salaries and Wages, . . . . .	21,914	8 4	Receipts for Messages, Subscriptions, Interest, and Maintenance, . . . . .	61,315	11 9
Station Expenses, . . . . .	2,070	11 10			
Rents, Taxes, Gas, and Insurance, . . . . .	3,446	0 2			
Books, Stationery, and Printing, . . . . .	2,544	0 3			
Postage, . . . . .	145	5 8			
Charges for Intelligence and Sundries, . . . . .	1,377	14 6			
Law Charges, . . . . .	610	5 3			
Direction, Audit, and Dis- trict Committees, . . . . .	730	0 0			
Superintendents, Stores, and Maintenance, . . . . .	9,394	4 7			
Interest on Debenture Debt, . . . . .	1,948	3 10			
Balance, . . . . .	17,044	17 4			
30th June 1854, . . . . .	£61,215	11 9	30th June 1854, . . . . .	£61,215	11 9
" 1852, . . . . .	27,437	4 8	" 1852, . . . . .	27,437	4 8

## GENERAL BALANCE.

	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Dividend on 12,000 Shares, Class A, and 11,900 Shares Class B, at 7 per cent. per annum, to be proposed at the General Meeting, . . . . .	16,730	0 0	Balance after payment of Dividend, 31st Decem- ber, 1853, . . . . .	3,757	2 8
Balance, after payment of Dividend, . . . . .	4,072	0 0	Balance of Revenue Ac- count, 30th June 1854, . . . . .	17,044	17 4
30th June 1854, . . . . .	£20,802	0 0	30th June 1854, . . . . .	£20,802	0 0
" 1852, . . . . .	10,177	14 1	" 1852, . . . . .	10,177	14 1

The average number of messages sent *monthly* during the last quarter, was 58,650, and the average time occupied by a message in transmission was, on important circuits, *one minute*. This work is performed by a numerous staff, which, exclusive of the principal officers, are as follows:—

	London.	Liverpool.	Manchester.	Manchester District.
Male clerks,	141	34	41	59
Female* do.	52	12	17	
Messengers,	83	19	16	18
Engineers,	9			
	<hr/> 185	<hr/> 65	<hr/> 74	<hr/> 77

A staff of clerks and messengers is established also at Birmingham, Leeds, Holyhead, Dublin, and on all the railway lines. The number of the whole being as follows:—

Clerks and messengers,	.	.	994
Female clerks,	.	.	81
Engineers,	.	.	139
			<hr/>
Total staff,	.	.	1214

For the accommodation of the clerks and messengers at the metropolitan station at Lothbury, the Company have established a lodging-house, under the personal supervision of the Directors, where the health and general welfare of their servants are liberally provided for.

Although the Company has expended large sums of money in purchasing the patents of various new and ingenious telegraphs, yet the double-needle telegraph is the one principally used. Mr. Bain's telegraph is used on certain lines, such as between London and Liverpool. "This," as Dr. Lardner observes, "is attended, as compared with the needle instrument, with two advantages; first, that it requires only one line of wire; and, secondly, that it writes its own despatch. With the needle instrument two copies of each despatch must be made, one to be delivered as addressed, and the other to be retained by the office. In using Bain's method, that which is written in telegraphic cipher by the instrument, is retained by the office, so that the time of one clerk is saved."

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\* The employment of female clerks at the London, Liverpool, and Manchester stations, is a step in social reform, which might be advantageously adopted in various other professions.

The following is the tariff of the Company :—

	s.	d
Messages of 20 words to distance of 50 miles, . . . .	1	0
“ “ “ 100 “ . . . .	2	6
“ for all greater distances, . . . .	5	0
“ London to Birmingham, 112 miles, . . . .	1	0
“ “ Liverpool, 210 miles, . . . .	1	0
“ “ Carlisle, 309 miles, . . . .	1	0

The central station of the Electric Telegraph Company is in Founder's Court, Lothbury, behind the Bank, from which above 200 wires proceed to seventeen branch-stations, including the eight railway stations in London and its vicinity. In addition to this arrangement for transmitting despatches to different parts of the city, there is a very interesting one for the benefit of Members of Parliament, and of the different clubs in the Metropolis. From the octagon hall in the House of Parliament, a wire passes to the telegraph station in St. James' Street, which is near the West End Club, and by means of it reporters are employed by the Company to transmit an abstract of the proceedings of both Houses. This abstract, a *charta volans*, is immediately printed, and with the additions constantly made to it, is sent every half hour to the Italian Opera and all the principal Clubs at the west end. The following sheet, which we have obtained from the Company, is a *fac-simile* of the proceedings of the House of Commons on the Foreign Enlistment Bill, the House of Lords having adjourned at an early hour :—

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY,  
(INCORPORATED 1846.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22<sup>ND</sup>, 1854.

TIME.			
H.	M.		
4	0	House made.	
4	30	Petitions.	
5	0	Mr. Gladstone gave notice, that, in making financial statement for 1855, he should propose, that duty on tea remain at one shilling and sixpence per pound, until peace was concluded.	(5 : 35) Lords adjourned.
		Questions.	
5	30	House at rising to adjourn to January 23 <sup>RD</sup> . Sir E. Dering moved that Foreign Enlistment Bill be read third time this day six months.	
		Mr. Cobden against Bill.	
6	0	Still speaking.	
6	30	Ditto.	

TIME.		
H.	M.	
7	0	Mr. Corry opposed.
		Dr. Phillimore for.
7	30	Mr. G. Sandars against.
		Mr. Digby Seymour for.
		Lord Lovaine against.
8	0	Sir E. Perry supported Bill.
		(House thin.)
8	15	Mr. Evelyn against.
8	30	Mr. Bentinck against.
8	35	Lord Ebrington for.
9	0	Mr. P. O'Brien for.
9	10	Mr. Cowan, and Mr. Abel Smith for.
9	30	Mr. Laing for.
10	0	Mr. W. E. Duncombe against.
		Mr. V. Scully for.
		(House filling.)
10	30	Mr. L. Butt against.
		(House full.)
11	0	Dr. Michell against.
11	30	Lord J. Russell replying.
12	0	Sir J. Pakington repeating his objections.
		(House full.)
12	30	Mr. Bright vindicating Mr. Cobden.
1	0	Still speaking.
		(House very full.)
1	10	House divided.
		For third reading . . . 173
		Against it . . . 185
		Majority for . 38
		Bill read third time.
1	30	Solicitor-General's clause agreed to.
1	40	Several clauses added.
		Bill passed.
1	45	HOUSE ADJOURNED till Two o'clock this day.

By means of these flying sheets, the members of both Houses who frequent the Opera or the Clubs know the precise time their presence is wanted for a division, or when any of the great speakers are speaking or about to speak.

In conjunction with the Astronomer-Royal and the South-Eastern Railway Company, the Electric Telegraph Company have, at the expense of £1000, completed a chronometrical apparatus, for the transmission of mean Greenwich time to London and the provinces. It is erected on the dome of the Charing-Cross station, at the height of 110 feet above the level of the Thames. It consists of a long quadrangular pillar of wood, 38 feet high and 4 in circumference. The upper part of the pillar which rises above the dome, passes through the centre of a large ball, which falls every day at one o'clock, simultaneously with the similar ball on the top of the Greenwich Obser-

vatory, thus indicating the time to every locality from which it is seen. The ball is nearly 6 feet in diameter. It is formed of zinc, painted red, with a broad gilt belt round it, and weighs 186 lbs.; but its fall is broken by striking an air cylinder beneath. The instant that the ball at Greenwich falls the current of electricity, conveyed by the wire from Greenwich, draws an electric trigger connected with the ball at Charing-Cross, and causes it to fall at the same instant. By the aid of a galvanic clock at the Observatory, hourly signals transmit accurate Greenwich time to the central station at Lothbury, and also to that at Charing-Cross, and the time is transmitted several times a day to Tunbridge, Deal, and Dover.

The first promoters of the Electric Telegraph, sanguine as they were of its ultimate triumph over the prejudices of the railway companies, who at first rejected it, and of supine governments, who were blind to its advantages, and never contributed to its extension, they yet never anticipated that its lines would span wide arms of the sea, and, by crossing even oceans themselves, would girdle the terraqueous globe. The submarine telegraph was not a corollary of the terrestrial. It was a new idea, which it required genius to suggest, and science to realize. Dr. O'Shaughnessy, so early as 1839, succeeded in laying down an insulated conducting wire, attached to a chain-cable in the River Hoogly, which carried the electric current from one bank to another. Another step was made in 1847, by M. Siemens, who first applied gutta percha to the insulation of the wires, and laid down a telegraphic line to cross the Rhine at Cologne.

These steps, however, though very important, were not to be compared with the bold and successful attempt to carry a submarine cable from Dover to Calais. In 1850, the Submarine Telegraph Company made the necessary arrangements with the French and Belgian Governments, and Messrs. Newall and Co., the celebrated wire-rope makers of Gateshead, were intrusted with the manufacture of 24 miles of a wire-cable, to stretch over a distance of 21 miles.\* For this purpose, four copper wires, the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, were covered with successive coatings of gutta percha. The wires were then twisted together, and surrounded with a mass of spun yarn soaked in grease and tar, so as to form a compact rope impervious to water. In order to give strength to this combination, and protect it from external injury, ten galvanized wires are twisted round the rope, so as to form a submarine cable. This cable was completed in three weeks,

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\* An unsuccessful attempt had been made in 1850, when the cable broke by the action of the waves rubbing it against a ridge of rocks near Calais, at Cape Gris-nez.

but, owing to an accident in laying it down, it suffered a twist or bend, which took it out of the direct line, and prevented it from reaching to Saugat, south of Calais. It was necessary, therefore, to add to it another mile of cable, which being immediately done, though the task was not an easy one, the communication between Calais and Dover was completed on the 17th October 1851, and since that time, Great Britain and the Continent of Europe have, by this iron larynx, conversed with each other on every subject which can interest humanity. The expense of the cable was £9000, and the station at Dover and Calais, £6000. This line of telegraph belongs to the Chartered Submarine Telegraph Company.

By the private enterprise of Messrs. Newall and Company, a still longer submarine cable was stretched across the Irish Channel from Holyhead to Dublin, or rather to Howth. In the deep sea portion of it, the gutta percha rope containing one copper wire was surrounded by ten twisted iron wires, and the shore ends of the same rope surrounded by six iron wires. Transported from the works at Gateshead on twenty waggons, it was sent by railway to Maryport, where the *Brittania* carried it to Holyhead. On the 4th of June 1852, it was deposited in the Irish Channel, where the depth of water is 70 fathoms, nearly double that between Dover and Calais. The length of the cable is 64 miles, and the time of laying it down was 18 hours.

The next great submarine enterprise, under the direction of the Submarine Telegraph Company, was that of uniting Dover with Ostend, a distance of 70 miles. This gigantic cable, also the work of Messrs. Newall and Company, cost £33,000, and was laid down on the 4th of May. On the 6th of May it was the bearer of a friendly message from Belgium to London.

The Magnetic Telegraph Company and the British Telegraph Company, have, according to Dr. Lardner, laid down cables of the same kind from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, a species of rivalry which Parliament ought not to have permitted. The first of these Companies have established upwards of 2000 miles (many of them under ground) of telegraphic lines, and have 13,000 miles of wire in active operation, connecting England and Scotland with the principal towns in Ireland.

A Company, entitled the European and Electric Telegraph Company, which acts in common with the two Submarine Companies, now united, was established in order to connect the cables of those Companies with the metropolis, and with Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester.

Our limits will not permit us to give any farther details respecting these submarine establishments. The most important facts concerning all those which are yet completed, or in pro-



gress, are contained in the following table given by Dr. Lardner:—

	No. of Copper Wires.	No. of Iron Wires.	Length in Miles.	Weight per Mile in Tons.
Dover and Calais, . . .	4	10	25	7
Holyhead and Howth, . . .	1	12	70	1
Dover and Ostend, . . .	6	12	70	7
Port-Patrick and Donaghadee Magnetic Telegraph Company, . . .	6	12	25	7
Ditto, do., British Telegraph Company, . . .	6	12	27	7
Orfordness and the Hague, . . .	1	10	135	2
Across the Great Belt, Denmark, . . .	8	9	16	5
Across the Mississippi, . . .	1	8	2	2
Across the Zuyder Zee, . . .	6	10	5	7½
Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island, . . .	1	9	150	1¾
Spezzia and Corsica, . . .	6	12	110	8
Corsica and Sardinia, . . .	6	12	8	

A submarine line of much greater length than any of the preceding, and of high temporary interest, is about to be laid down by order of Government from Varna to Cape Chersonese or Balaklava. The length will be 300 miles, and Mr. Liddell, the engineer on the new Litchfield and Hitchin Railway, who has already laid down cables in the Mediterranean and other seas, has undertaken to complete it in two months. May its first message convey to Lord Raglan and General Canrobert the gratifying intelligence that they have conquered a secure and honourable peace.

We have already mentioned the contemplated line from Natchez to San Francisco in California, which will connect the Pacific with the Atlantic, and even with St. John's in Newfoundland, which is only five days' passage from Galway, and which would then connect the Pacific with Europe. But why may we not contemplate the union of Newfoundland with Europe by a submarine cable which has been already proposed? As a work of art it is doubtless practicable, and the European powers might contribute the means of thus uniting the two hemispheres of the globe.

A new principle of telegraphic communication, if it shall prove of practical value, may render such an enterprise within the reach even of the western states of Europe. The idea of what may provisionally be called a transmarine telegraph has been recently brought forward by Mr. Lindsay of Dundee. This plan is to send the electric current through great distances of water by means of long lines of wire stretching along the opposite shores. These lines communicate with a powerful battery, and their

four terminations dip into the sea, so that the electric currents flow in two different directions across the ocean. Mr. Lindsay had made experiments on a small scale in Scotland, which so far confirmed his views; but he repeated them on a larger scale last summer at Portsmouth, where he sent messages through a mile of water, though there were many ships in the intervening space, and many of them with coppered bottoms. In this experiment the length of the lateral wires was less than half a mile. We understand that a patent has been secured by a company who intend in spring to make experiments on a great scale.

Although it would be a work of supererogation to point out to our readers the various uses of the Electric Telegraph, yet there are some of them so little known, and others of so remarkable a nature, that they deserve the widest circulation. Among these uses, those of a scientific nature may claim the first place. The beautiful arrangement which we owe to Mr. Airy, the Astronomer-Royal, of transmitting to the most distant telegraphic regions the true time of Greenwich, is one of inestimable value. The difficulty of obtaining correct time for the accurate record of astronomical and atmospherical phenomena, has been experienced by all who do not possess astronomical instruments. This may, however, be completely removed; and even with ordinary house-clocks we may record our observations with a degree of accuracy sufficiently correct for those which can be made by private individuals. Mr. Airy, however, has gone much farther than this. By having the Royal Observatory at Greenwich\* connected with the submarine cables at Brussels and Paris, he has been able to determine the correct latitudes and longitudes of their observatories, and the same process will doubtless be extended to every place in the telegraphic world. Geography will thus participate in the same advantages with astronomy, and the difficult and expensive operation of national surveys will be carried on with greater facility and correctness.

In meteorology, the Electric Telegraph will be found of singular utility. The frequenters of the Crystal Palace will recollect that the weather at the leading ports and cities of England was daily exhibited to them, a kind of information of great value to shipowners, and to the Royal and merchant navy. When the telegraph announces a storm upon our shores, the sea-faring traveller

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\* The beautiful application of electricity for recording observations, invented by Mr. Bond of the United States, has been carried into effect with great improvements, by Mr. Airy at Greenwich.

may remain at home with his friends till it has expended its fury.

But the telegraph may do more than this. When these violent convulsions of the atmosphere, in the form of tornadoes and hurricanes, advance along a line of coast, as they do in America, they move much less slowly than the electric message, and therefore preparation may be made for resisting them when we cannot disarm their fury. Ships about to sail, trains about to start, travellers about to drive, to ride, or to walk, may all receive a salutary warning to remain till the destructive agent has passed. If we ever shall be able to predict the phenomena of the weather, as we do those of the heavens, the simultaneous state of the atmosphere, over extensive regions of the globe, must be previously observed and generalized.

In conducting the business of Railways, especially in the central region of England, where they are almost jostling each other, the telegraph is indispensable, both for the efficiency of the system, and the security of the passengers. This cannot be better shewn than by the following table, given by Mr. Walker, which shews the number of messages sent along the South-Eastern Company's Railway in three months.

1.	Concerning ordinary trains,	.	.	.	1468 Messages.
2.	... Special trains,	.	.	.	429 ...
3.	... Carriages, trucks, goods, sheds, &c.,	.	.	.	795 ...
4.	... Company's servants,	.	.	.	607 ...
5.	... Engines,	.	.	.	150 ...
6.	... Miscellaneous matters,	.	.	.	162 ...
7.	... Messages forwarded to other stations,	.	.	.	499 ...
Total,					4110

or about 16,400 in a year, or about fifty per day! "If," says Mr. Walker, "the trains are late, the cause is known; if they are in distress, help is soon at hand; if they are heavy, and progress but slowly, they ask and receive more locomotive power, either sent to them or prepared at their arrival; if there is anything unusual in the line they are forewarned of it, and so forearmed; if overdue, the old plan of sending an engine to look after them has become obsolete,—a few deflections of the needle obtain all the information that is required." All this information used to be obtained by pilot-engines, but Mr. Walker informs us that the expense of maintaining and working a single pilot-engine, was greater than what is required for maintaining the entire staff of telegraph clerks, and the mechanics and labourers employed in cleaning and repairing the instruments, and keeping up the wires of the line. With regard to the safety of the passengers, we cannot resist repeating, in the words of Elihu

Burrit, the following story: "During a storm and violent gale, the long railway bridge across the Connecticut was lifted up by the wind and thrown into the river beneath, 200 yards in breadth, which an unusual flood of rain had swelled to a dreadful height. The line is here crossed by a bridge fifty feet above the river. The passengers in the train are congratulating themselves on their comfortable position, thinking of the blessed homes and the firesides which they soon expected to reach. On flew the train,—the engine blowing off its head of steam, breasting its way nobly against the gale, which almost threatened to check its progress, the hot iron hissing furiously in the falling rain. No one knew that the bridge was gone. For two years, by day and night, the trains had passed and repassed, and obliterated the thought of even the possibility of danger; but no bridge was there to receive them; and the long train, with its precious freight, rushed on towards the precipice of destruction. It was not customary to stop at this place excepting to check the speed for the landing of passengers; but the people there had learned through the instrumentality of the telegraph, the loss of the bridge, and kept a sharp look-out for the approaching train. It came—the word is given, and they are safe. Every heart leapt from its place, and the head swam giddily with fear, as the thought came of that fearful leap in the dark; and long will the passengers remember that dreadful road and the friendly yet fearful cry, "THE BRIDGE IS GONE."\*

Had not our space been exhausted, we should have drawn the attention of our readers to the great advantages which must accrue to individuals as well as to society at large from the introduction of telegraphic communication, and should have attempted to indicate some of those great social ameliorations which are yet to be derived from the reduction of its tariffs, and the universal application for its aid. We look forward with faith to a time not very distant, when every village in the empire shall express its wants and receive its intelligence in telegraphic despatches, and when dumb and intellectual life shall no longer sink under burdens which can be borne by so many pounds of coal and so many buckets of water.

Omitting, therefore, all that the telegraph has done for the interests of trade, commerce, humanity, and justice, and all that it might be expected to do even for other interests, we shall content ourselves with noticing the advantages which have accrued to the State from the general extension of the telegraphic system.

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\* See the *Guide to the Electric Telegraph*, p. 39, by Charles Maybury Archer; and his *Anecdotes of the Electric Telegraph*.

Kings were once said to have long hands, but now they have long tongues and loud voices. Their will can, in a few minutes, reach the extremities of the empire, and all the powers of administrative government can be instantaneously summoned into action to revive patriotism or to repress crime. The approach of a hostile fleet would now be rung in the ears of the Admiralty before the hulls of the ships had surmounted the convexity of the globe; and the Horse Guards would be roused at midnight before an invading army could quit the beach on which it had disembarked.

The telegraph of planks and spars which formerly puzzled the provincial visitor of the Metropolis, and which had gloriously announced the achievements of the Peninsular war, was erected and maintained at the expense of the nation; but not a single wire of the million which, like a web of gossamer, cover the map of England, has been erected either with its funds or under its patronage. When the Messrs. Bretts Brothers, the original projectors of our Submarine Telegraphs, offered for £20,000 to lay down their wires across the Irish Channel, and to give the free use of them to the State, this boon to Ireland and blessing to England, was peremptorily refused by the Government.

Baffled in this purely British undertaking, these enterprising engineers addressed their next scheme of crossing the English Channel to the French and Belgian Governments. An exclusive privilege was instantly conceded, and the British Government concurred, on the condition of giving nothing, but of taking the use of the submarine cable. The idiosyncrasy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose feelings and intelligence is tied up in his money-bags, may be some excuse for the meanness of the Government of which he is the organ, but no apology can be offered for the heads of successive administrations—the dispensers of cheap rewards—of laurels which they gather for their underlings, and plait for themselves. That the services of Mr. Cooke and Mr. Ricardo, to whom England unquestionably owes the introduction of the Electric Telegraph, and all its blessings, should never have been recognised by any mark of public gratitude, or Royal favour, is one of the facts in the history of England which may speedily excite a more general sympathy.

The nation now sees, and, we fear, will see more of the false consequences of this utter discouragement of theoretical and practical science. The horrors of the Crimean war—the tears of the noblest and gentlest of our families—the blood of the bravest of the brave, all cry out for wisdom in our councils, and for science in our fleets and in our camps. It is science which

teaches the gigantic shell to discharge its fatal contents,—which speeds the rocket on its incendiary errand, and which guides the rifle ball to the seat of life. It is science which constructs and impels our floating bulwarks,—which places its lanterns beside the Scyllas and Charybdises of the deep,—and which teaches us to predict and evade the hurricane and the storm. Law, Divinity, and Medicine, professions justly rewarded and honoured by the State, can neither equip armies nor reduce strongholds, nor supply the soldier with the instruments and materials of his art. It is the science of matter and of motion alone, which can create and perfect all the appliances of offensive and defensive war. It is in this department of science that our Enemy, and our Ally, have so signally and so painfully surpassed us; and if England shall ever be compelled again to send her brave legions to a distant battle-field, or even to secure her Island hearths against foreign invasion, she must enlist in her service, and dignify with her honours, the theoretical and practical science of the philosopher and the engineer.\*

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\* We must again recommend to the reader Dr. Lardner's admirable account of the Electric Telegraph, which occupies a large portion of the third and fourth volumes of his *Museum of Science and of Art*. It is at once popular and scientific, and such as might be expected from a philosopher of his high attainments and extensive information.



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#### ERRATUM.

Page 355, line 2, *for* Strepsiades *read* Dicæopolis.



















